



# FEATURE

COMICS

QUALITY  
COMIC GROUP

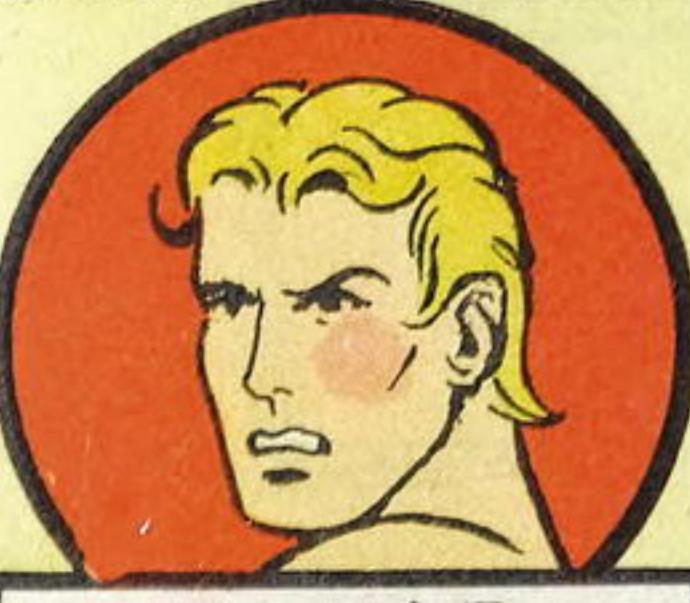
DECEMBER

WE'D HAVE  
BEEN HURT  
WITHOUT THIS  
PARACHUTE,  
LALA!

THE DOLL MAN



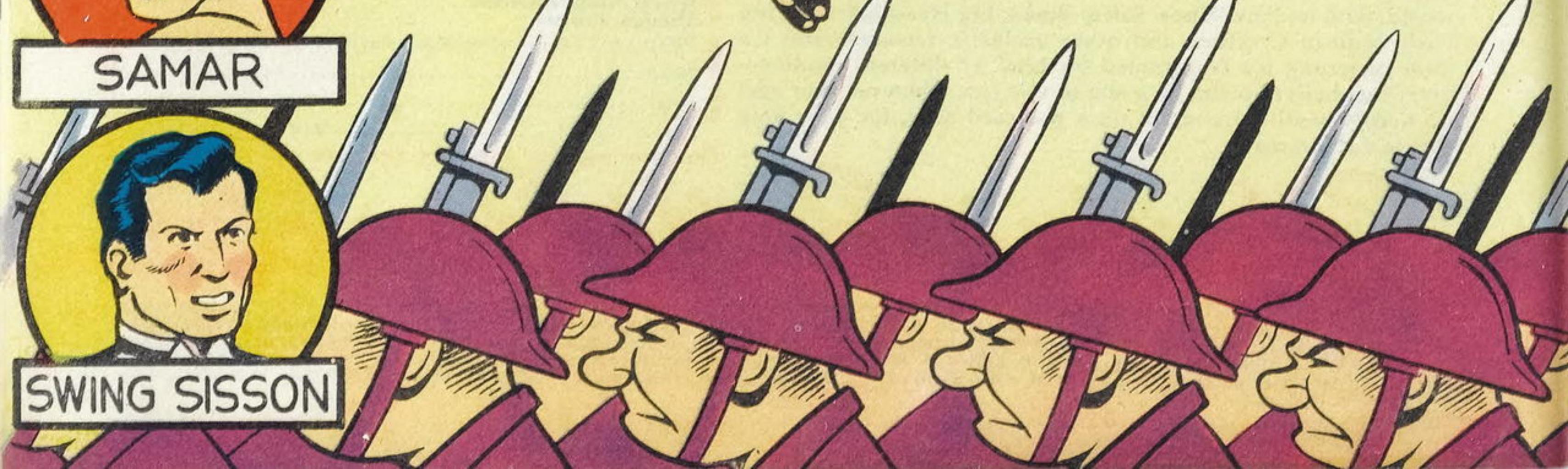
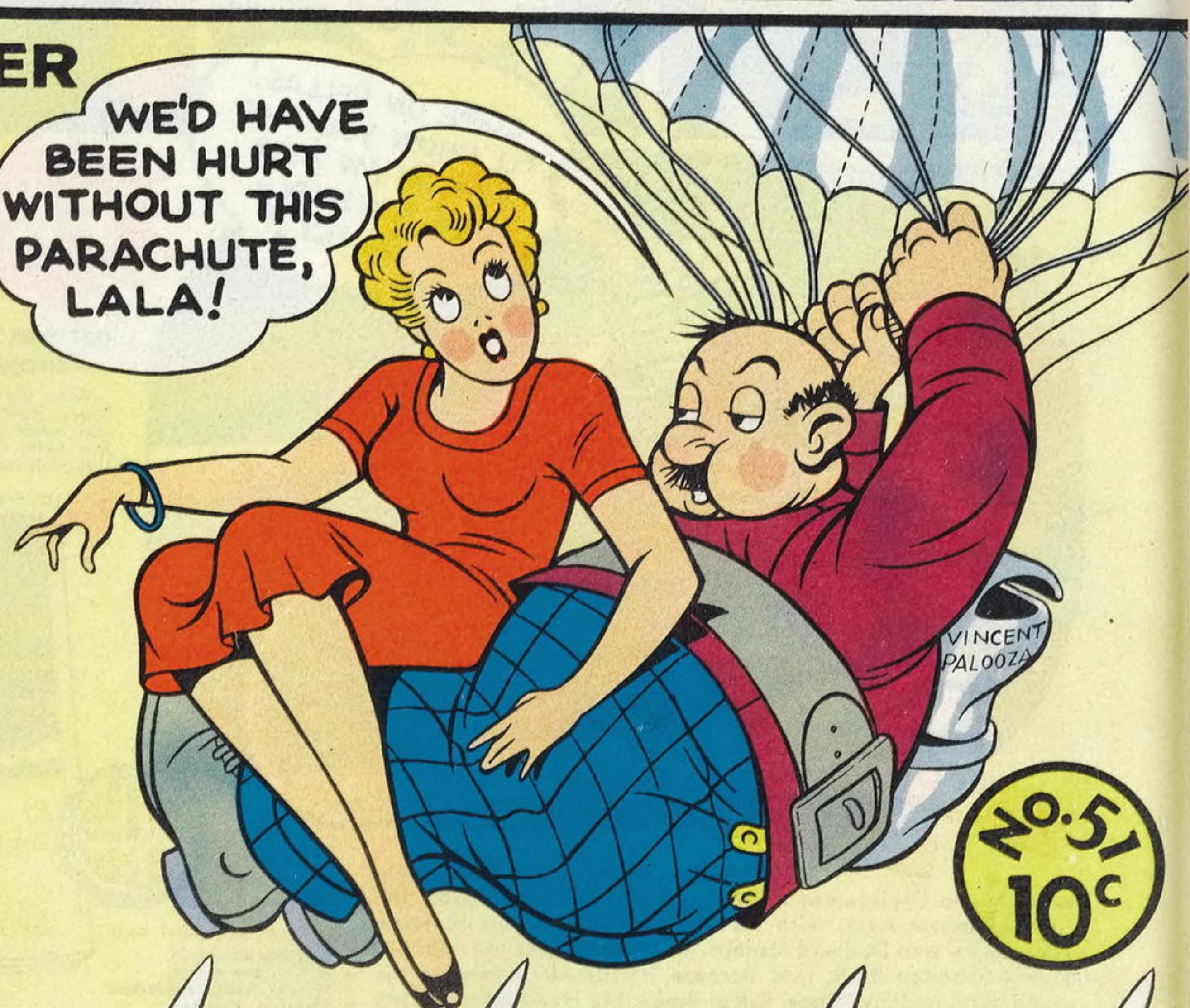
MICKEY FINN



SAMAR



SWING SISSON

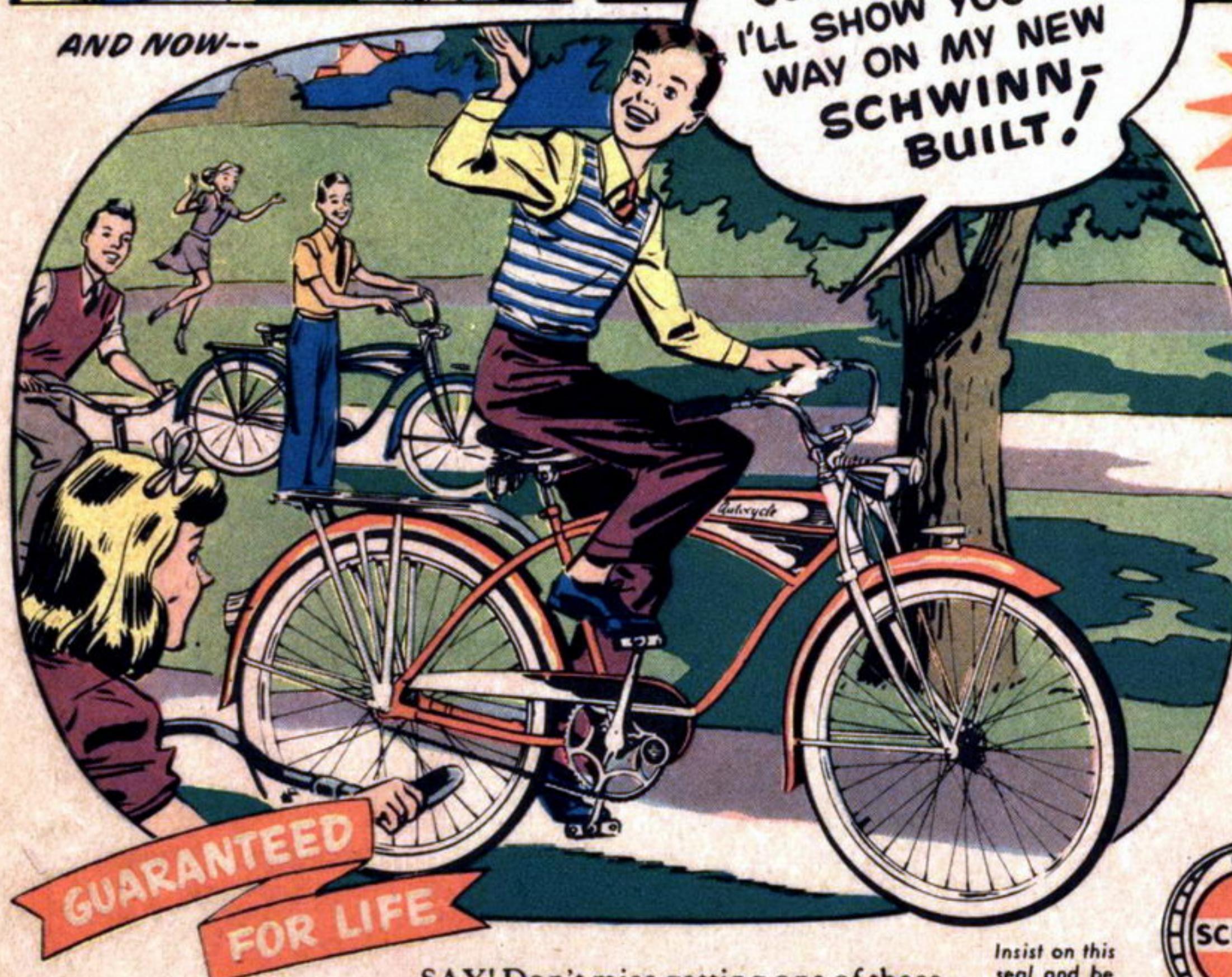
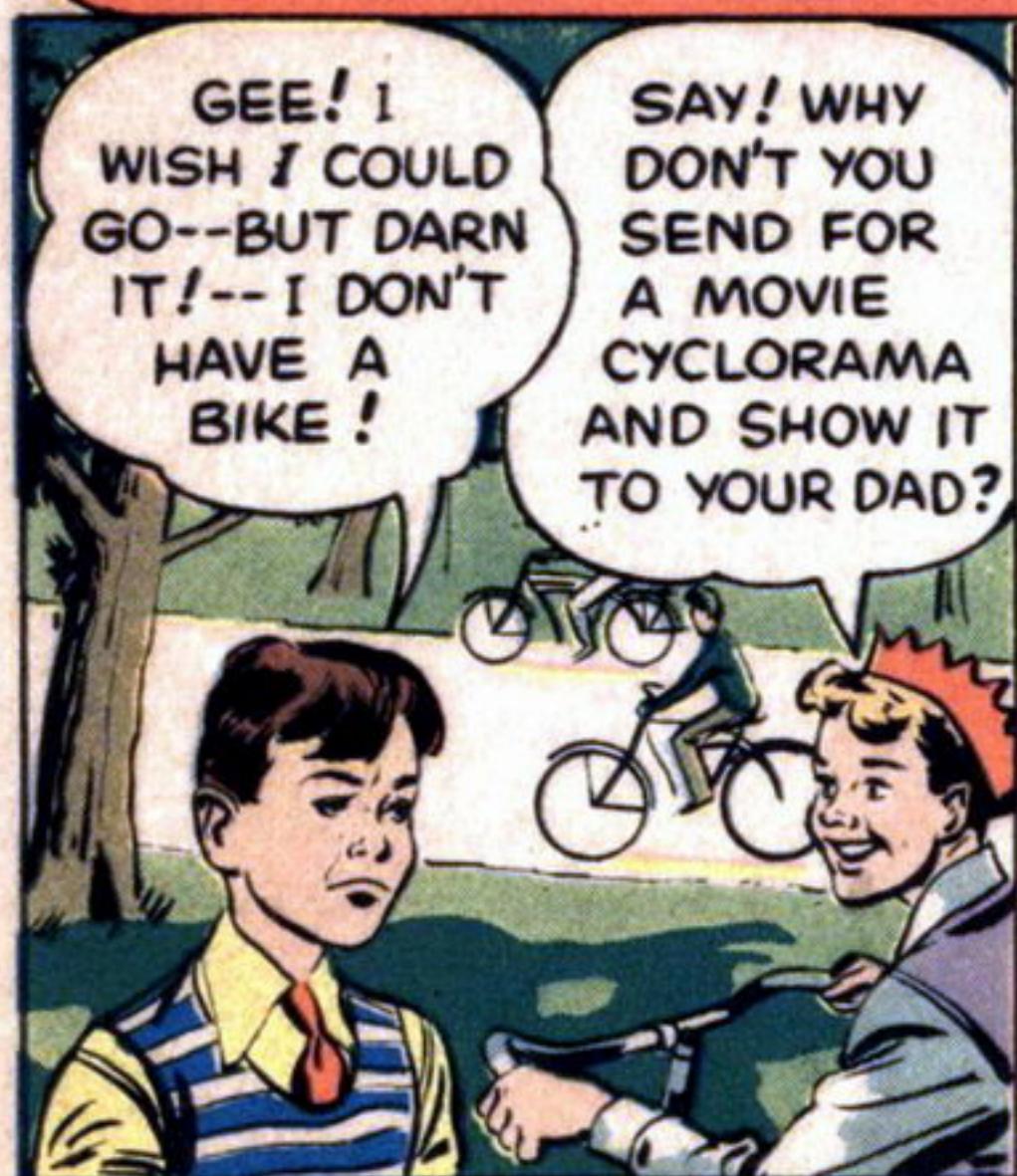


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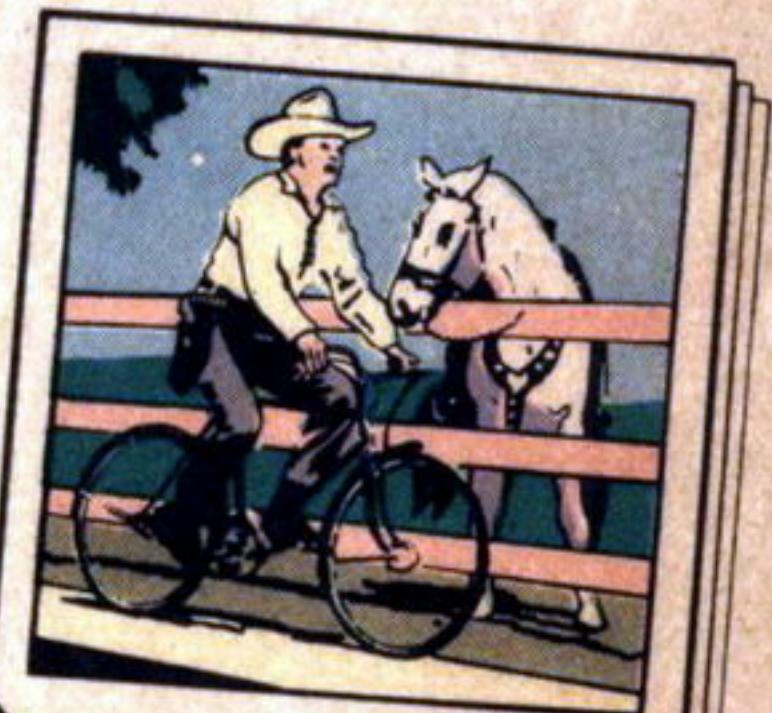
# THEY CALLED HIM "Stay-at-Home-Sammy" -- BUT NOW HE LEADS THE GANG !



**FREE!**

GET THIS MOVIE CYCLORAMA  
—SHOW IT TO YOUR DAD!

With big colored pictures of Buck Jones, Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour and other movie stars—and it's Free! Just paste coupon on a postcard and sign your name and address.



Insist on this seal and be sure it's Guaranteed for Life!

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Please send me your Free Movie Cyclorama:

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SAY! Don't miss getting one of these swell Movie Cycloramas *Free!* You'll like its big colored pictures of movie stars, with their new Schwinn-Built bicycles. Then, show it to Dad and Mother, and they'll agree you ought to have a Schwinn-Built, too! Because it's the *safest* bike in the world, with its Fore Wheel Safety Brake, big Headlights, Spring Fork, built-in Cyclock and other exclusive features—and it's built so strong it's Guaranteed for Life! 37 different models—every one built to order, in a size to suit you, whatever your age! So hurry—send the coupon on a postcard now, for your Free Movie Cyclorama!

# Schwinn-Built Bicycles

FEATURE COMICS, December, 1941, No. 51. Published monthly by Comic Favorites, Inc., 8 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive and Editorial Offices, Gurley Building, 322 Main St., Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager. Edward Cronin, Editor. Yearly subscription \$1.00. Canada and Foreign \$1.50. Entered as second class matter August 20, 1937 at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. E. S. Murthey, Advertising Representative, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Western Representative, F. E. M. Cole & Co., 75 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. Copyright 1941 by Comic Favorites, Inc. Printed in U. S. A.

THE

# DOLL MAN

BY WILLIAM ERWIN MAXWELL



AT THE DUBOIS POWDER PLANT, DARREL'S CLOSE FRIEND, DR. ROBERTS IS ENGAGED IN CHEMICAL RESEARCH. HE WORKS LATE ONE NIGHT, TESTING GUNPOWDER, WHEN SUDDENLY...

STEEL FILINGS MIXED WITH THESE POWDER GRAINS. THE STEEL COULD CAUSE A SPARK AND THEN... HOLY SMOKE! I'D BETTER PHONE DARREL!

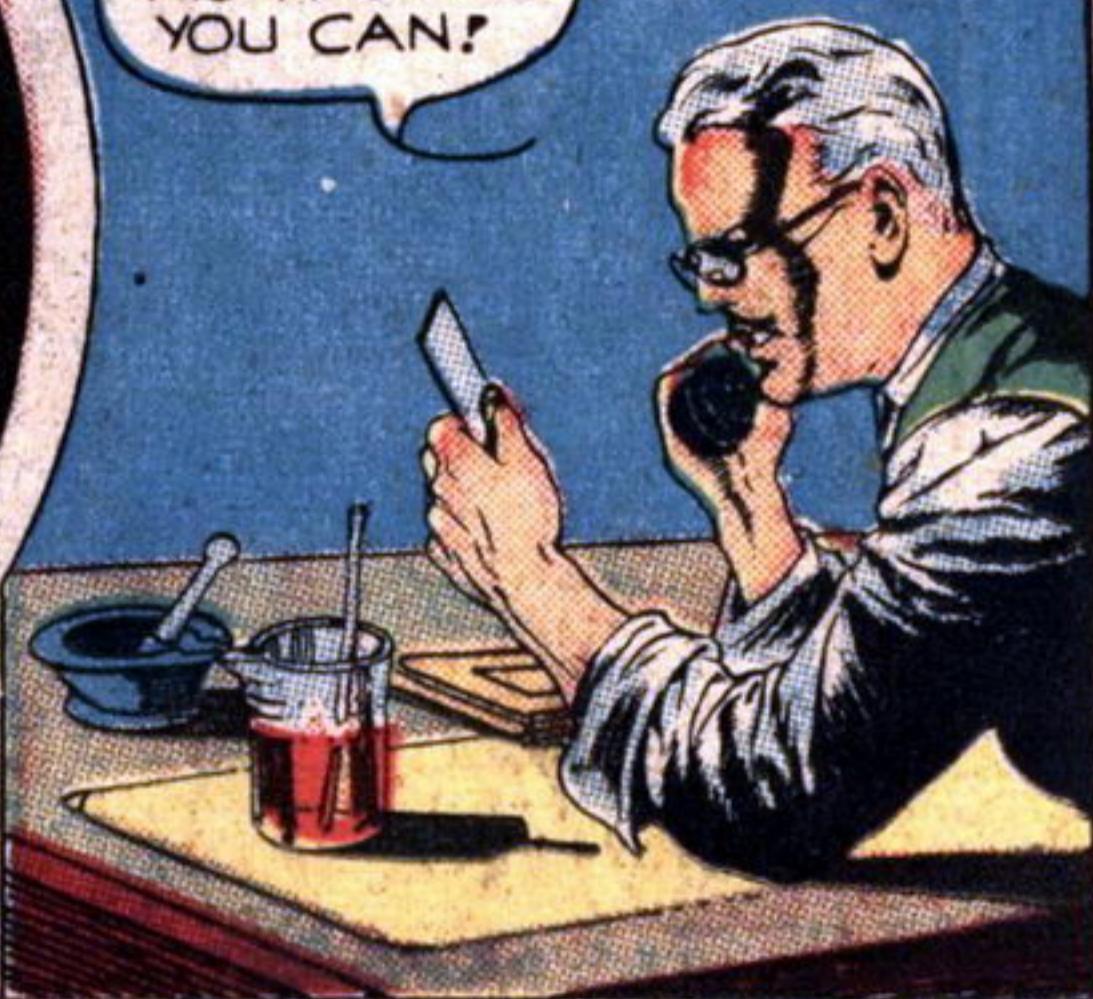
H'M? WHAT'S THIS?

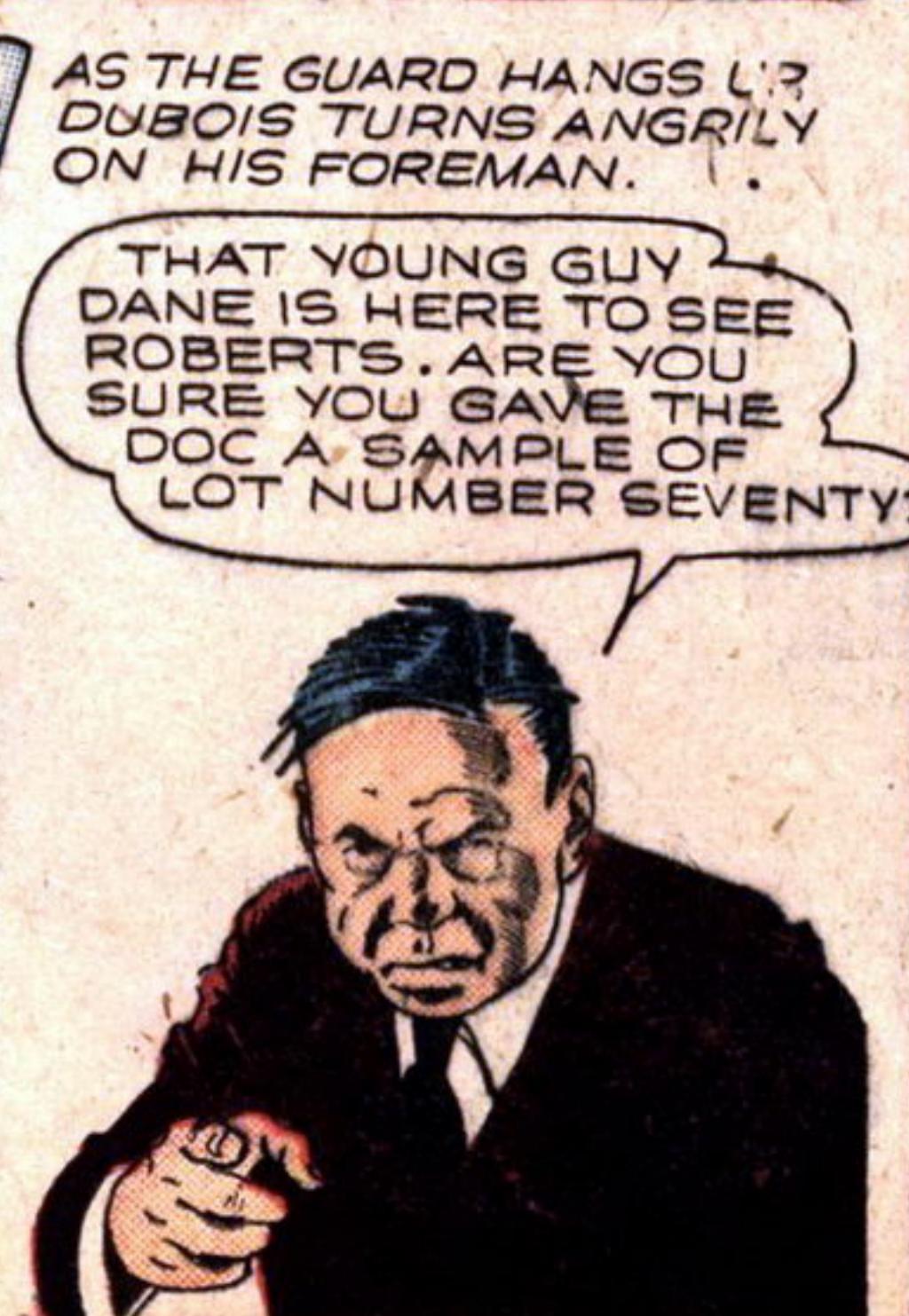
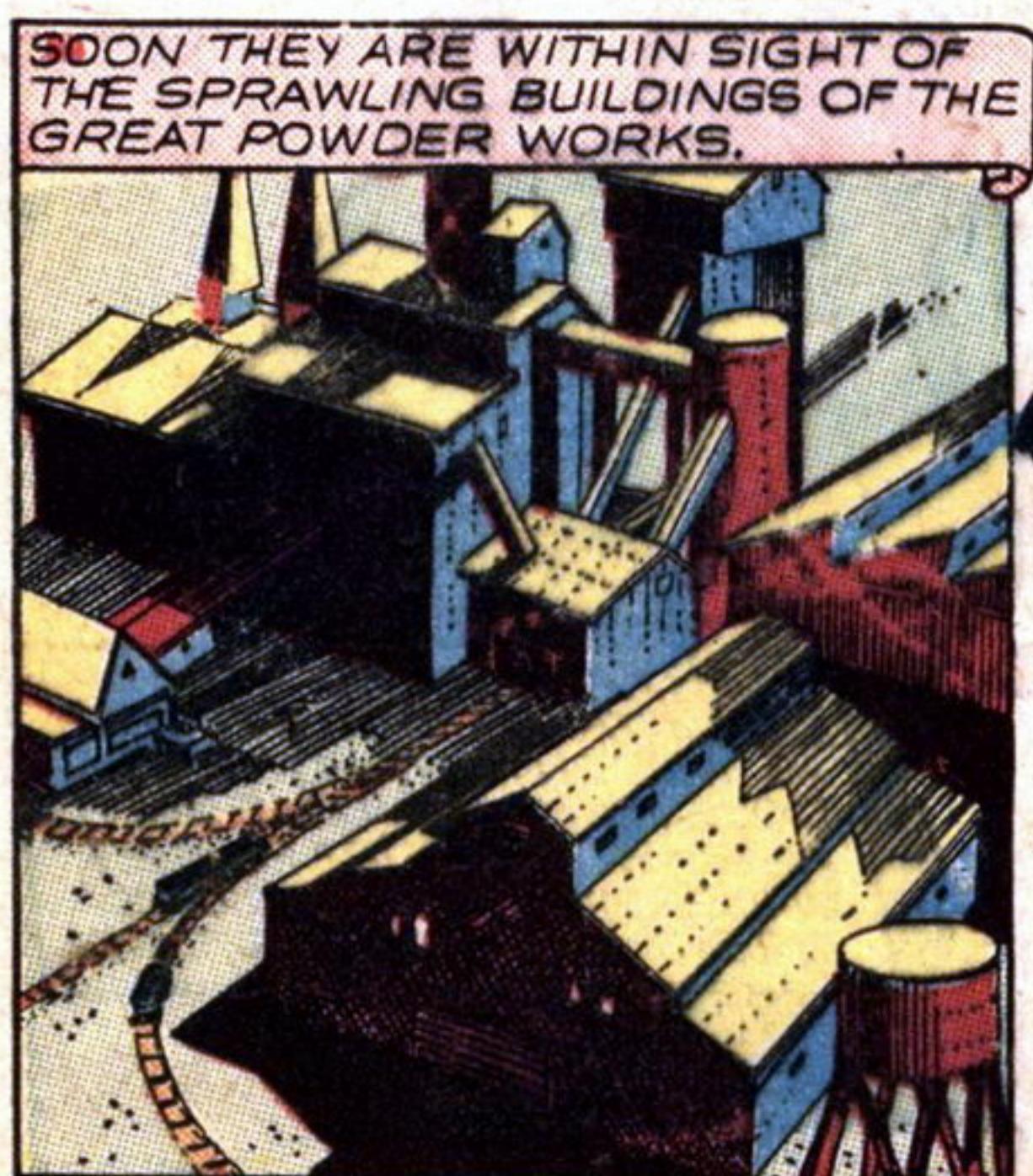
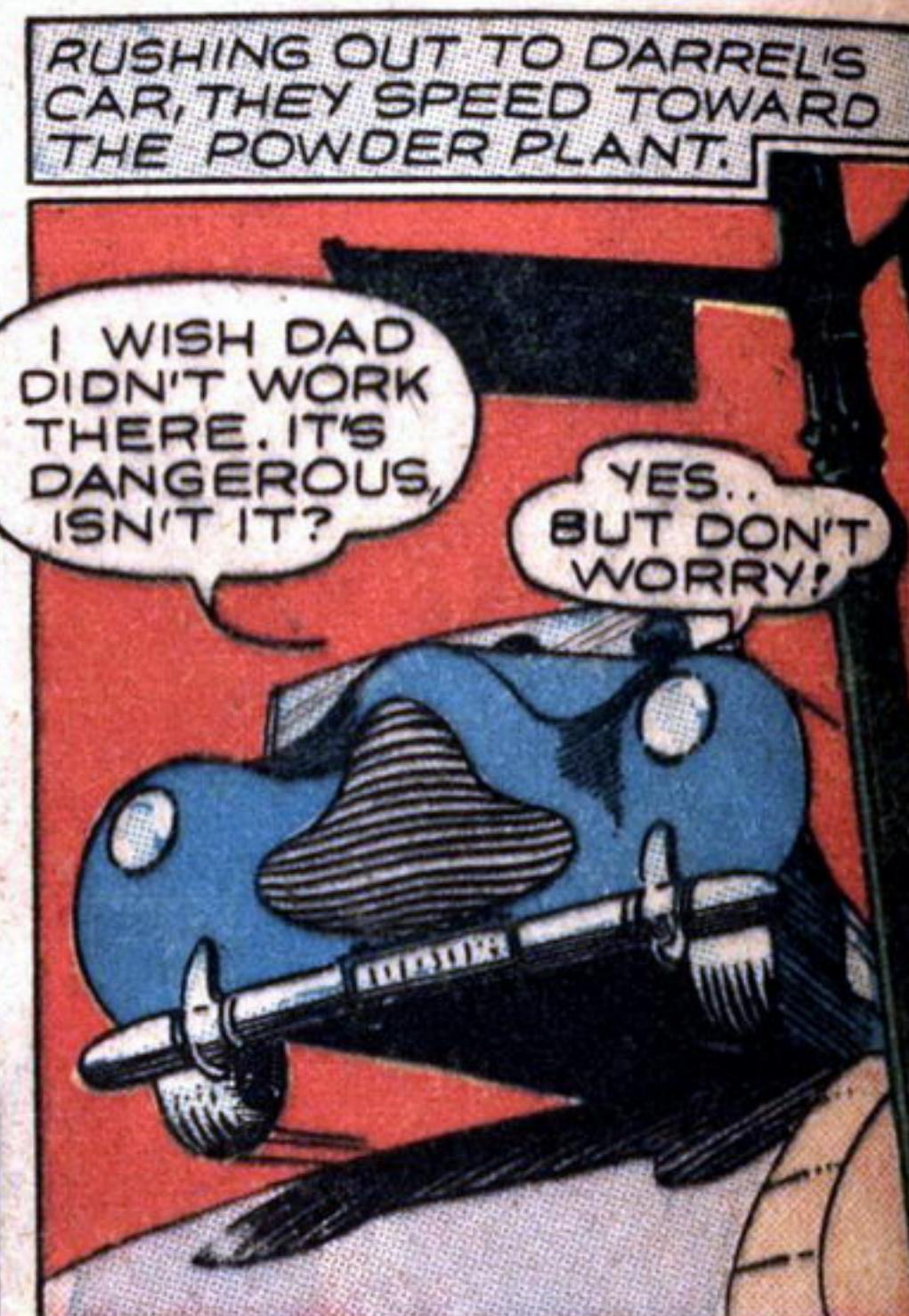


DARREL DANE AGAIN TAKES THE OFFENSIVE AS THE TINY BUT POWERFUL DOLL MAN IN A LONE BATTLE AGAINST CORRUPT FORCES UNDERMINING AMERICA'S GREAT DEFENSE EFFORT.

DR. ROBERTS SNATCHES UP THE PHONE AND DIALS HIS HOME NUMBER HURRIEDLY.

HELLO, MARTHA! LET ME TALK WITH DARREL... YES, DARREL, I EXPECT TROUBLE AT THE PLANT. RUSH OVER AS FAST AS YOU CAN!





MEANWHILE OUTSIDE  
THE LABORATORY...

STAY HERE,  
MARTHA. IT'S  
SAFER.

A MOMENT LATER AL WATKINS  
BURSTS IN UPON DR. ROBERTS.

HOLD IT, DOC!  
I'VE GOTTA TAKE  
BACK THAT SAMPLE  
OF POWDER.

I SHAN'T  
LET  
HIM  
GET  
THIS  
STUFF.

NO! YOU CAN'T  
TAKE THAT?  
STOP!

OOPS! WHAT'S  
YOUR RUSH,  
CHUM?

EOW!  
THE POWDER!

THAT'LL TAKE  
CARE OF THE  
OLD FOOL?

THE BOTTLE SMASHES  
AND POWDER MIXED  
WITH STEEL FILINGS  
WITH STEEL FILINGS  
SPILLS UNDER THEIR  
FEET.

YOU DOPE? WHY  
DON'TCHA WATCH  
WHERE YA  
GOIN'?

TWO CAN PLAY AT THIS GAME, MISTER?

DARREL'S BLOW SENDS WATKINS REELING BACK.

STEP ON IT, FELIX! THE FOREMAN IS HAVIN' TROUBLE WIT SOME WISE MUG!

GUARDS! STOP THIS GUY..THROW HIM OUT!

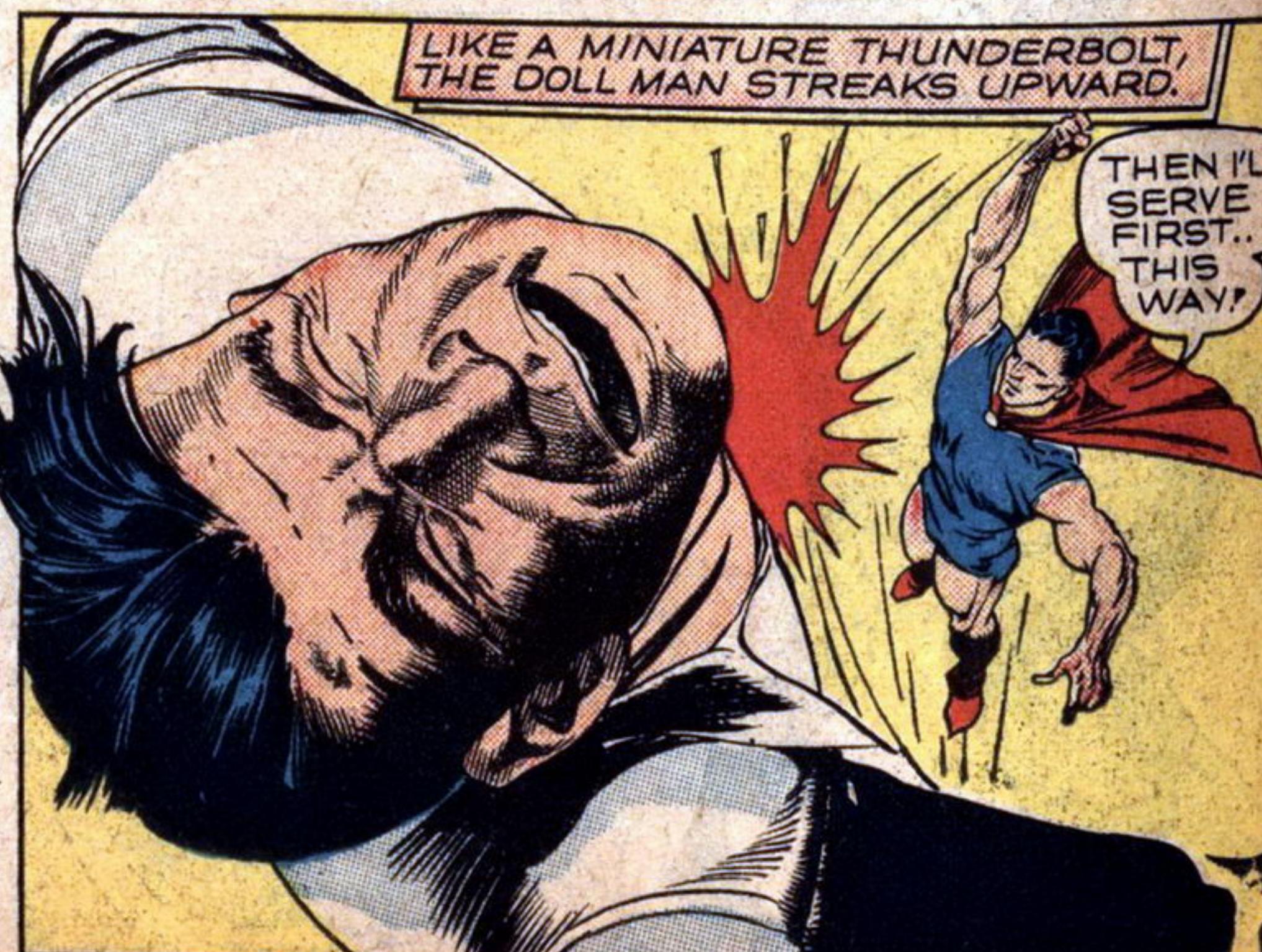
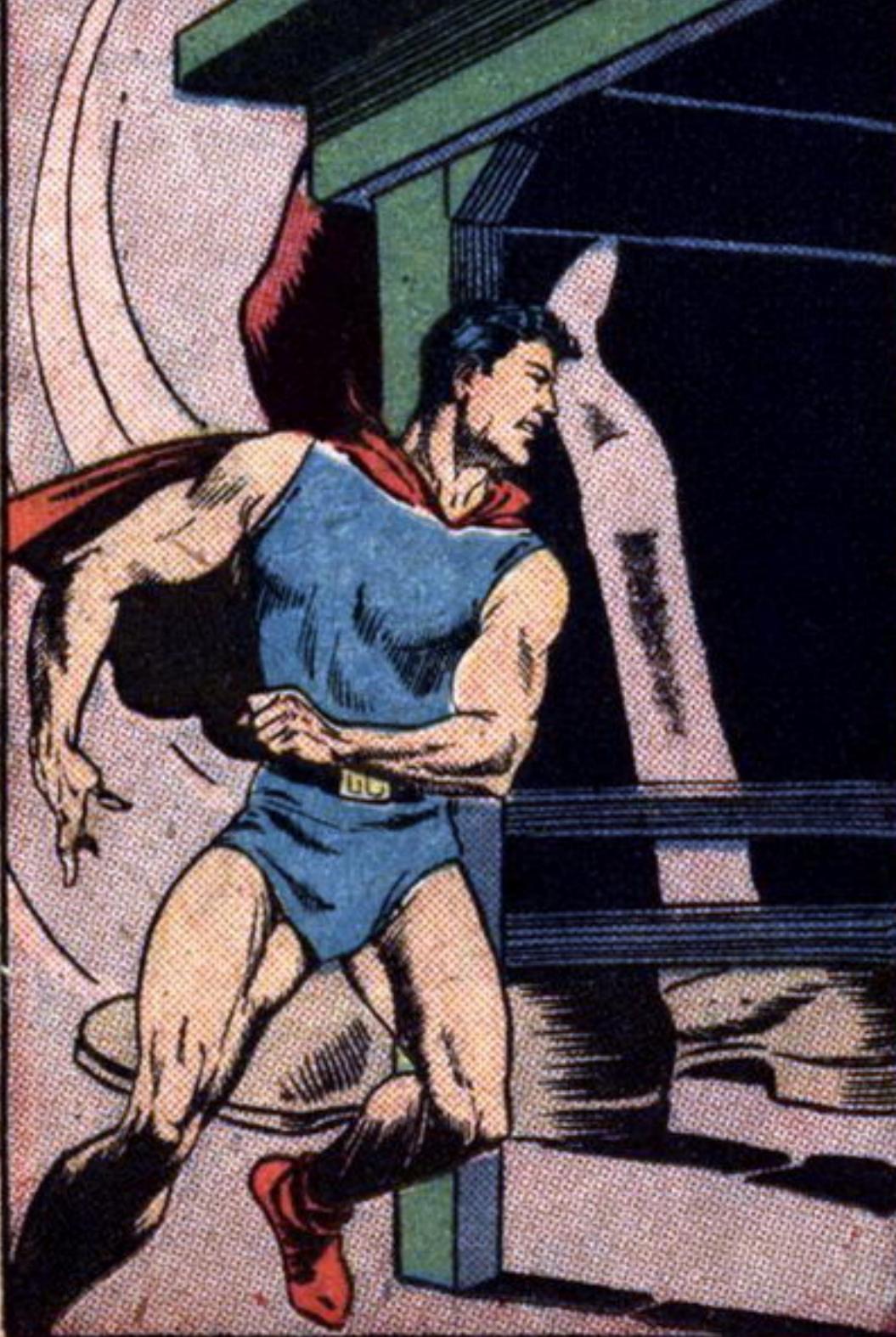
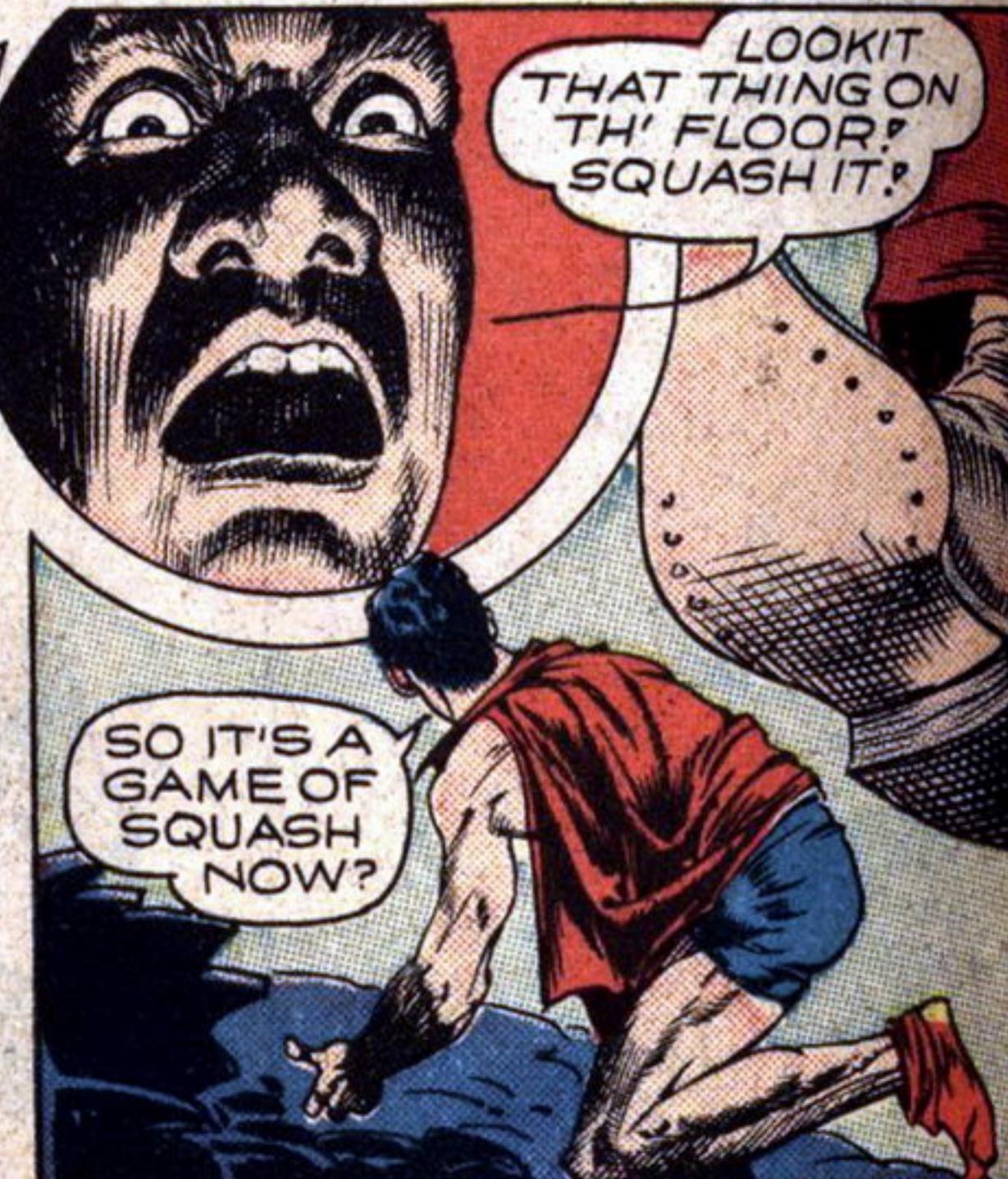
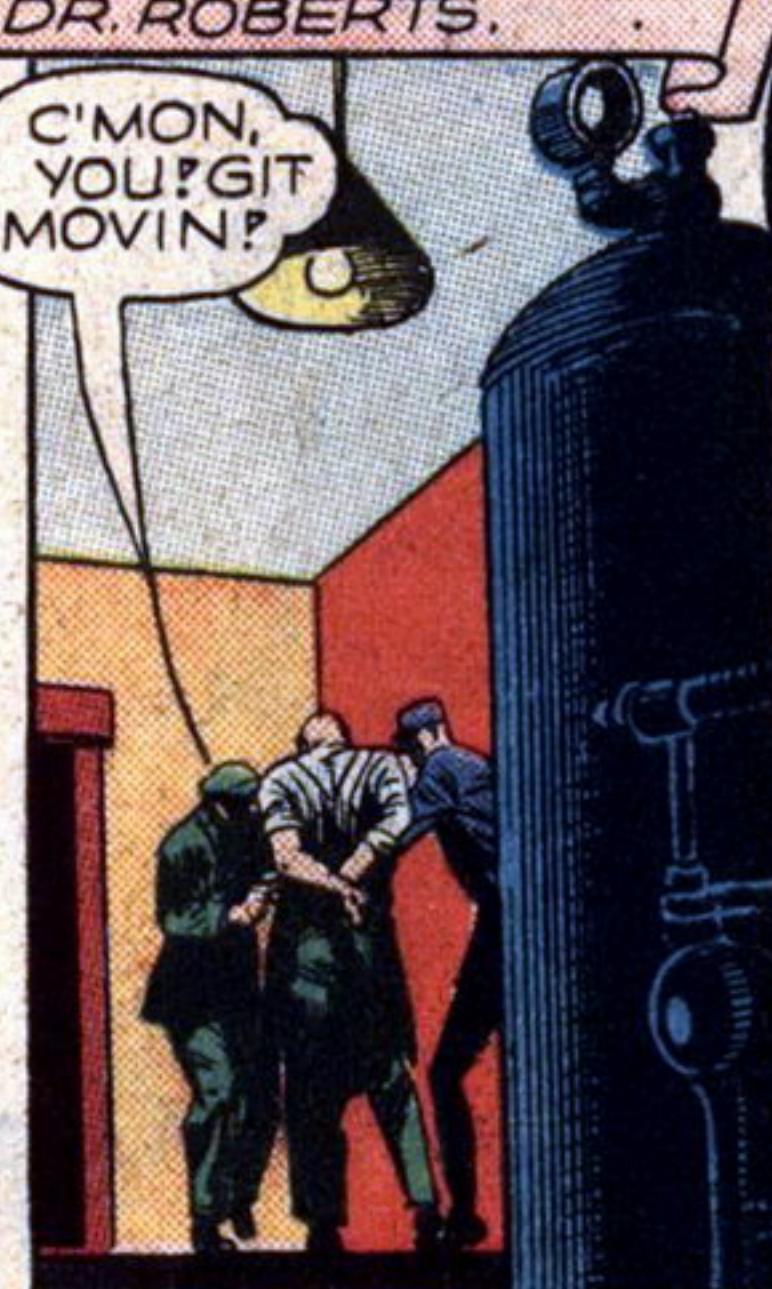
IT'S DA BUM'S RUSH FER HIM!



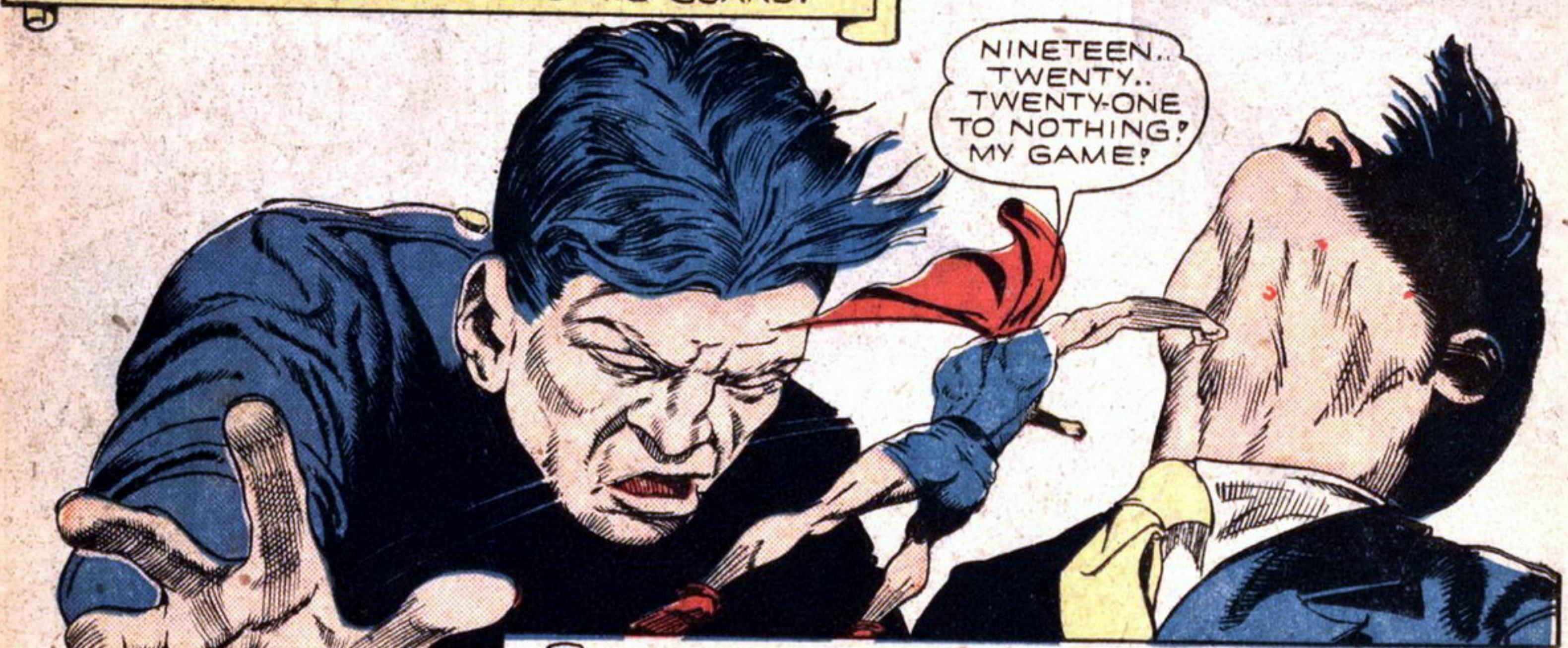
BUT IN A FLASH, DARREL BECOMES THE DOLL MAN.

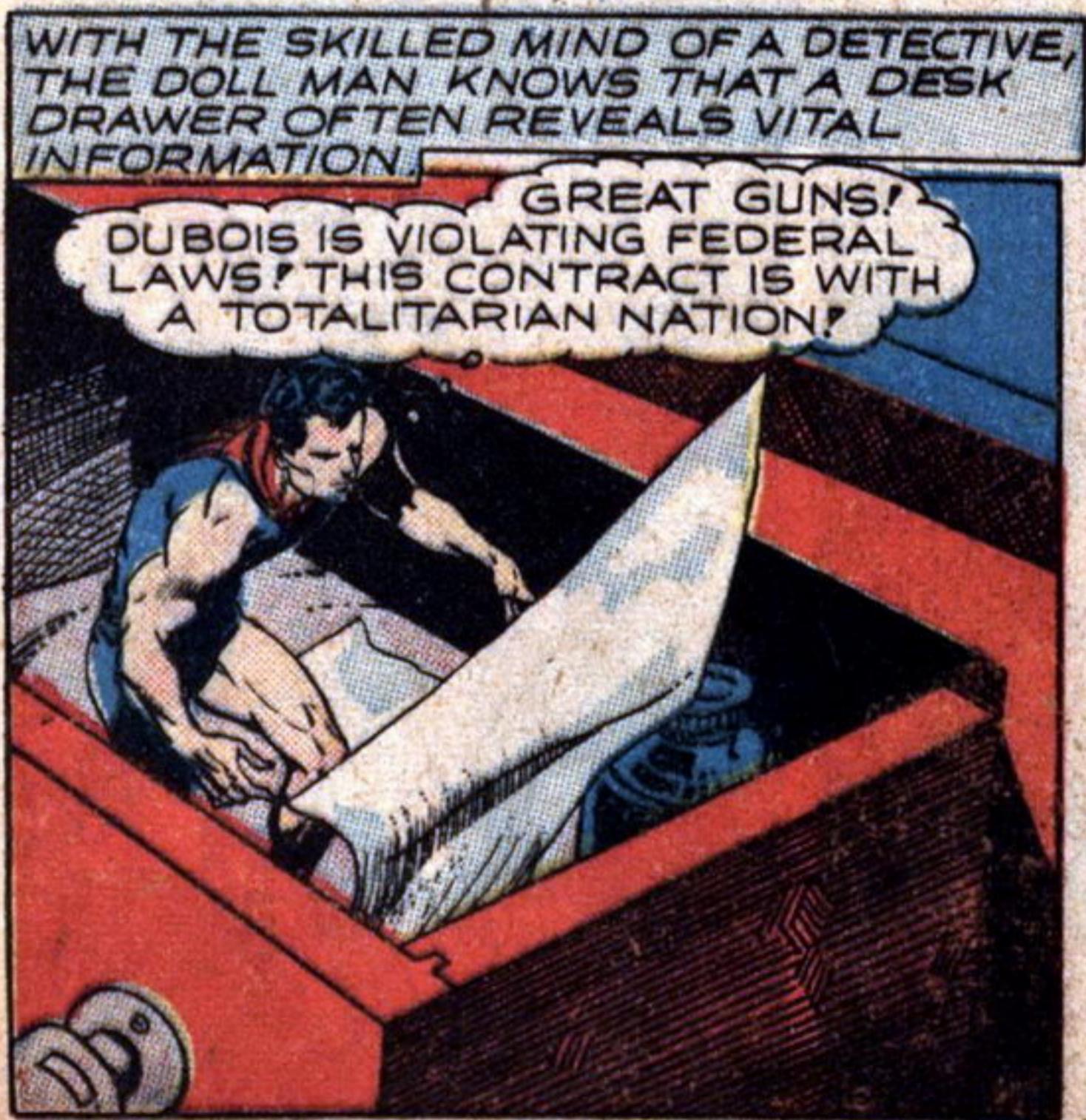
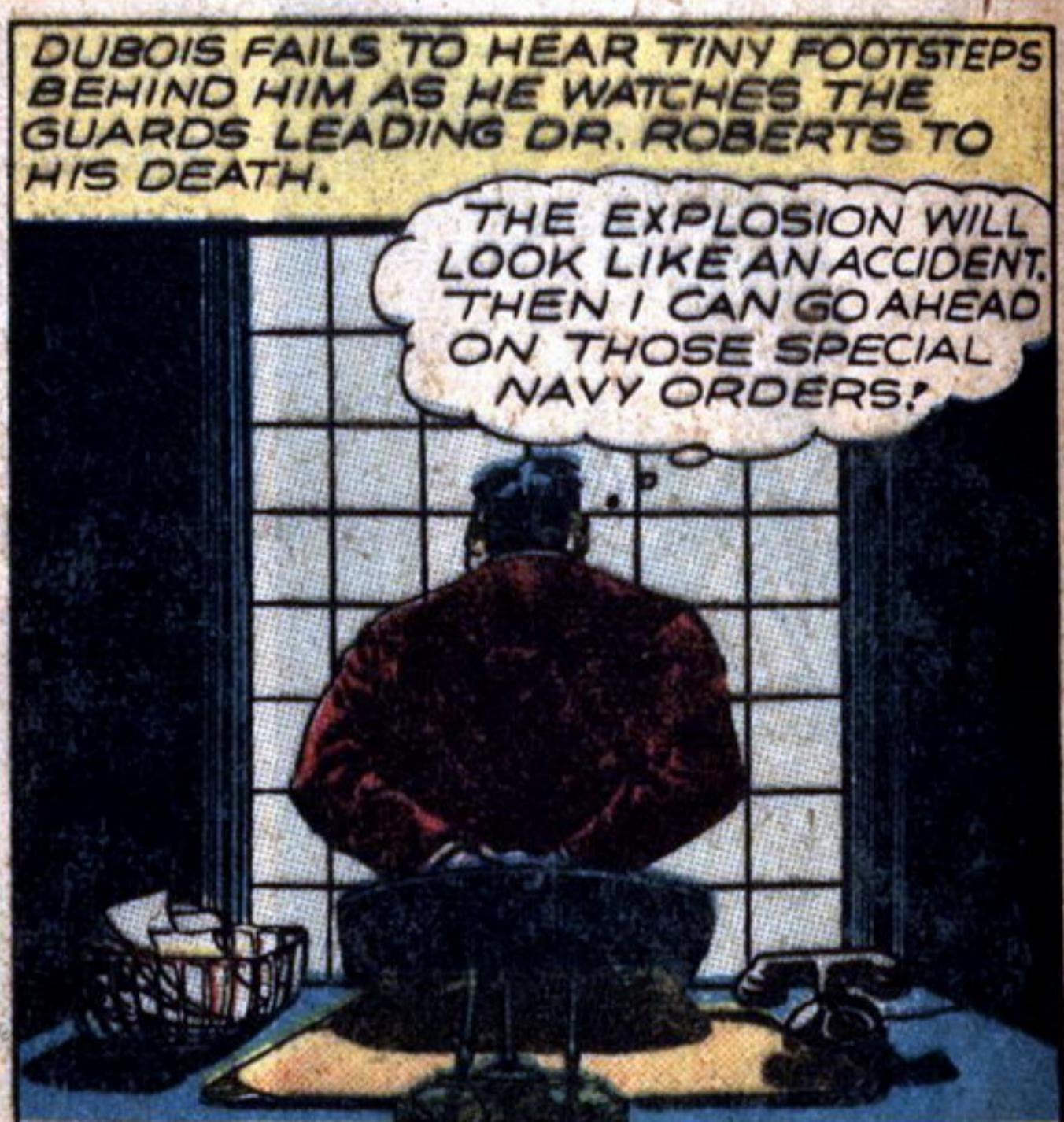
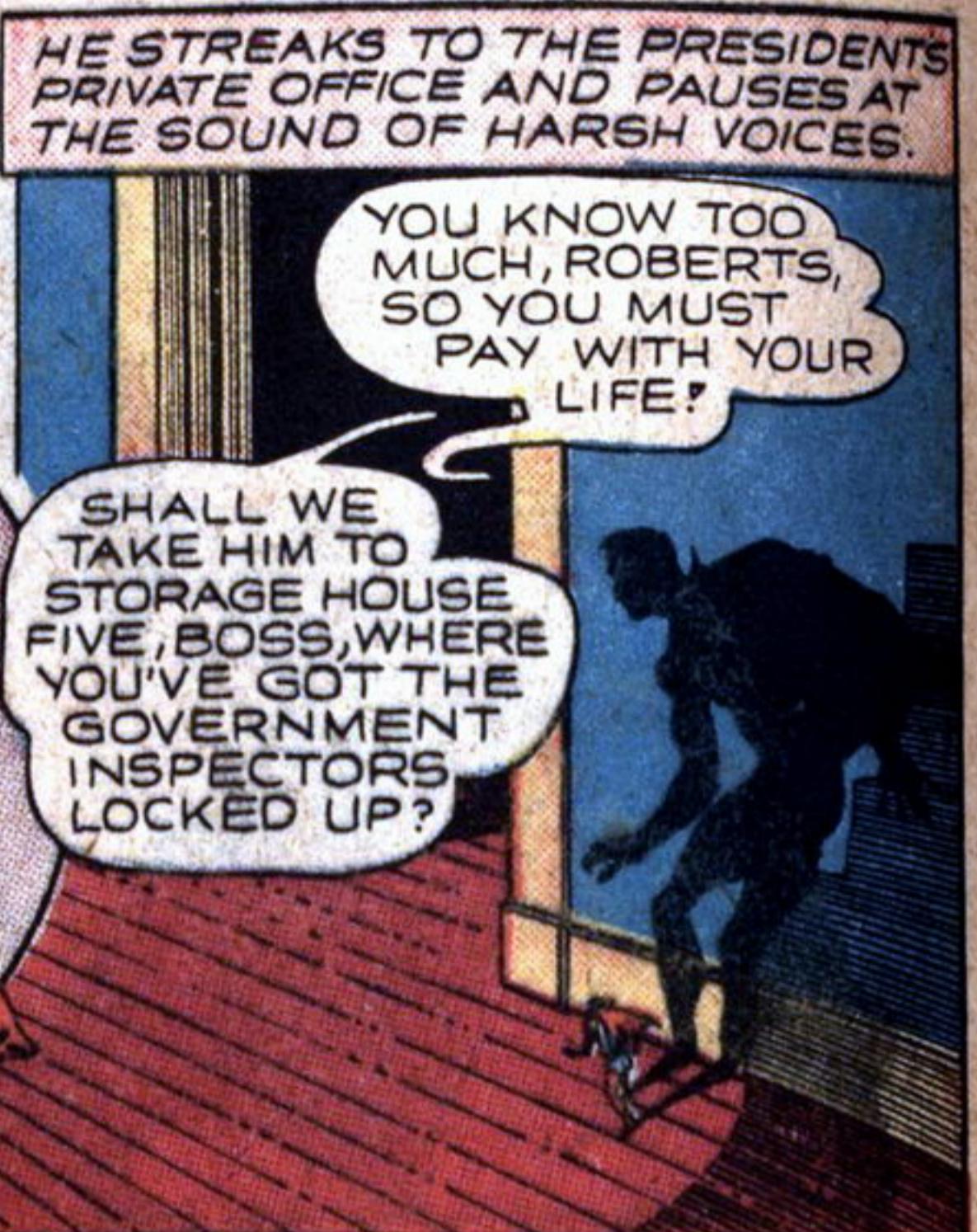
AT WATKIN S'COMMAND, THE GUARDS SEIZE DR. ROBERTS.

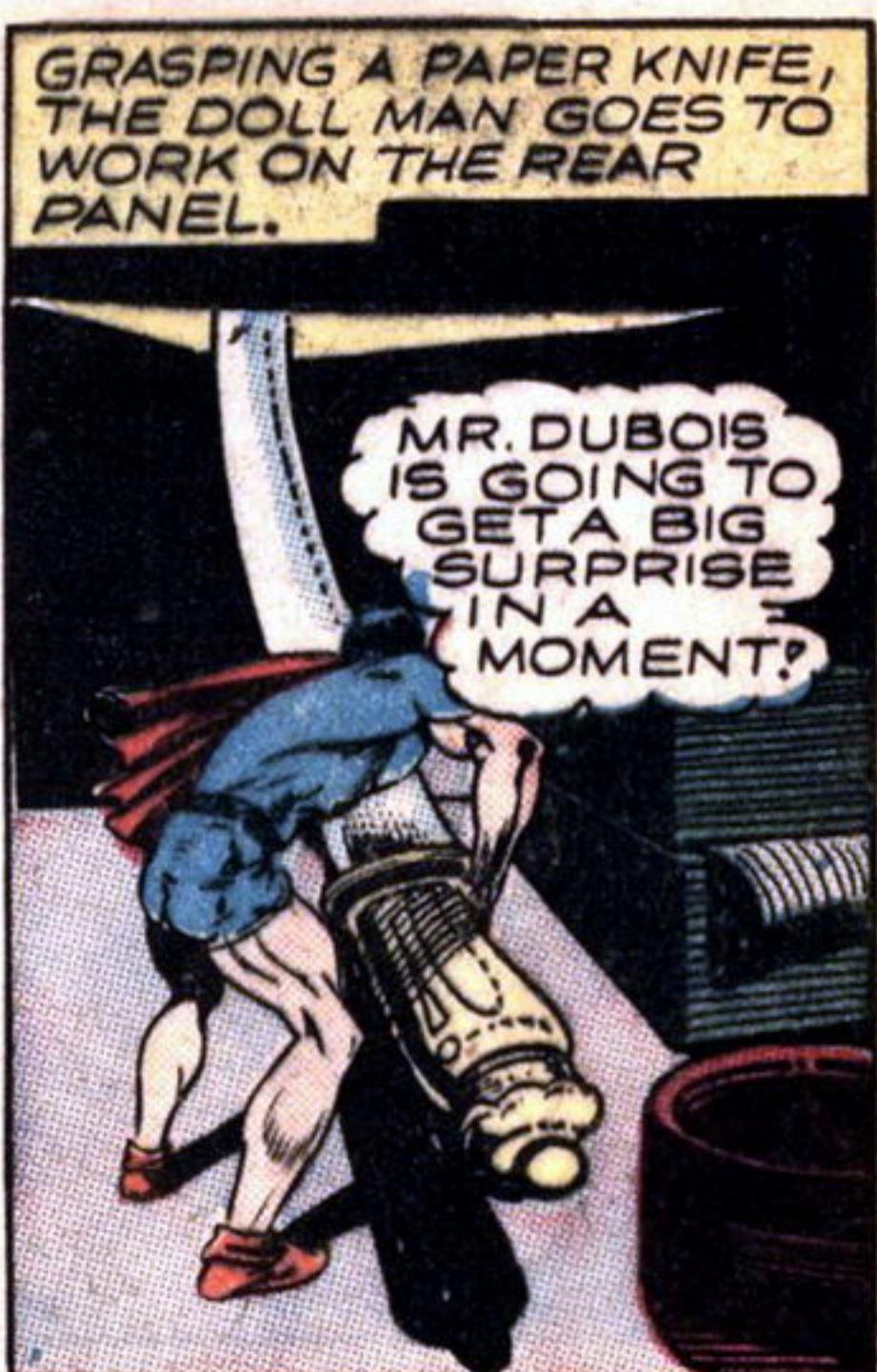
LOOKIT THAT THING ON TH' FLOOR? SQUASH IT!

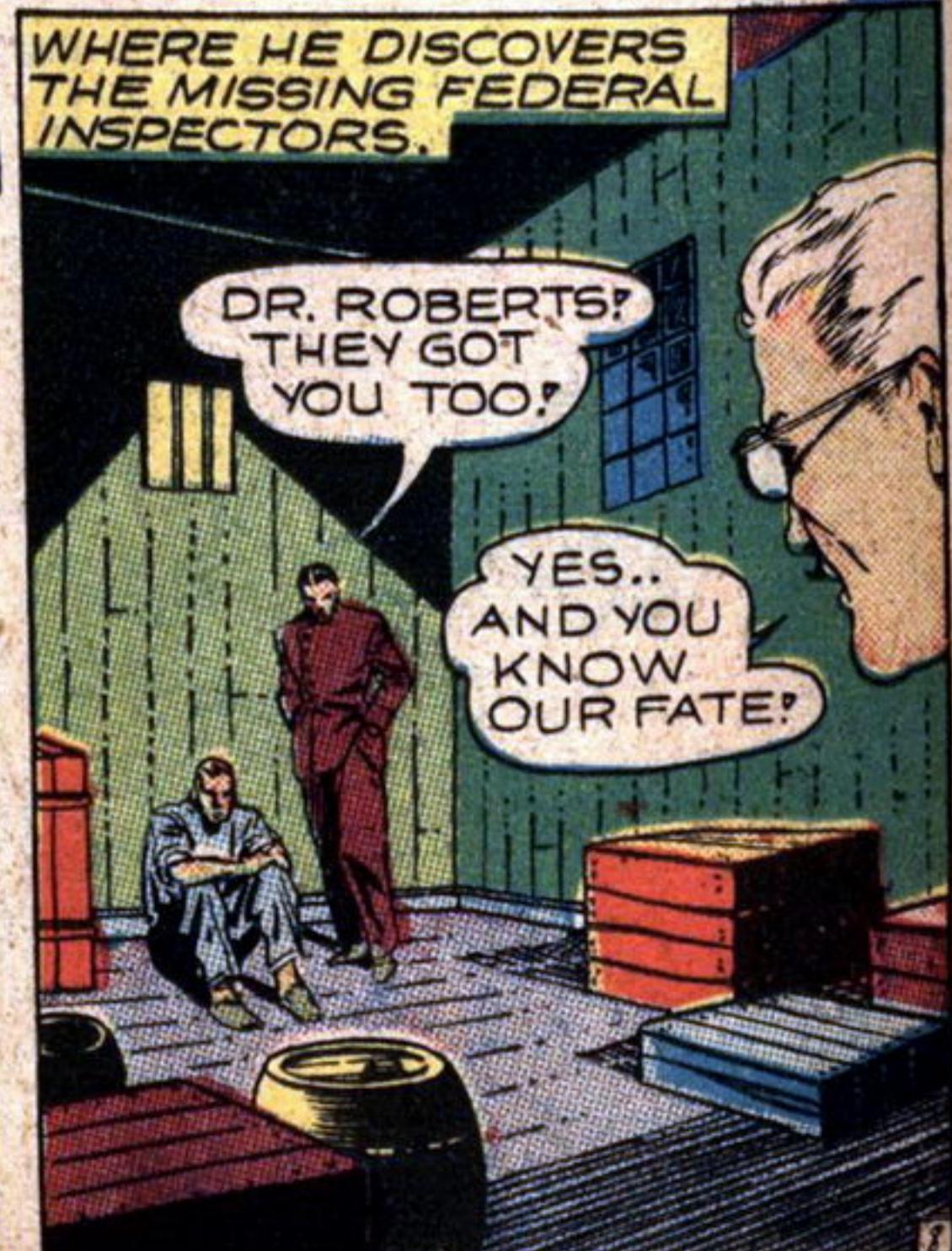
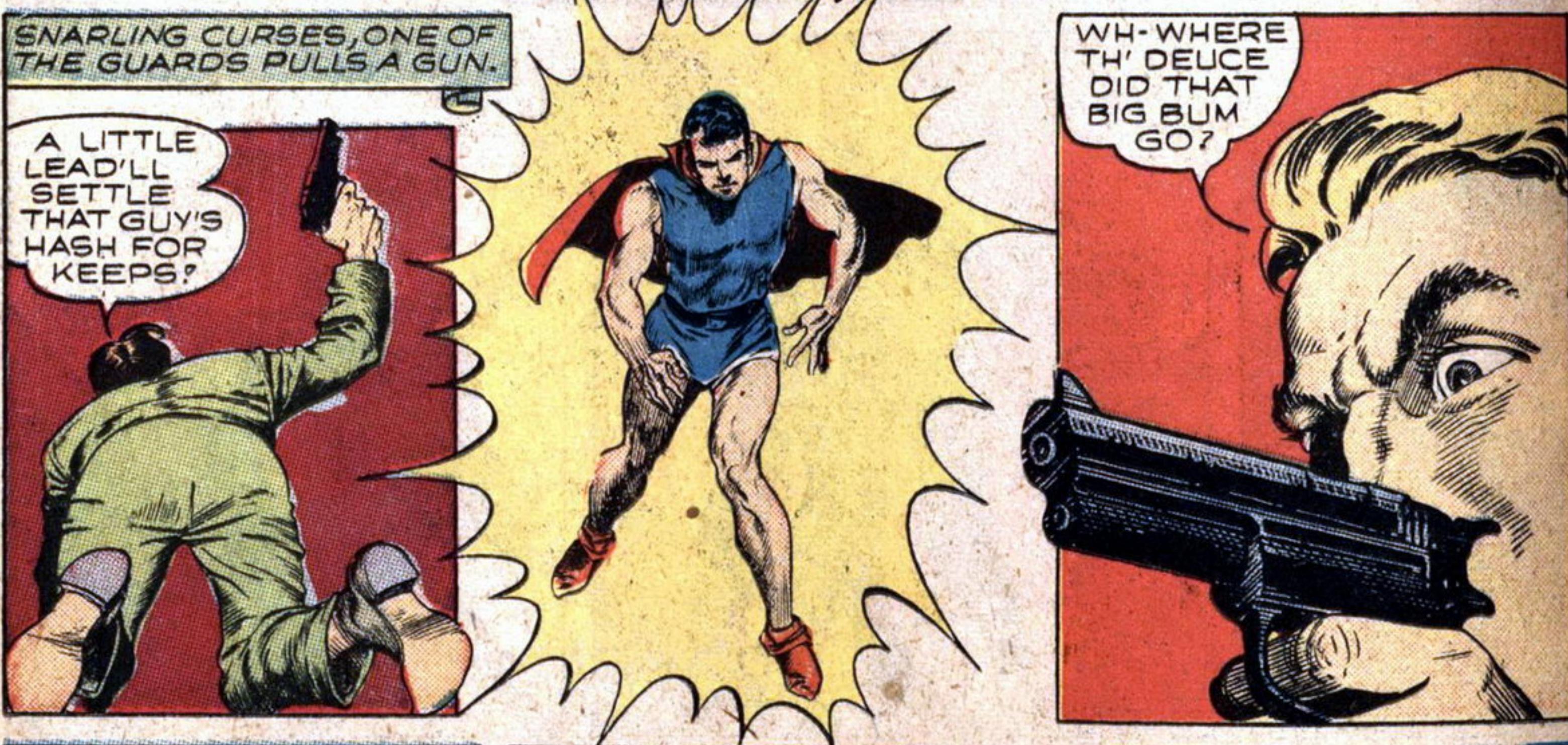
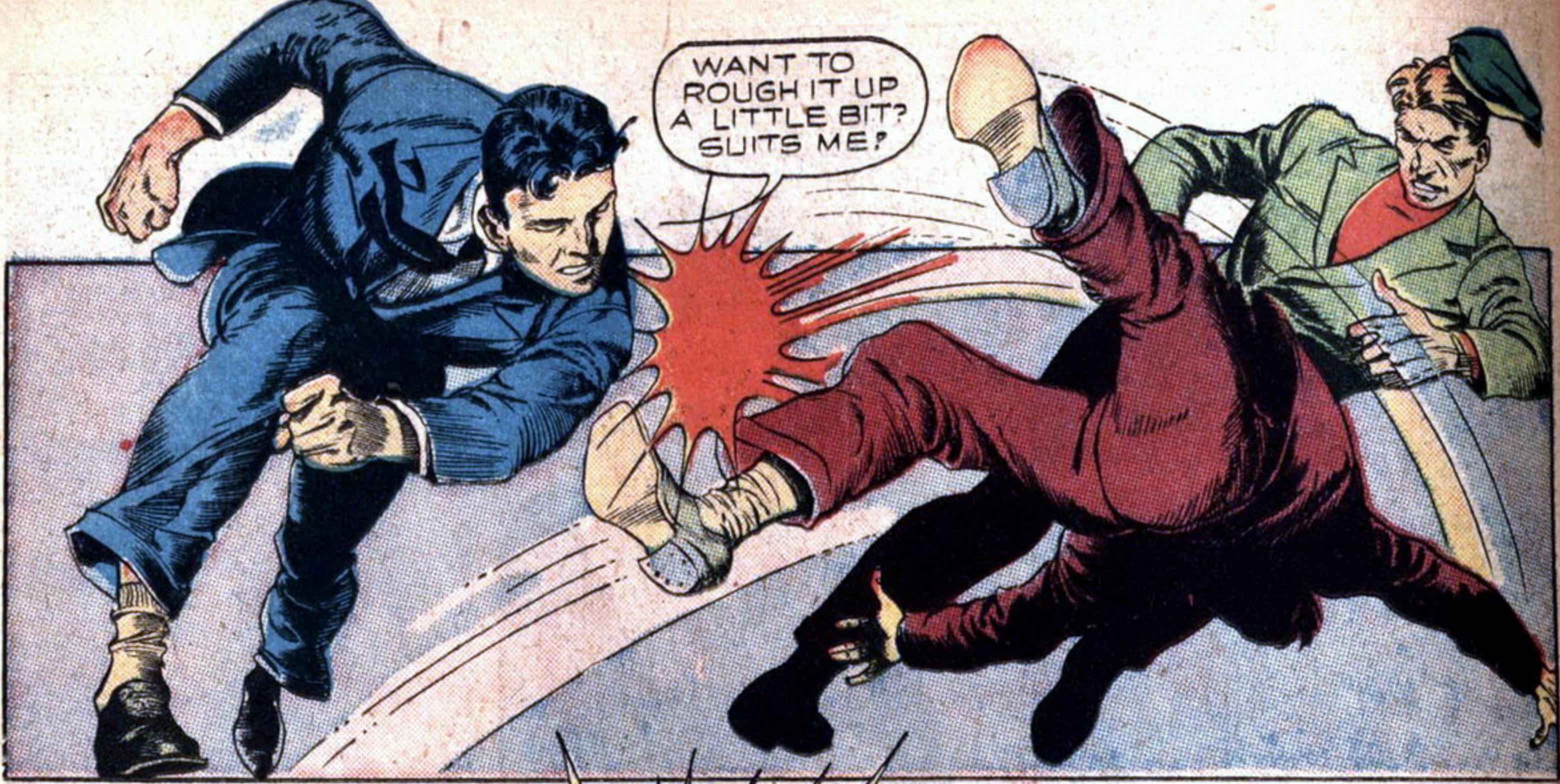


WITH THE SPEED AND DESTRUCTIVE FORCE OF A TORNADO, THE DOLL MAN SWINGS BLOW AFTER BLOW INTO THE FOREMAN AND HIS GUARD.









YOU MUST'VE BEEN HERE THREE DAYS... AND FOUND NO POSSIBLE MEANS OF ESCAPE... WELL, TAKE OUT THE PRAYER BOOK. GUESS THIS IS OUR LAST...

RUNNING AT TOP SPEED, THE DOLL MAN BEATS DUBOIS TO POWDER HOUSE FIVE.

BEHIND HIM DUBOIS AND THE GUARDS ARE RUSHING UP WITH A DETONATOR.

LOCKED! AND THIS DOOR IS SOLID OAK!

WE'VE GOT TO GET THIS OVER IN A HURRY, WATKINS!

YOU'RE TELLING ME, CHIEF!

THESE STICKS WILL BE ENOUGH TO SET OFF THE POWDER INSIDE.

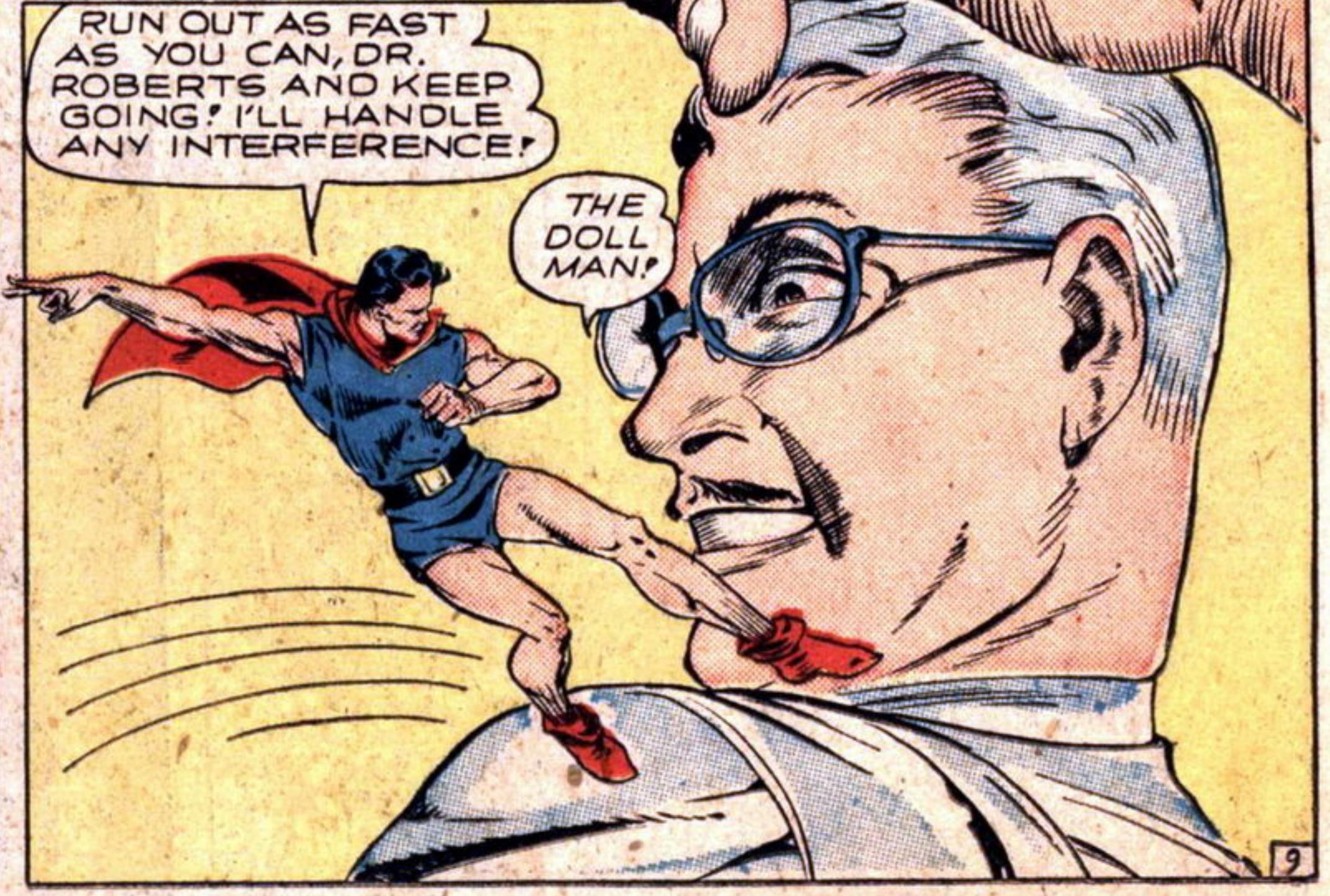
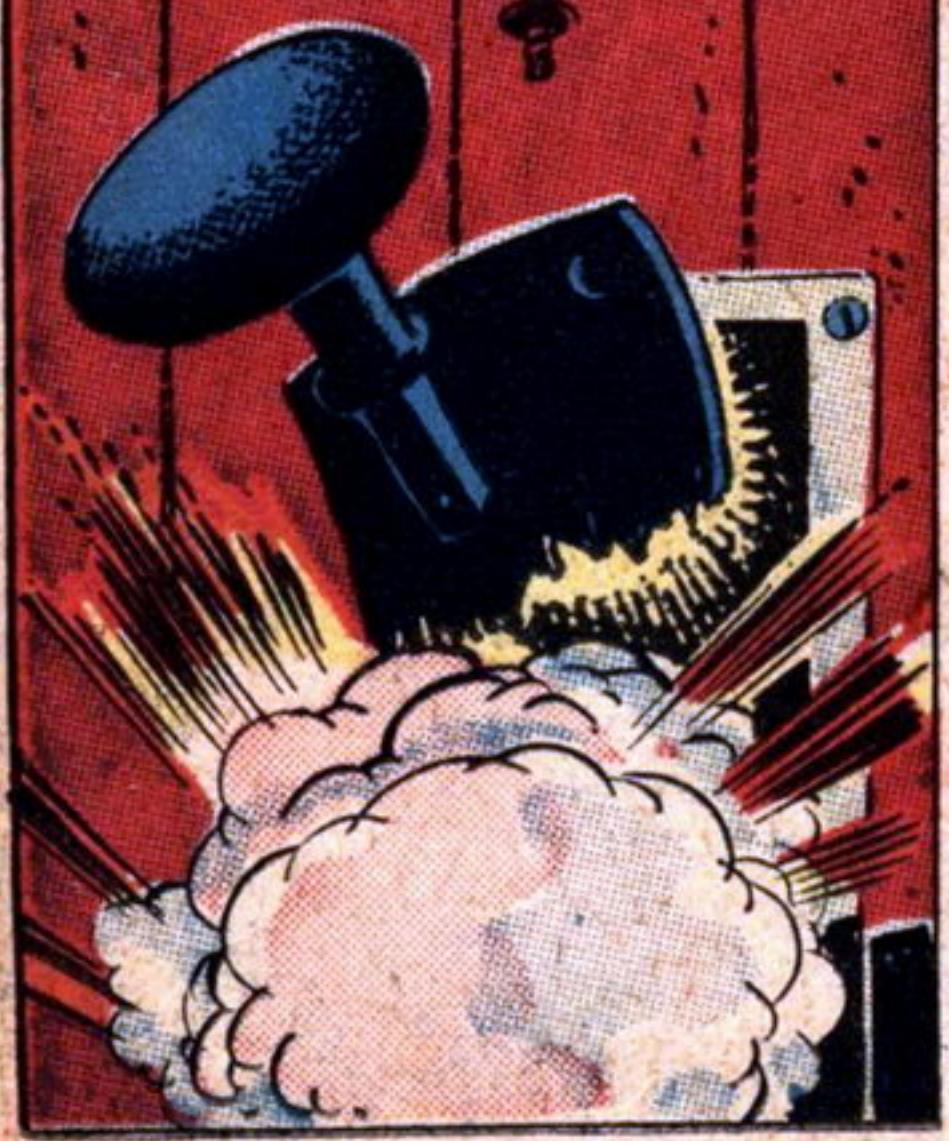
MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO SNATCH THAT PRIMER CAP!

EASY AS TAKING CANDY FROM A BABY!

AN INSTANT LATER, THE DOLL MAN HURLS THE PRIMER AND THE LOCK SHATTERS APART.

RUN OUT AS FAST AS YOU CAN, DR. ROBERTS AND KEEP GOING! I'LL HANDLE ANY INTERFERENCE!

THE DOLL MAN!



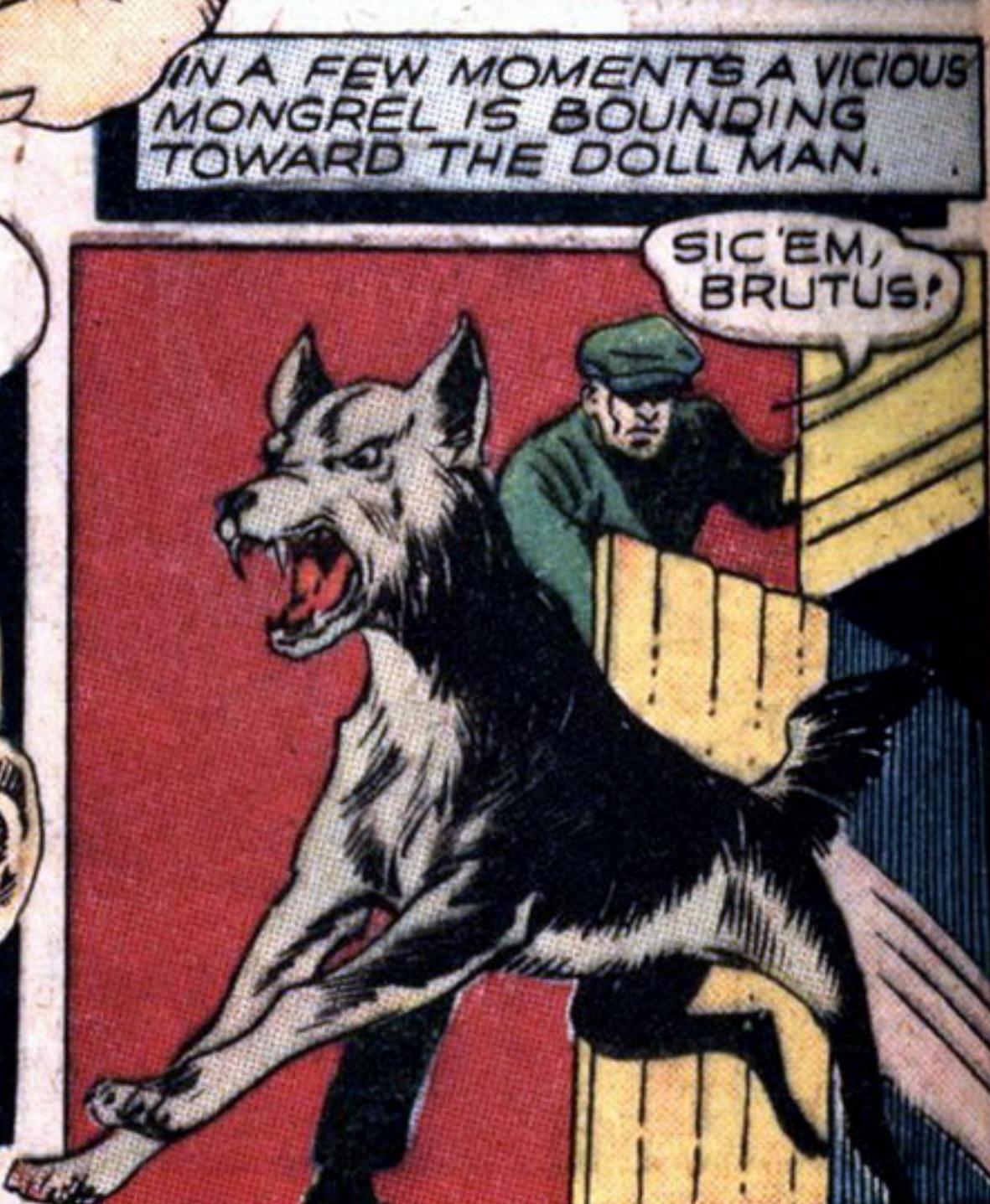
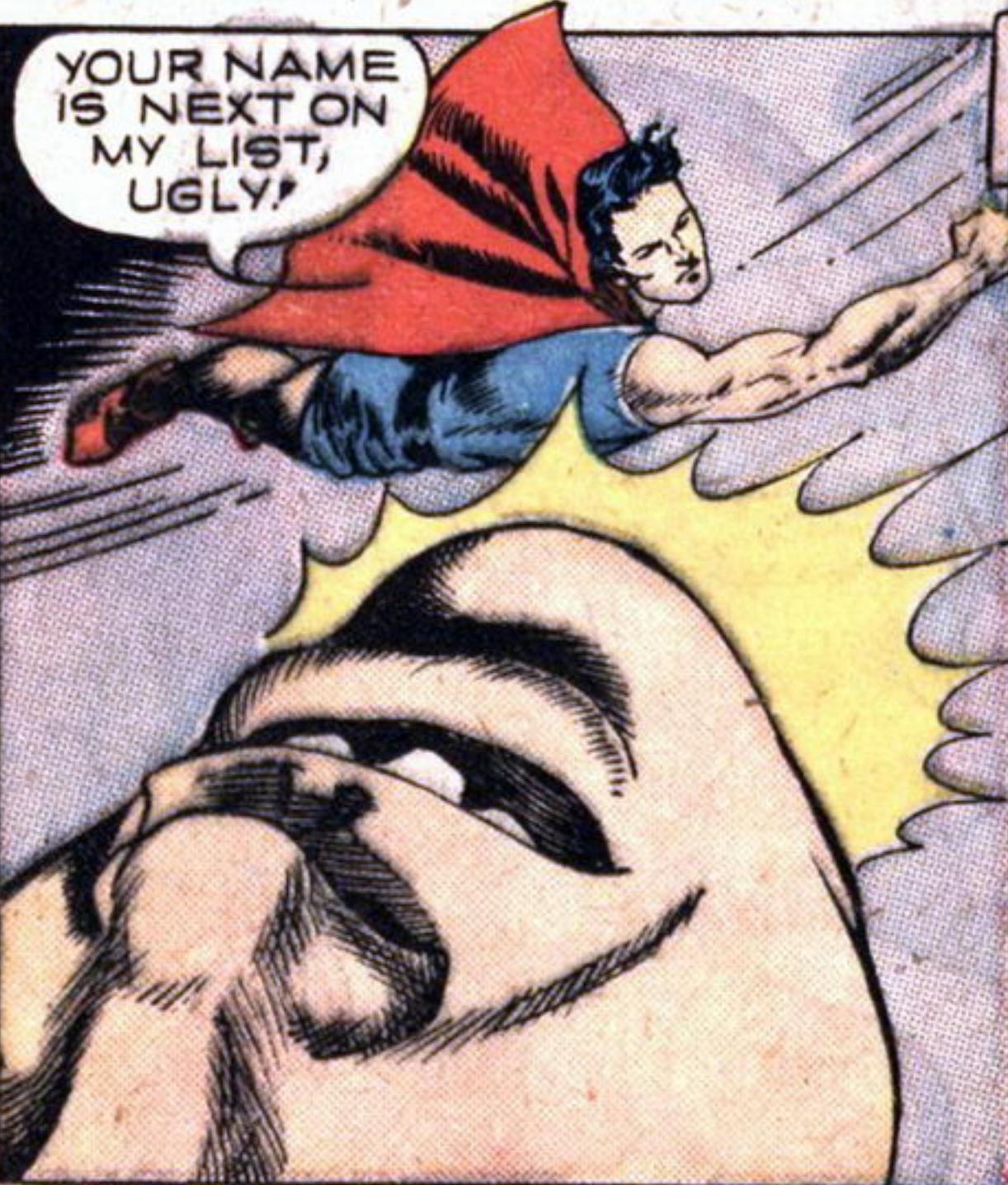
DR. ROBERT AND THE INSPECTORS RUSH DIRECTLY INTO WATKINS'S LINE OF FIRE.

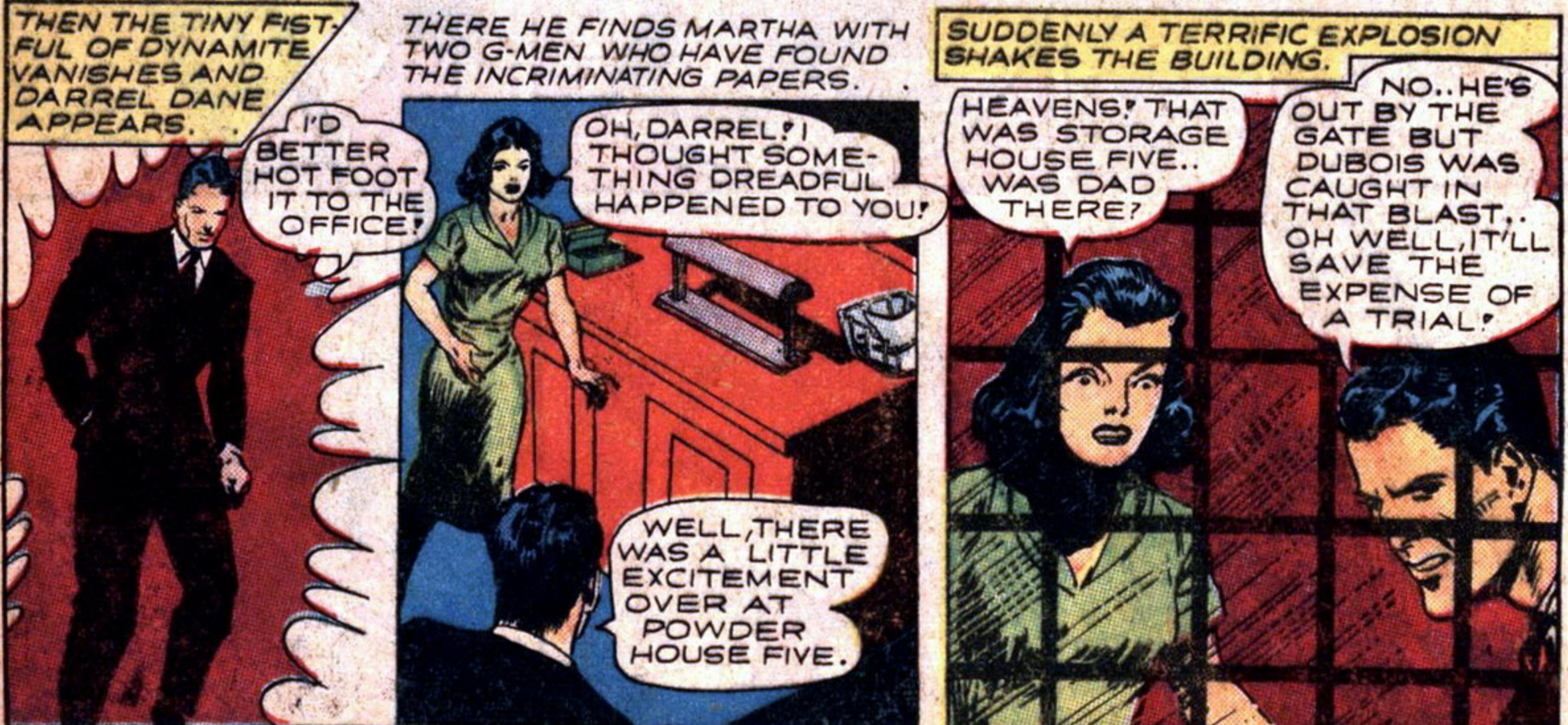
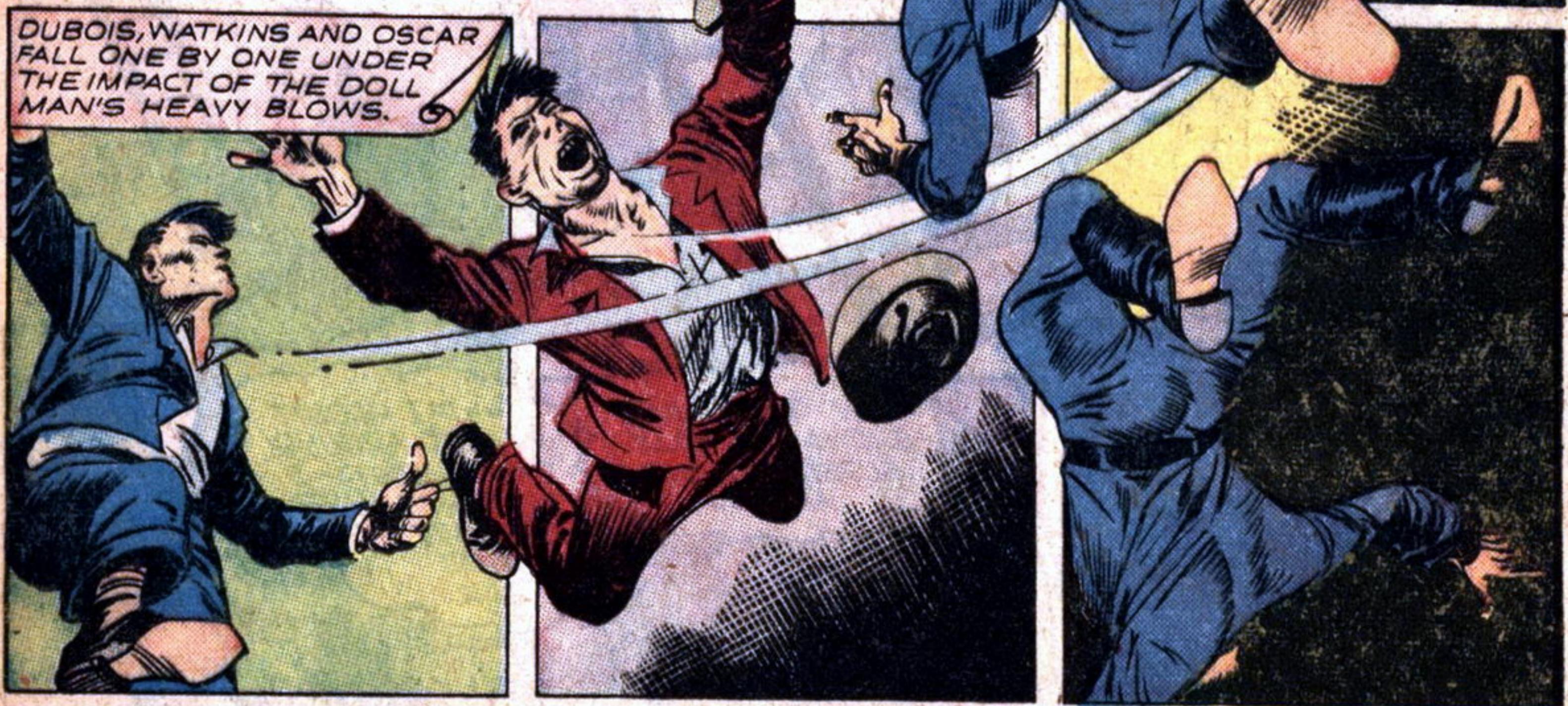
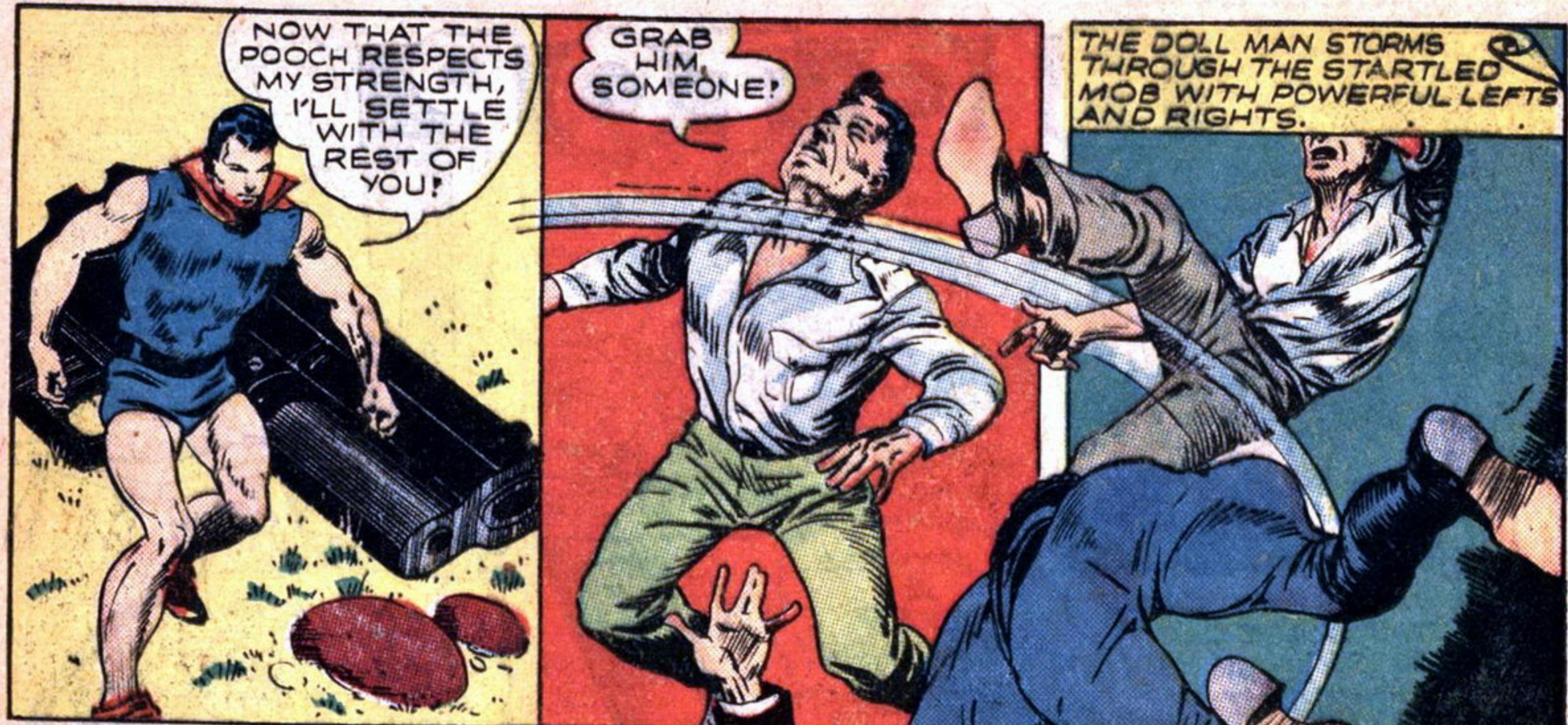
COME ON! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE A BREAK FOR IT!

STOP OR I'LL EMPTY MY GUN INTO YOU!

BUT A HIGH LEAP CARRIES THE DOLL MAN ONTO WATKINS'S GUN.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A BROKEN THUMB TO MAKE A MAN BEHAVE!





Another sensational installment of The Doll Man in the January issue of FEATURE COMICS.

YOU'RE OUTTA LUCK,  
BUTCH

# BIG TOP

OH -  
Y' HAVE  
ANOTHER  
DATE.  
EH?

GOSH! WHAT A  
DAY! - I'VE HAD  
A LOT OF LUCK -  
-- ALL  
BAD!

IT MUST BE 'CAUSE  
THAT BLACK CAT  
CROSSED MY PATH  
THIS MORNING

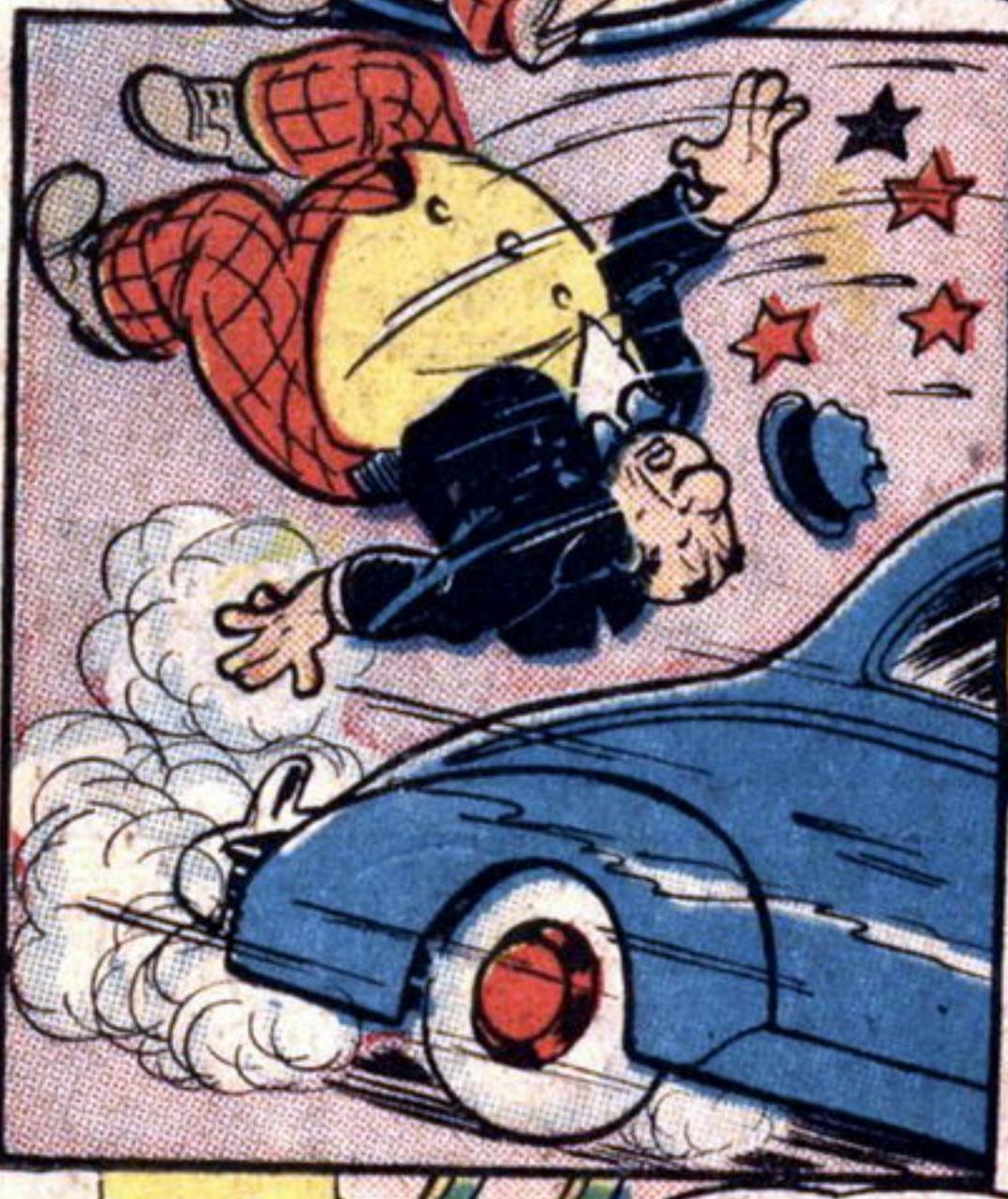
WHOOPS!  
A  
STEP  
LADDER!

I AIN'T WALKIN'  
UNDER THAT -  
MY LUCK'S BAD  
ENOUGH RIGHT  
NOW

SO I'LL WALK UNDER  
IT - MAYBE IT'LL  
BREAK THIS JINX!

NOW THAT JUST  
SHOWS HOW SILLY  
SUPERSTITIONS  
ARE ...

-- IF I HADN'T  
WALKED AROUND  
THIS LADDER - I  
WOULDN'T HAVE  
BEEN HIT BY  
THAT CAR



# BIG TOP

WELL, WHAT'S GOT YOU DOWN, BUTCH?

AW—I HAVE A DATE WITH A WEALTHY WIDOW IN TOWN BUT I DON'T OWN A SUIT OF CLOTHES THAT'S FIT TO WEAR!

IS THAT ALL? SHUCKS!—YOU CAN BORROW A SUIT OF MINE FOR TONIGHT—COME OVER TO MY WAGON

GOSH, BOSS—YOU'RE A PAL!

THANKS, BOSS—I HOPE THE WIDOW FALLS FOR ME IN YOUR SUIT!

EVENIN' M'DEAR—YOU LOOK CHARMING

TEE HEE—OH—YOU MEN!

DAWGONE IT!—I LEFT MY EYEGLASSES IN THE SUIT I LOANED BUTCH—I'VE GOTTA GET 'EM!

I'LL HAVE TO SNEAK THE GLASSES OUTTA BUTCH'S POCKET SO HIS GIRL FRIEND DON'T GET WISE THAT THE SUIT AIN'T HIS OWN!

HI THERE, BUTCH

OH, HERE'S MY BOSS—I WANT YOU TO MEET HIM, IMOGENE

IMOGENE—JEFF HERE IS MY BOSS BUT HE'S ALSO MY **BEST FRIEND!**

OH HE IS—  
IS HE?

WELL, YOUR BEST FRIEND IS **PICKING YOUR POCKET!**

YOU **WORM!** POSING AS BUTCH'S FRIEND WHILE YOU ROB HIM!

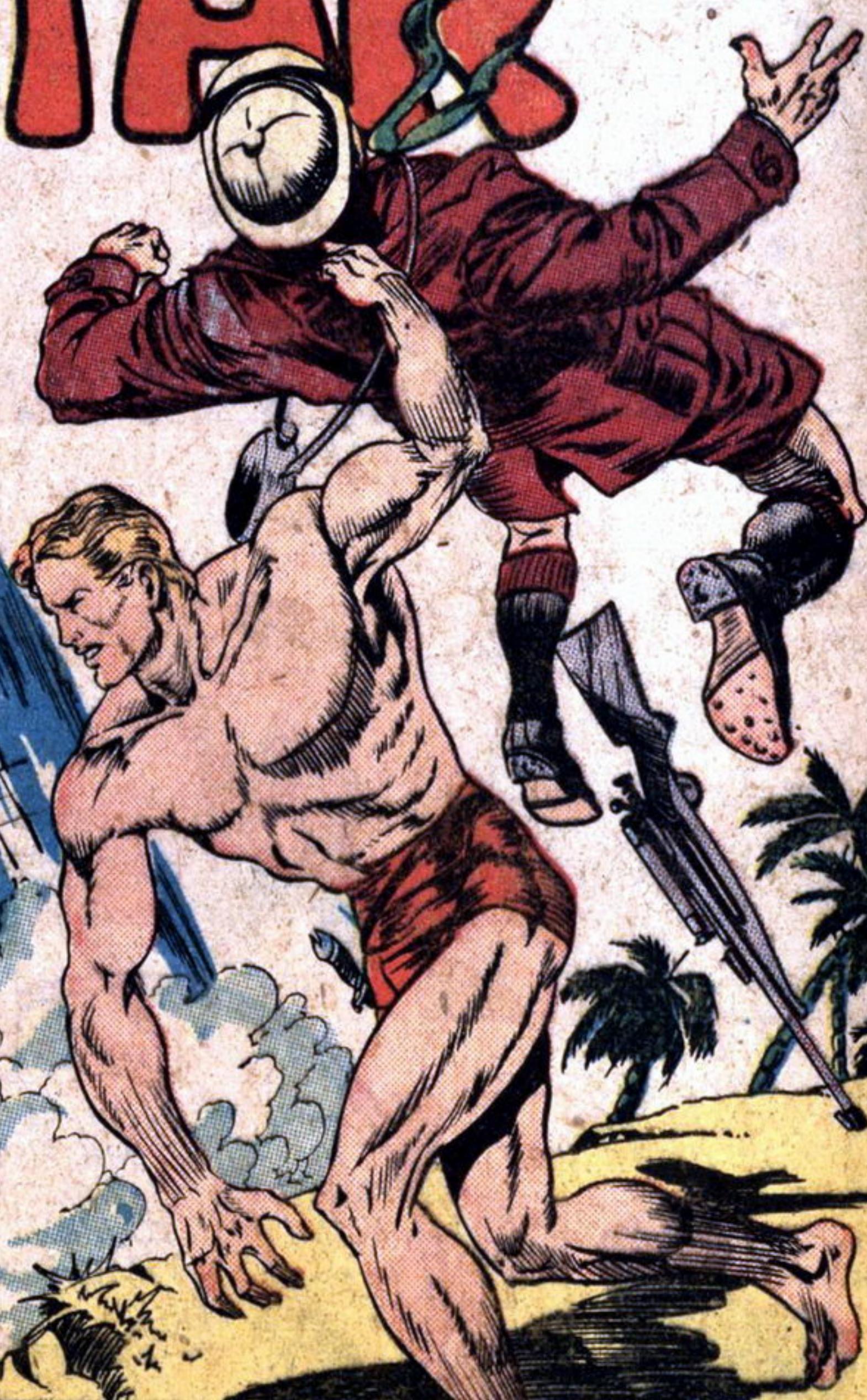
YOU'RE TOO GULLIBLE, BUTCH—YOU NEED SOMEONE **TO TAKE CARE OF YOU!**

I'LL SAY I DO—  
'CAUSE I THINK I JUST LOST MY JOB!

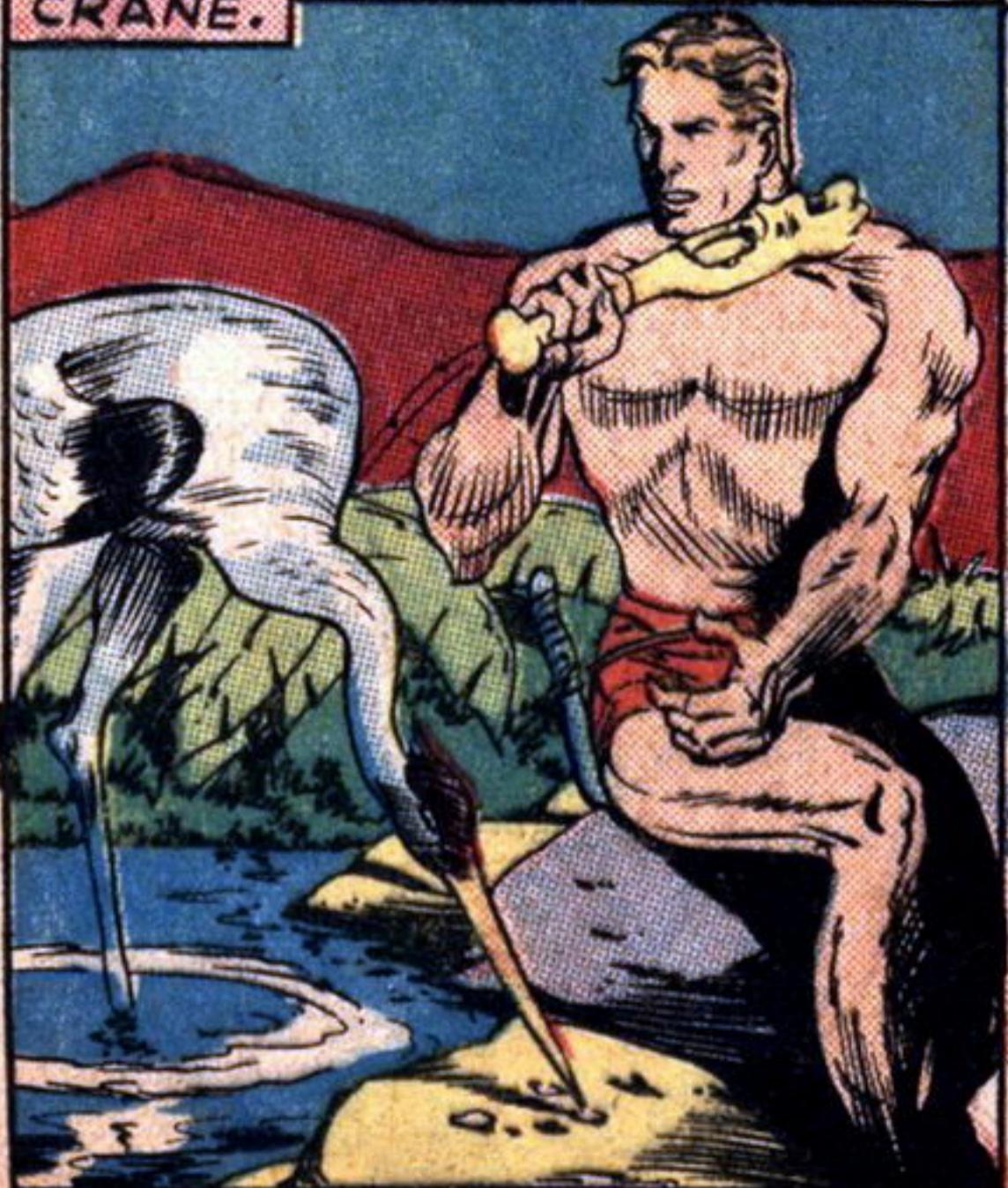
# SAMAR

BY  
John  
Charles

SAMAR, MIGHTY MAN OF THE JUNGLE, IS THE RELENTLESS FOE OF ALL WHO DARE TO USE VIOLENCE AND TREACHERY AGAINST HIS FRIENDS OF THE PRIMITIVE WILDWOOD. THE GUARDIAN OF JUNGLE JUSTICE FEARS NO MAN OR BEAST. . .



SAMAR SHARES HIS MID-DAY MEAL WITH A GIANT AFRICAN CRANE.



SUDDENLY A FRANTIC NATIVE RUSHES UPON THE SCENE. . .



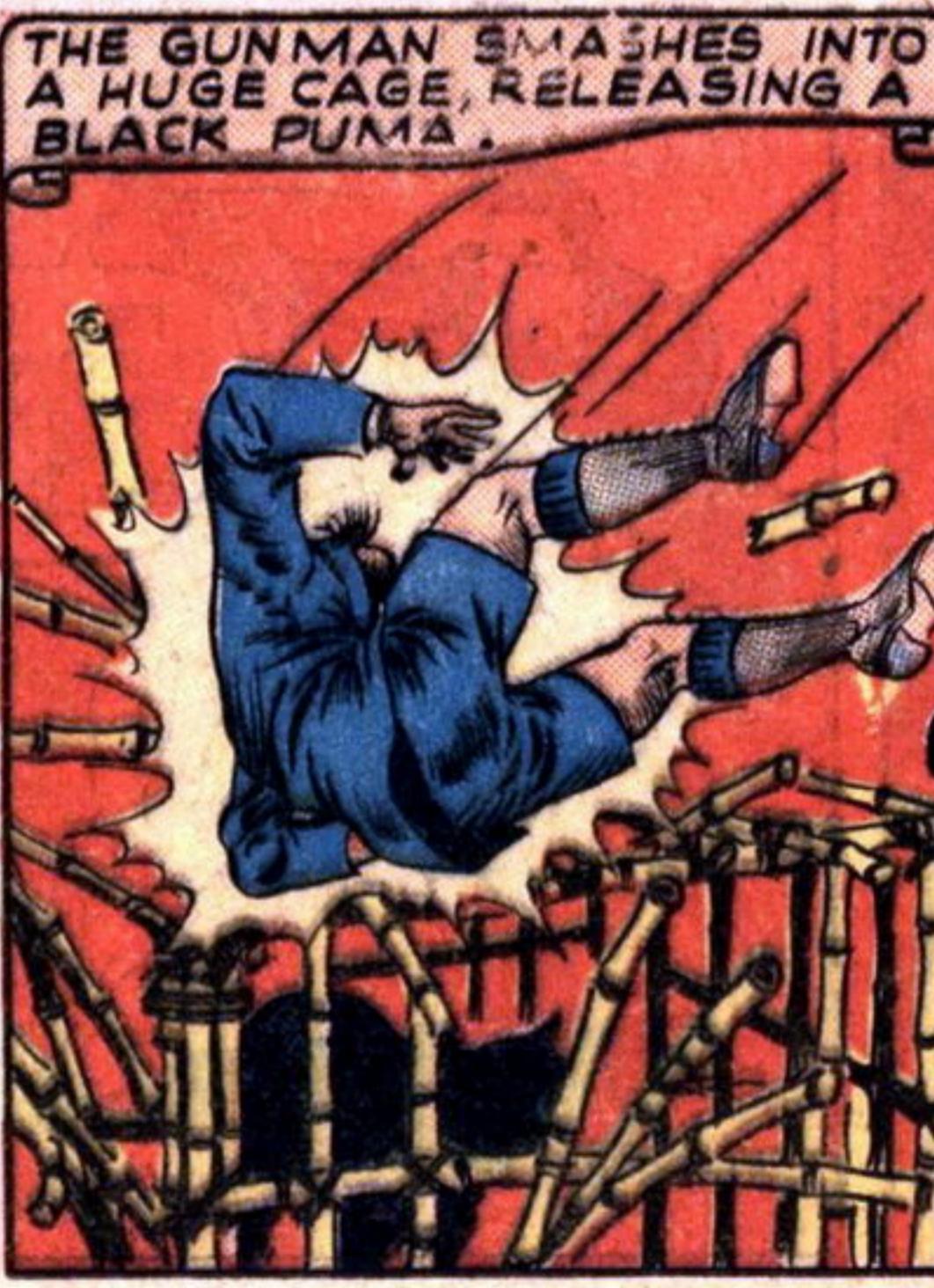
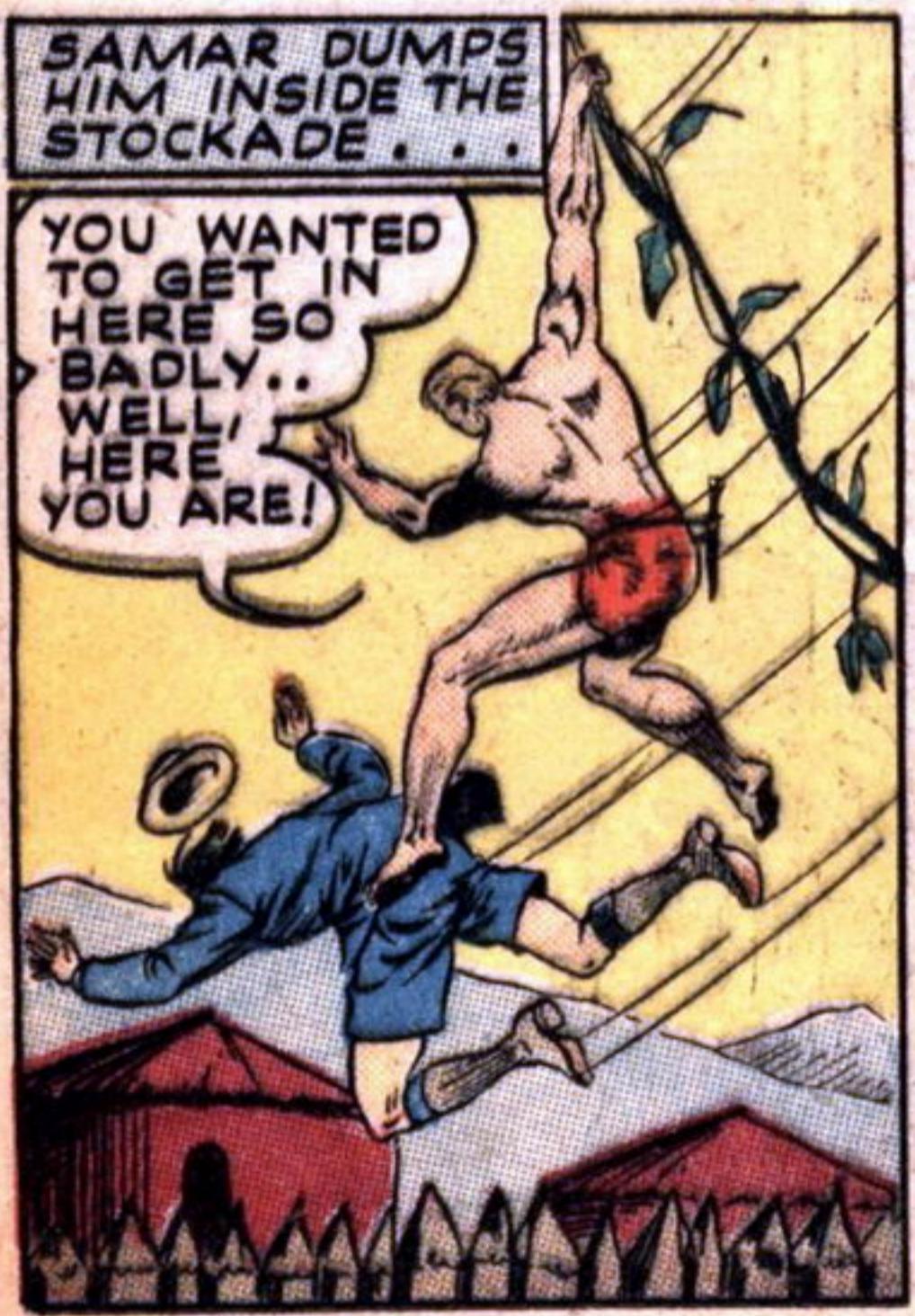
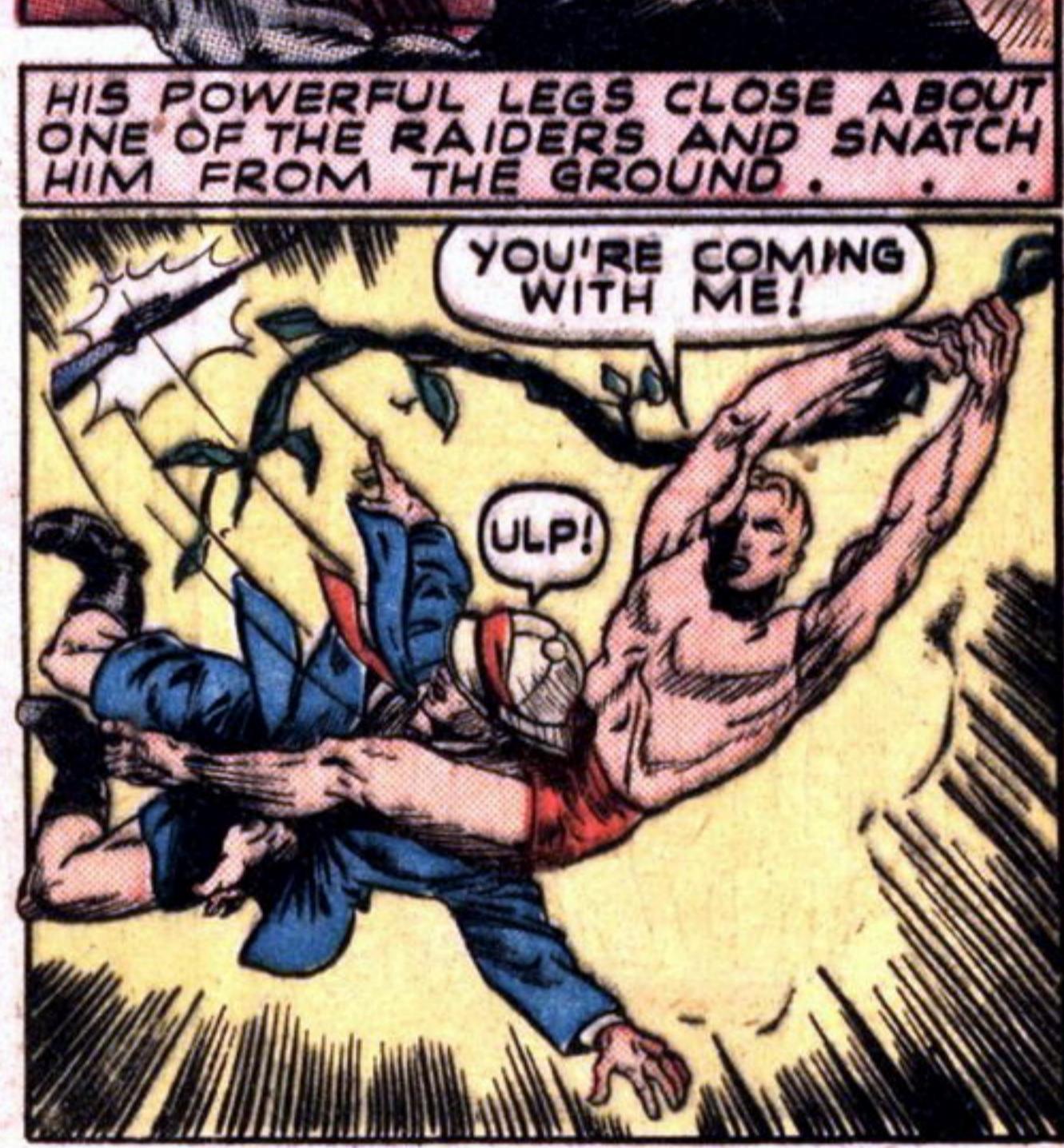
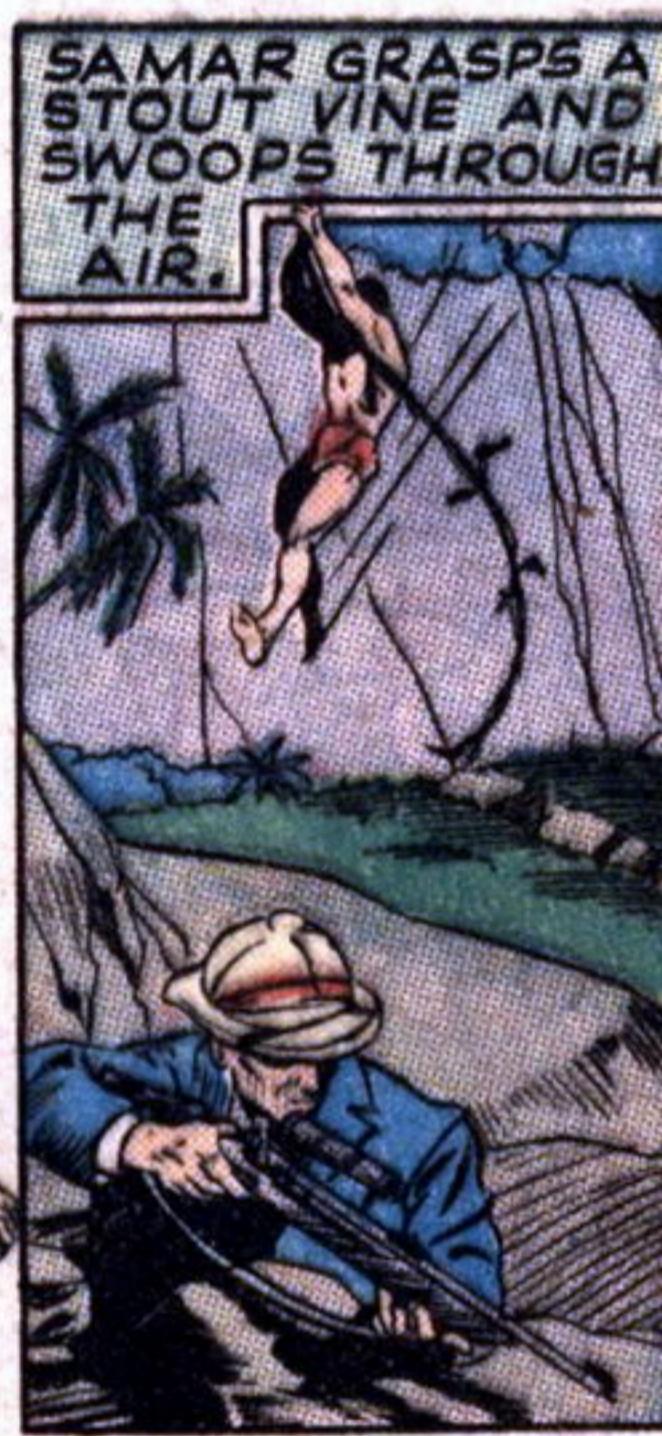
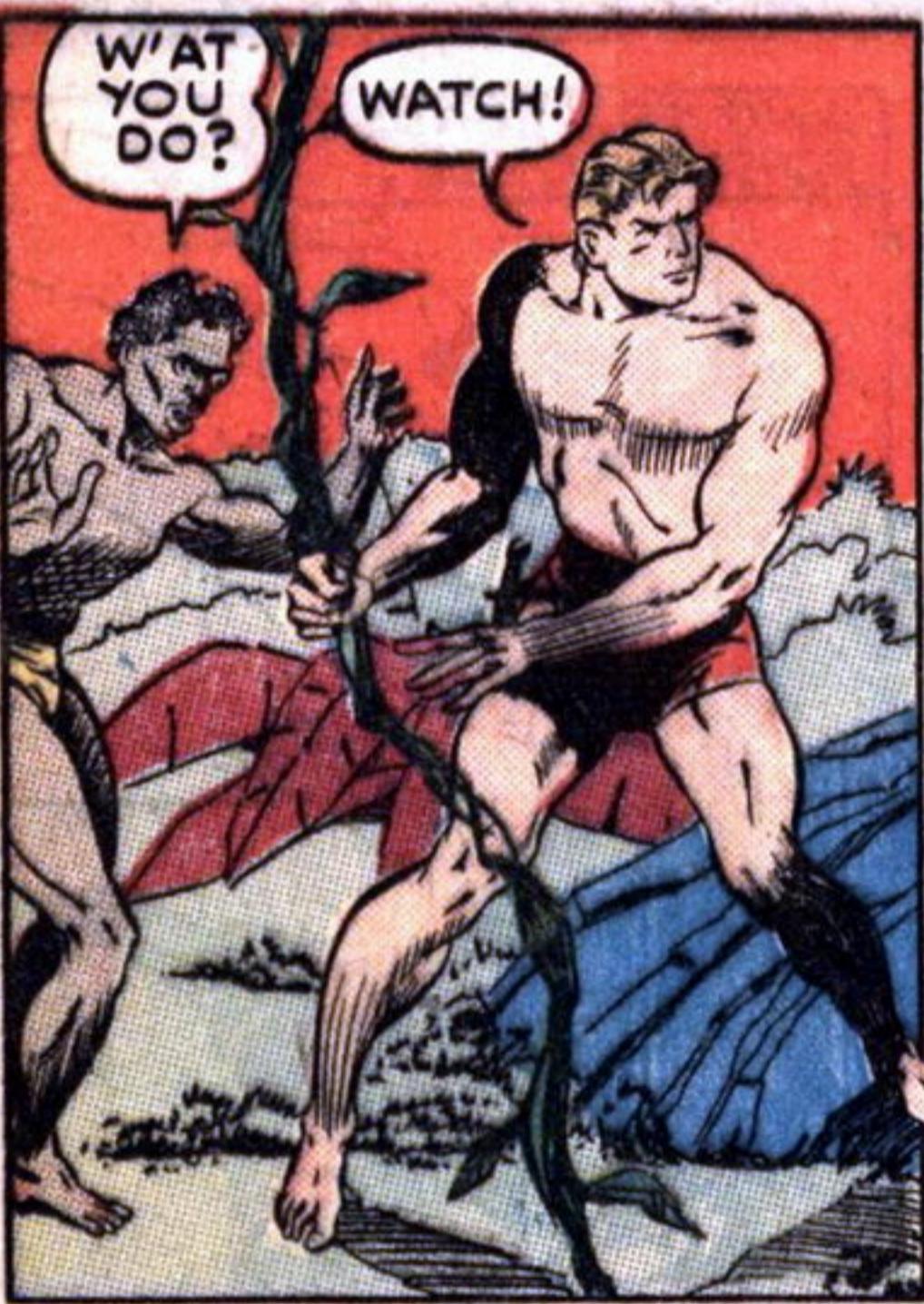
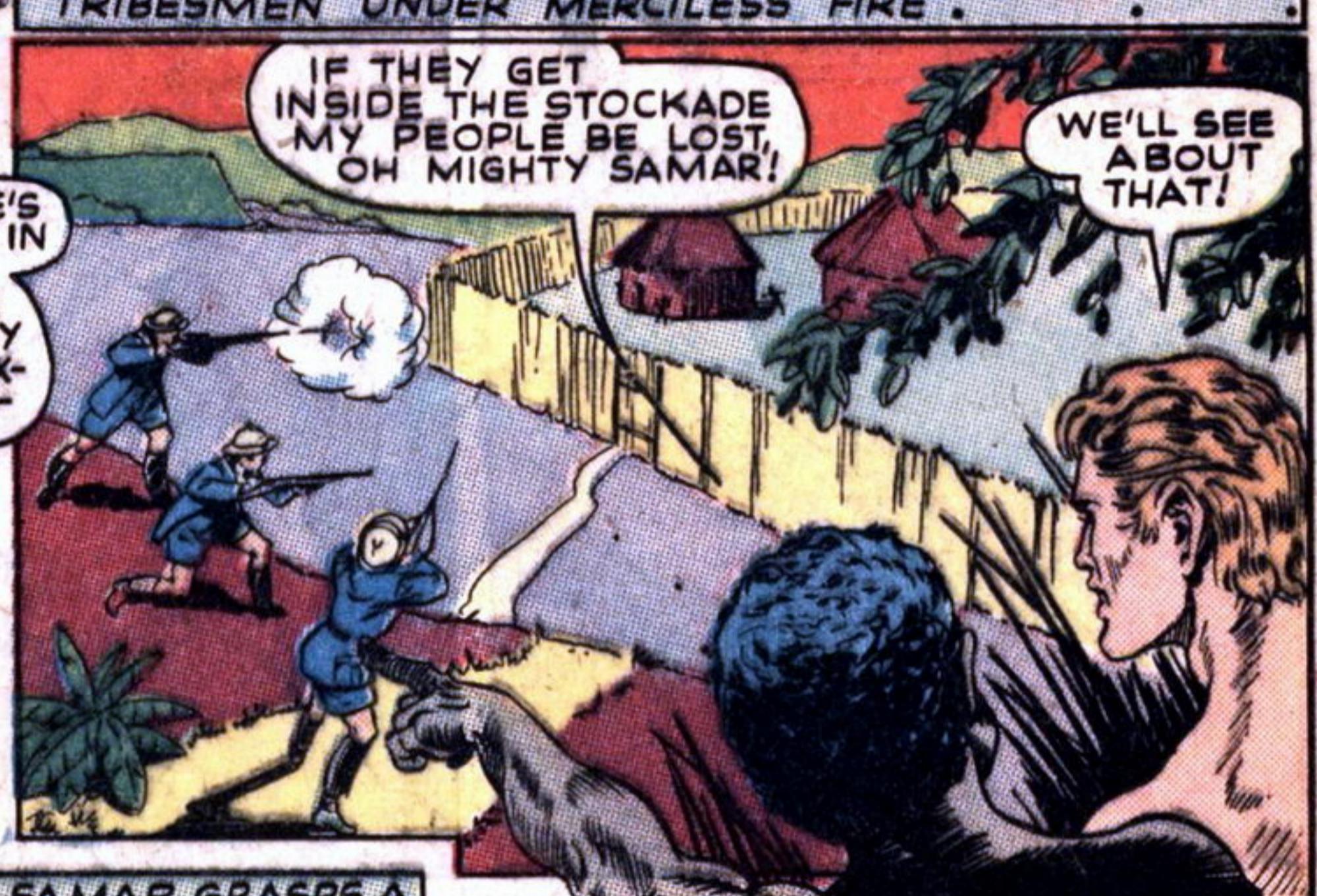
WHITE MEN COME. GO BOOM BOOM WITH DEVIL STICKS, TRY BREAK IN VILLAGE AND STEAL JEWELS FROM SACRED CAVE!

SHOW ME THE WAY! THIS CALLS FOR A LITTLE ACTION!

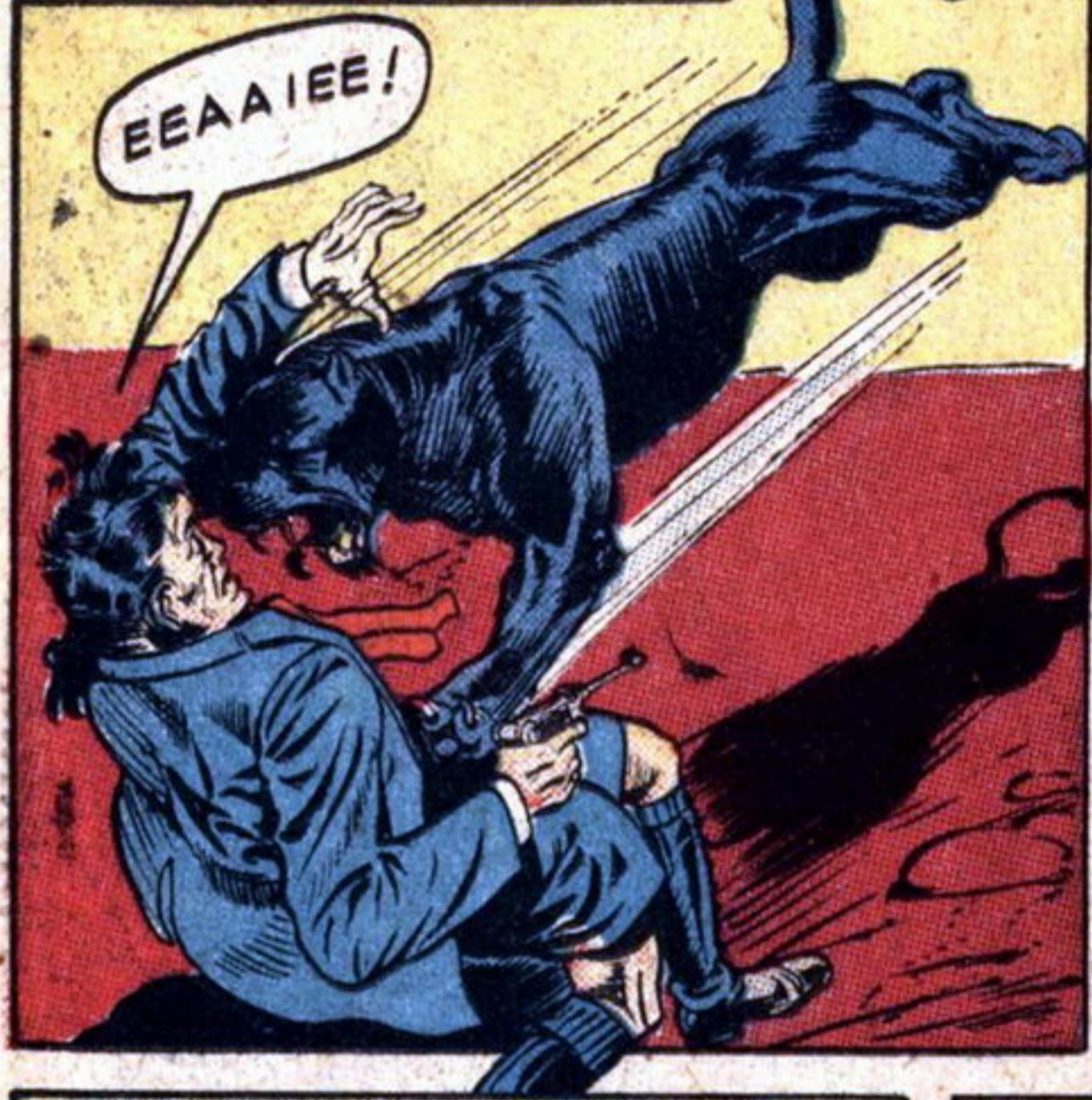


SAMAR INSTITUTES A JUNGLE TAXI-SERVICE..

ARRIVING AT THE VILLAGE, THEY FIND THE HELPLESS TRIBESMEN UNDER MERCILESS FIRE . . .



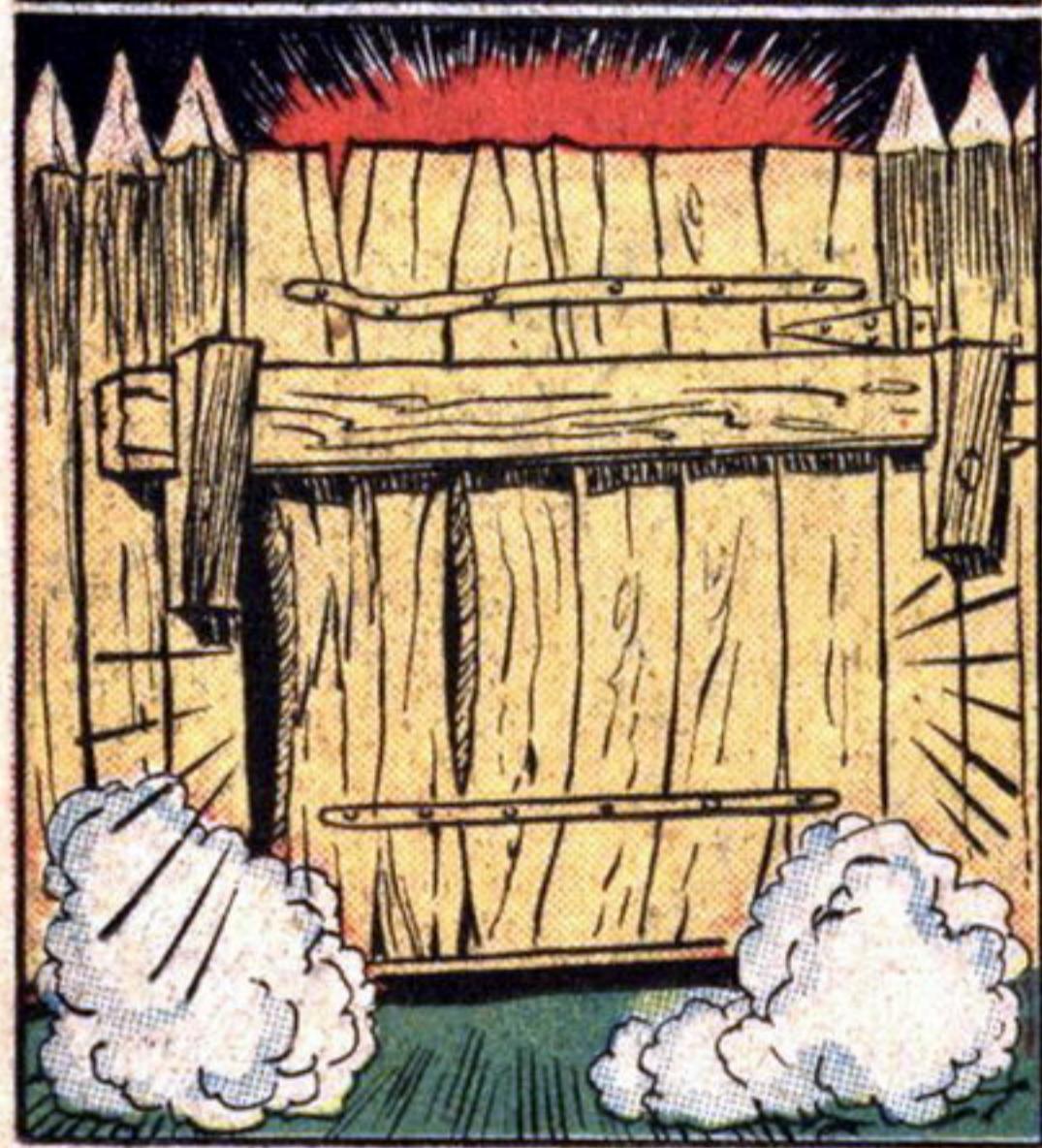
THE PUMA SPRINGS, AND RIPPING AND SLASHING, BRINGS THE GUNMAN TO A HORRIBLE END.



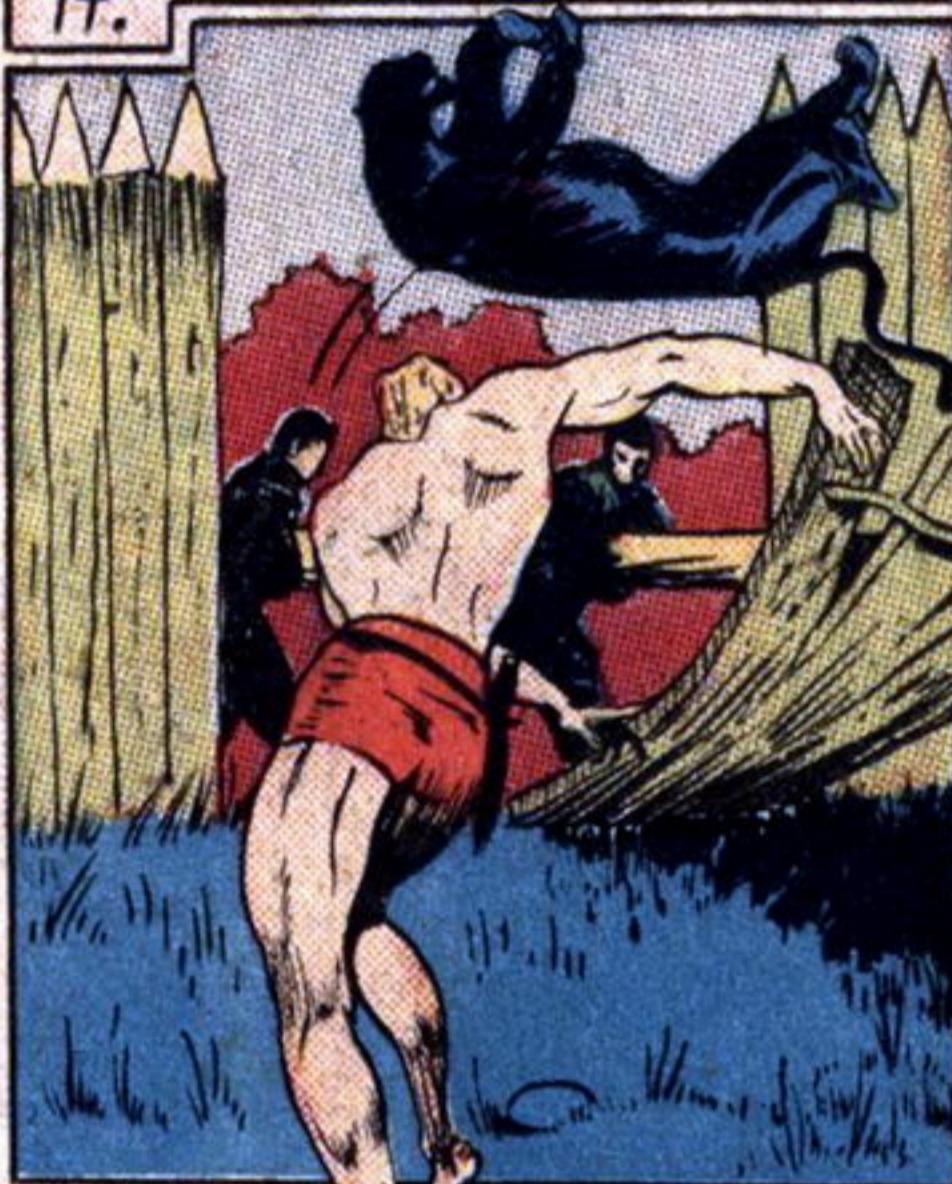
OUTSIDE, THE REST OF THE GANG HAS CHOPPED DOWN A TREE AND FASHIONED IT INTO A BATTERING RAM . . .



THE PLANKS BEND AND SPLINTER UNDER THE POWERFUL BLOWS . . .



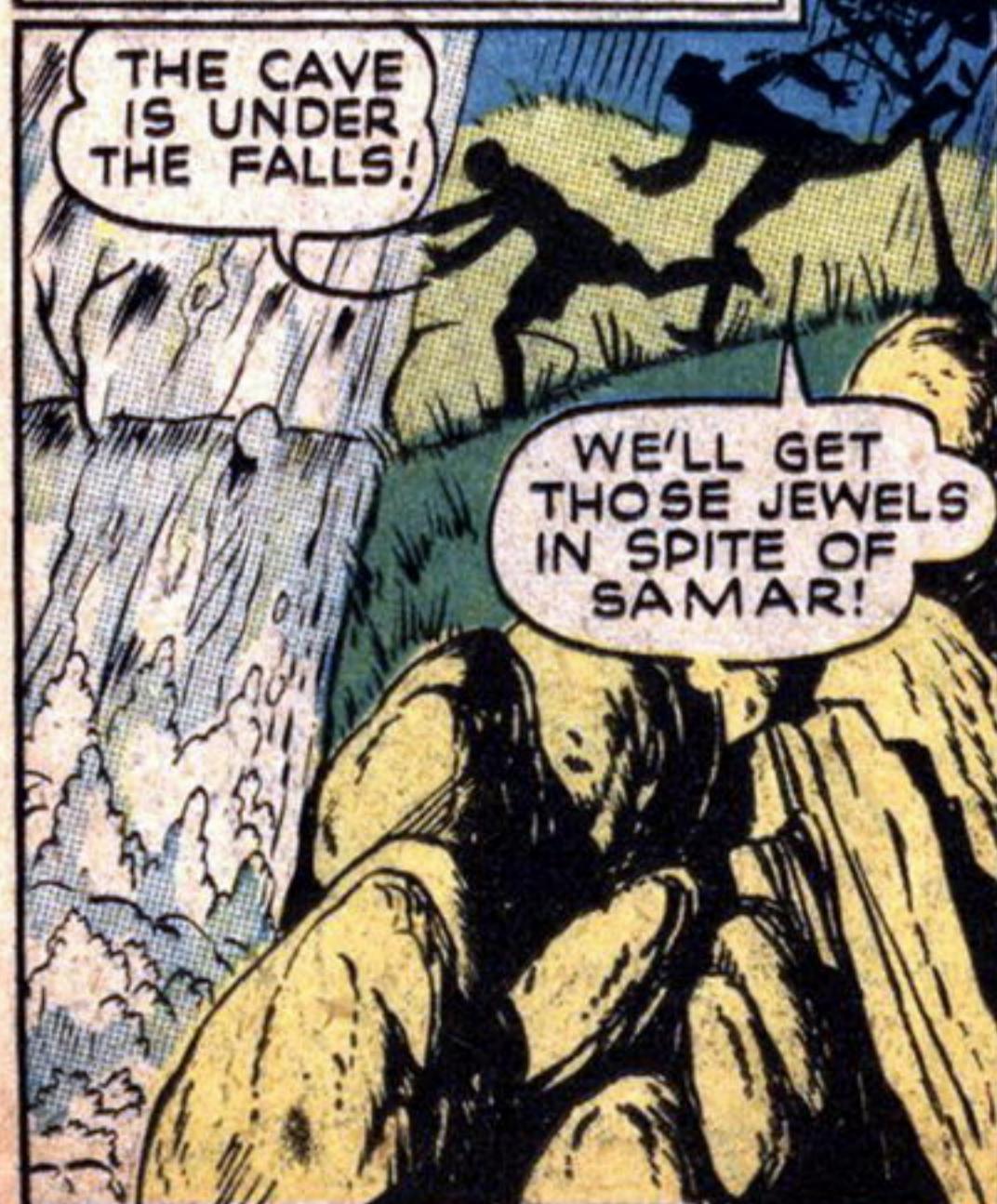
AS THE GATE GIVES WAY, SAMAR PICKS UP THE BLACK BEAST AND HURLS IT.



AND THE LEADER IS BOWLED OVER.



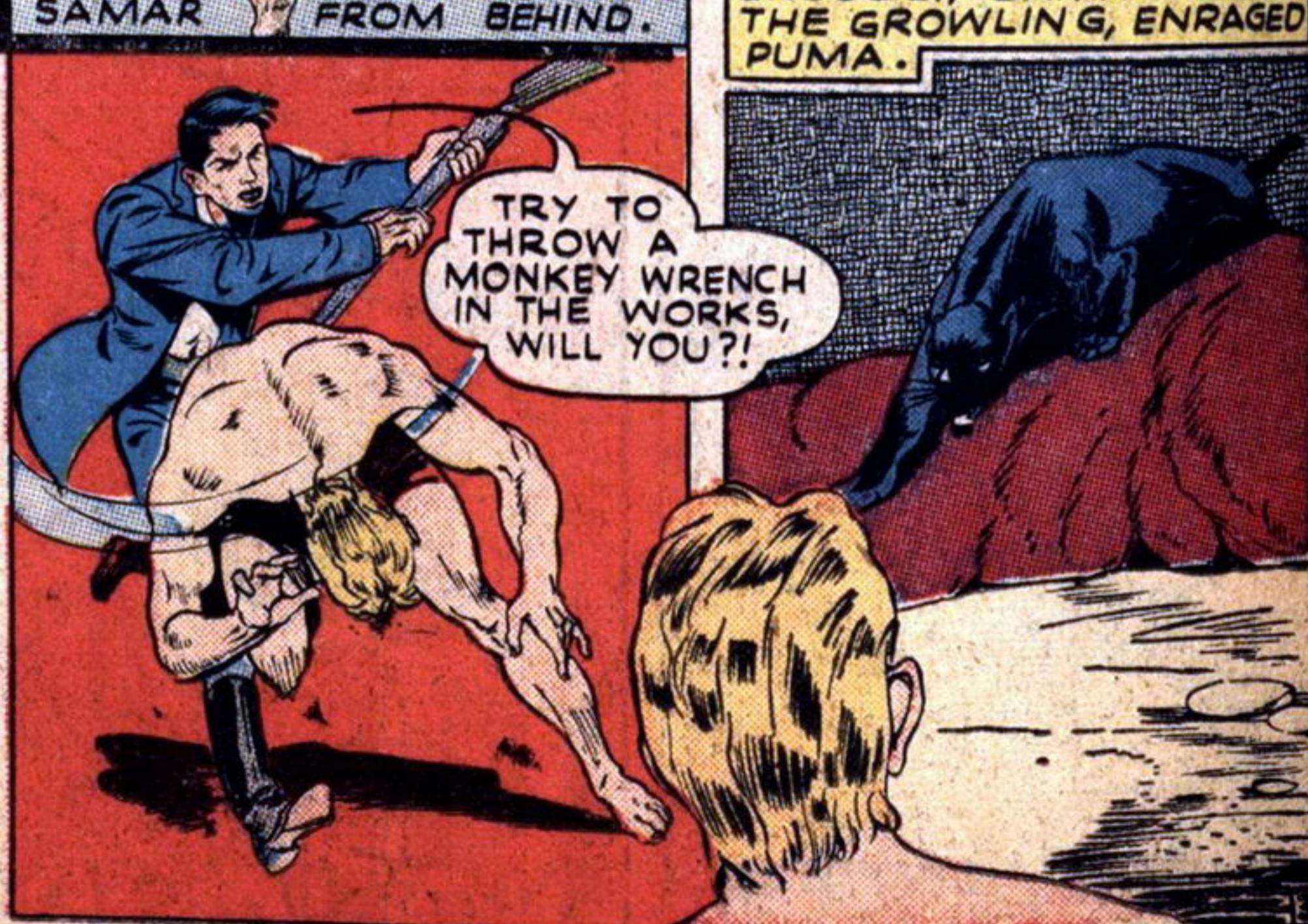
TWO OF THE THUGS RACE THROUGH THE VILLAGE TO-WARD A WATERFALL.



ONE OF SAMAR

THE GANG CLUBS FROM BEHIND.

GROGGILY, SAMAR FACES THE GROWLING, ENRAGED PUMA.



BUT HIS STRENGTH IS TOO MUCH FOR THE SNARLING BRUTE.

YOUR MANGLING DAYS ARE OVER!

SAMAR THEN CLAMBERS UP A ROCKY LEDGE . . .

HE ARRIVES JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE THUGS DISAPPEAR BEHIND THE WATERFALL . . .



INSIDE THE CAVE . . .

IF YOU COME ONE STEP FURTHER, MY SACRED COBRAS WILL DESTROY YOU!

OH, YEAH? WE KNOW YOU CAN HYPNOTIZE THEM SNAKES! DO IT QUICK OR WE'LL BLAST YOU!

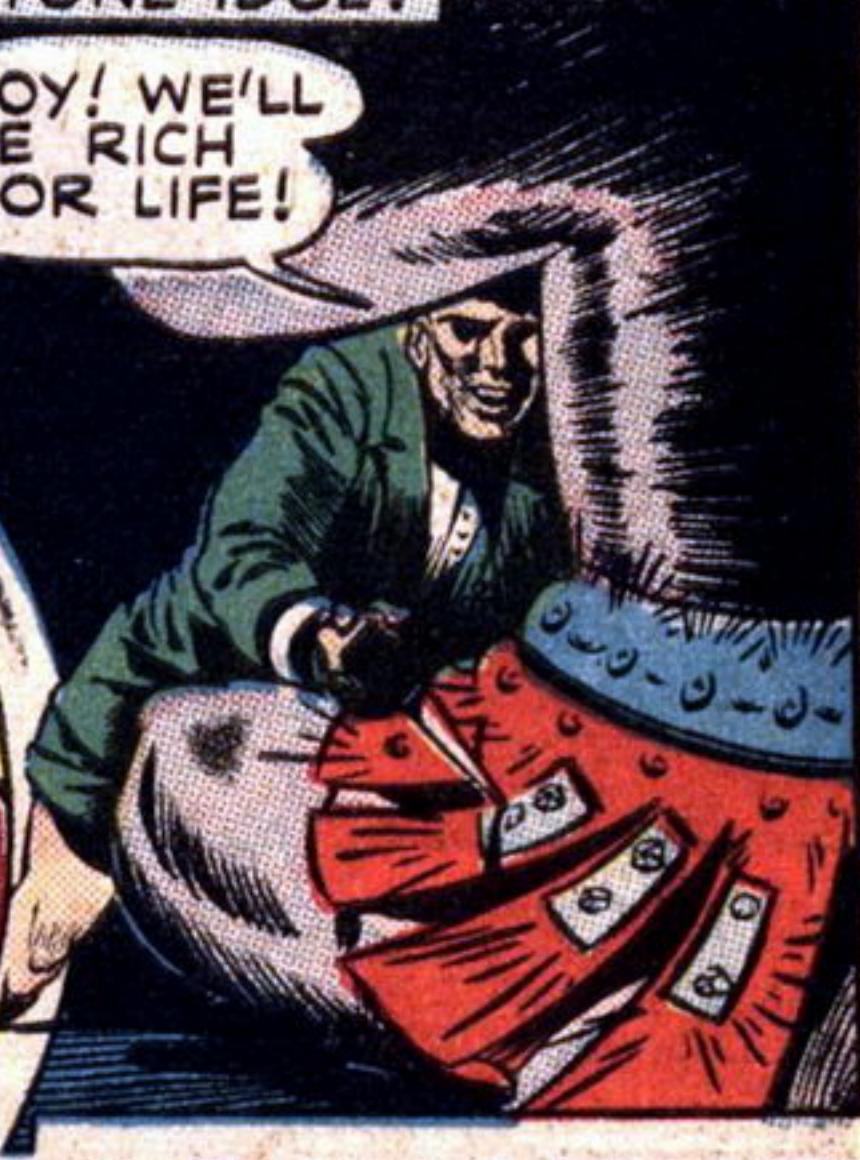


THE PRIEST OBEYS, PLAYING A WEIRD TUNE WHICH PARALYZES THE HOODED SERPENTS.



ONE OF THE CROOKS PRIES LOOSE PRECIOUS GEMS FROM THE GREAT STONE IDOL.

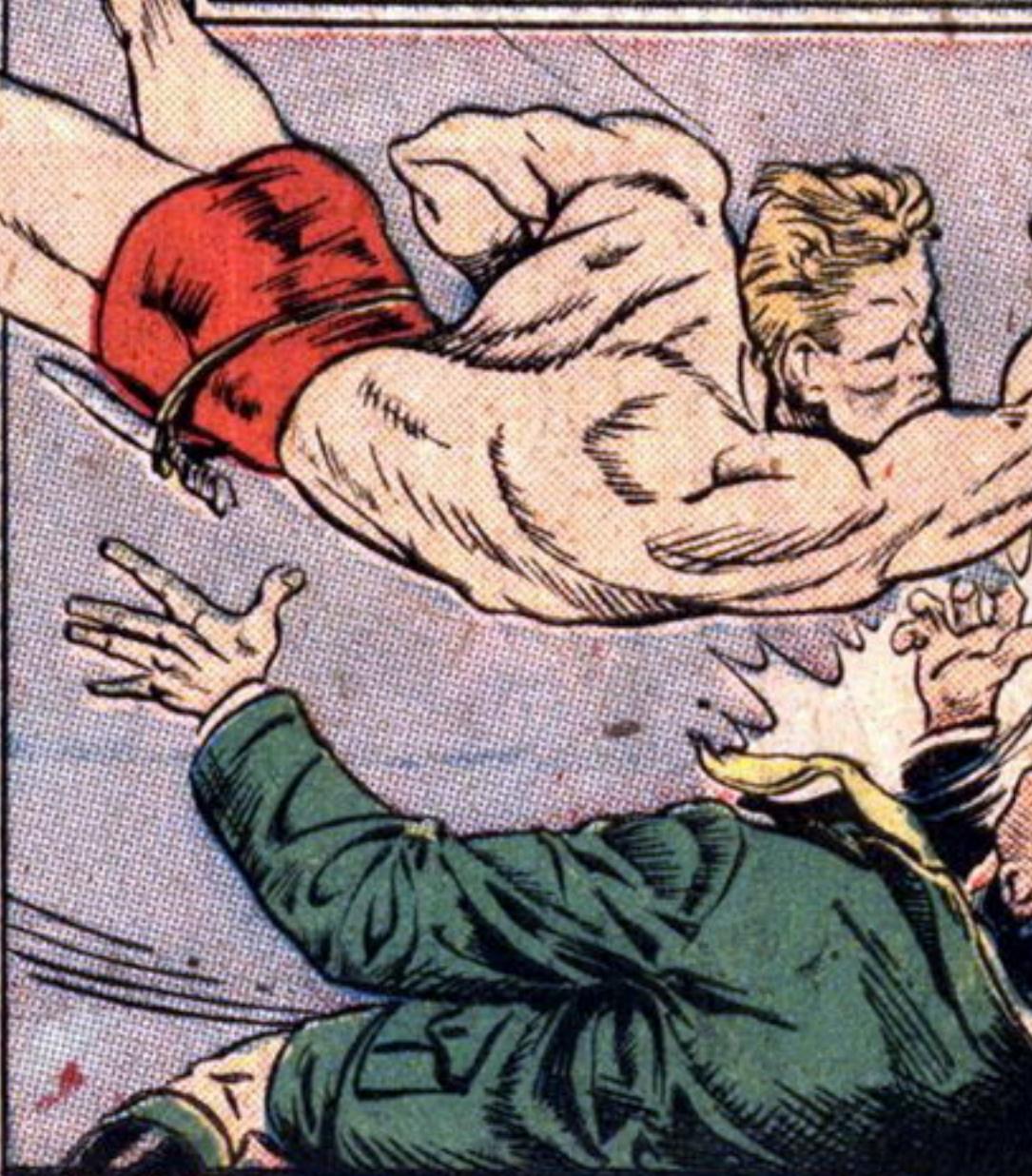
BOY! WE'LL BE RICH FOR LIFE!



HE RACES OUTSIDE TO FIND A ROPE LADDER AND THE PRIEST'S DUGOUT . . .

BUT SAMAR HURLETS THROUGH SPACE AND SWINGS A DYNAMITE-LADEN FIST . . .

THE THUG, HIS NECK SNAPPED BY THE MIGHTY BLOW, PERISHES IN THE WATER BELOW . . .

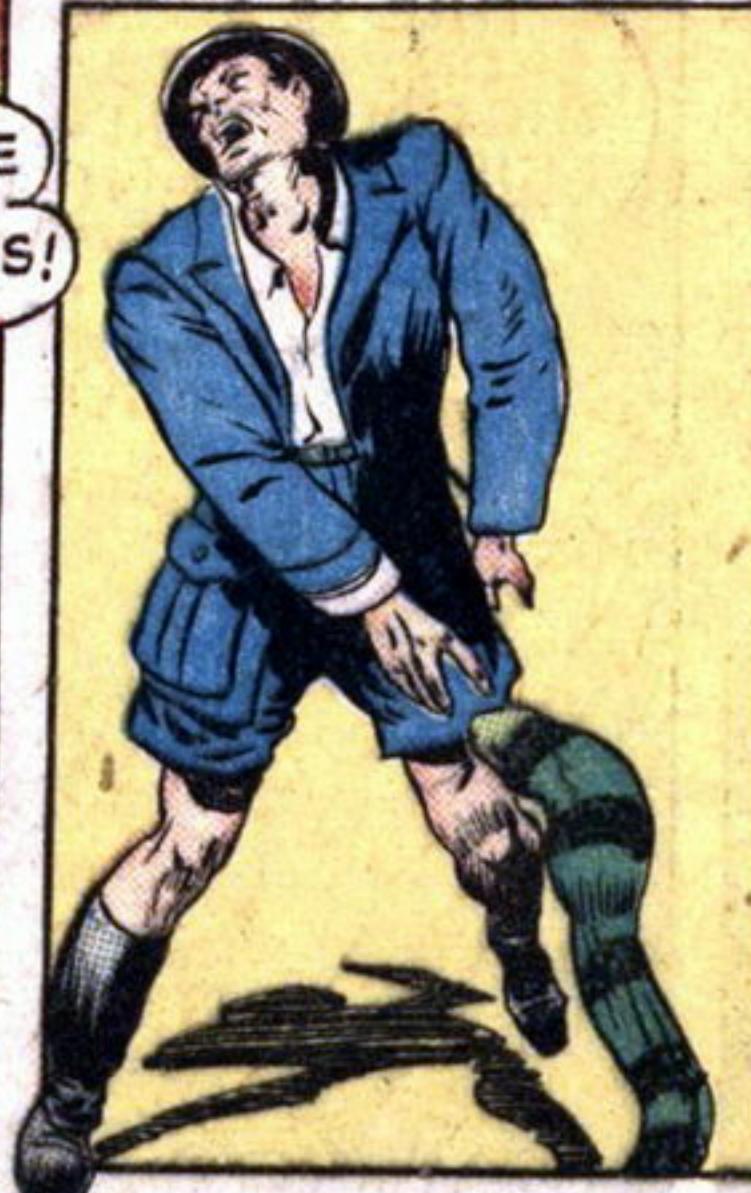


THE PRIEST RELEASES HIS COBRAS FROM THE HYPNOTIC SPELL . . .

THE COBRA STRIKES, AND FATAL VENOM FLOODS THE VEINS OF THE MARAUDER.

THE THIRD THUG STARTS DOWN THE LADDER WITH A GOLDEN IDOL . . .

N'GAI OBLAMBA TRAMBUIE! LET THE EVIL WHITE ONE FEEL THE DEADLY STAB OF THY FANGS!



I'LL HELP YOU DOWN.. BUT QUICK!

SAMAR SLASHES THROUGH THE ROPE AND THE GUN-MAN PLUNGES TO DEATH CARRYING WITH HIM THE SACRED IDOL.

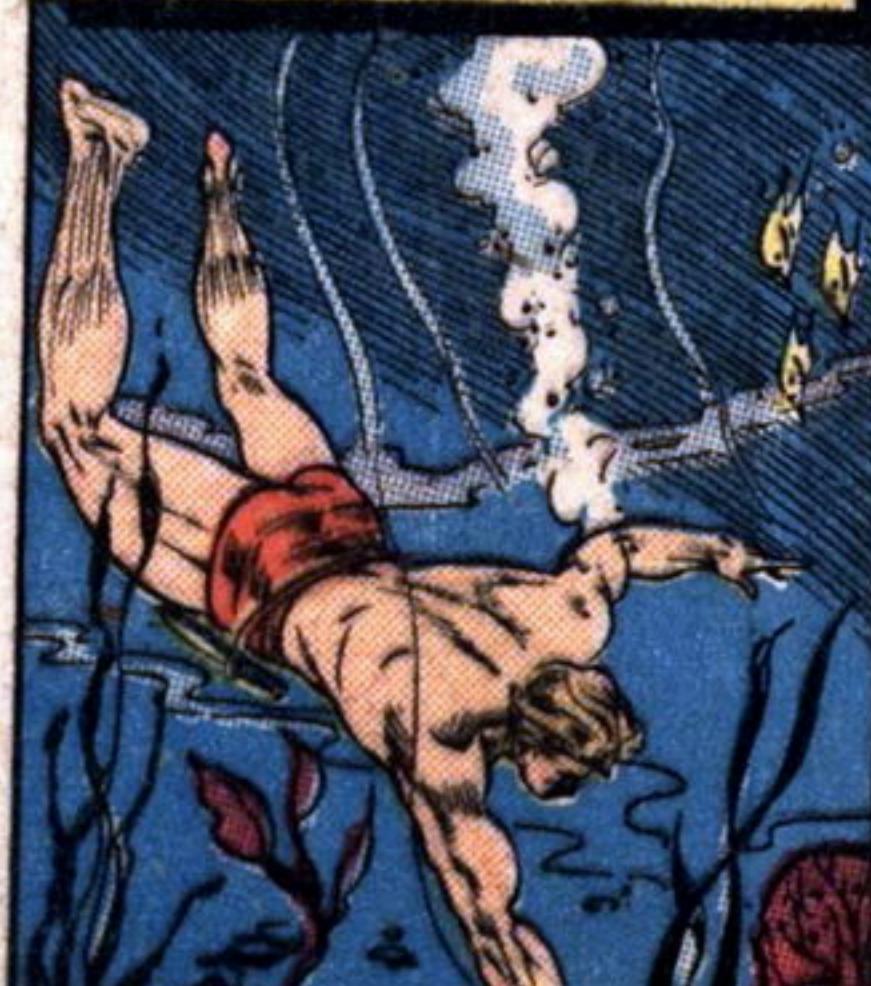
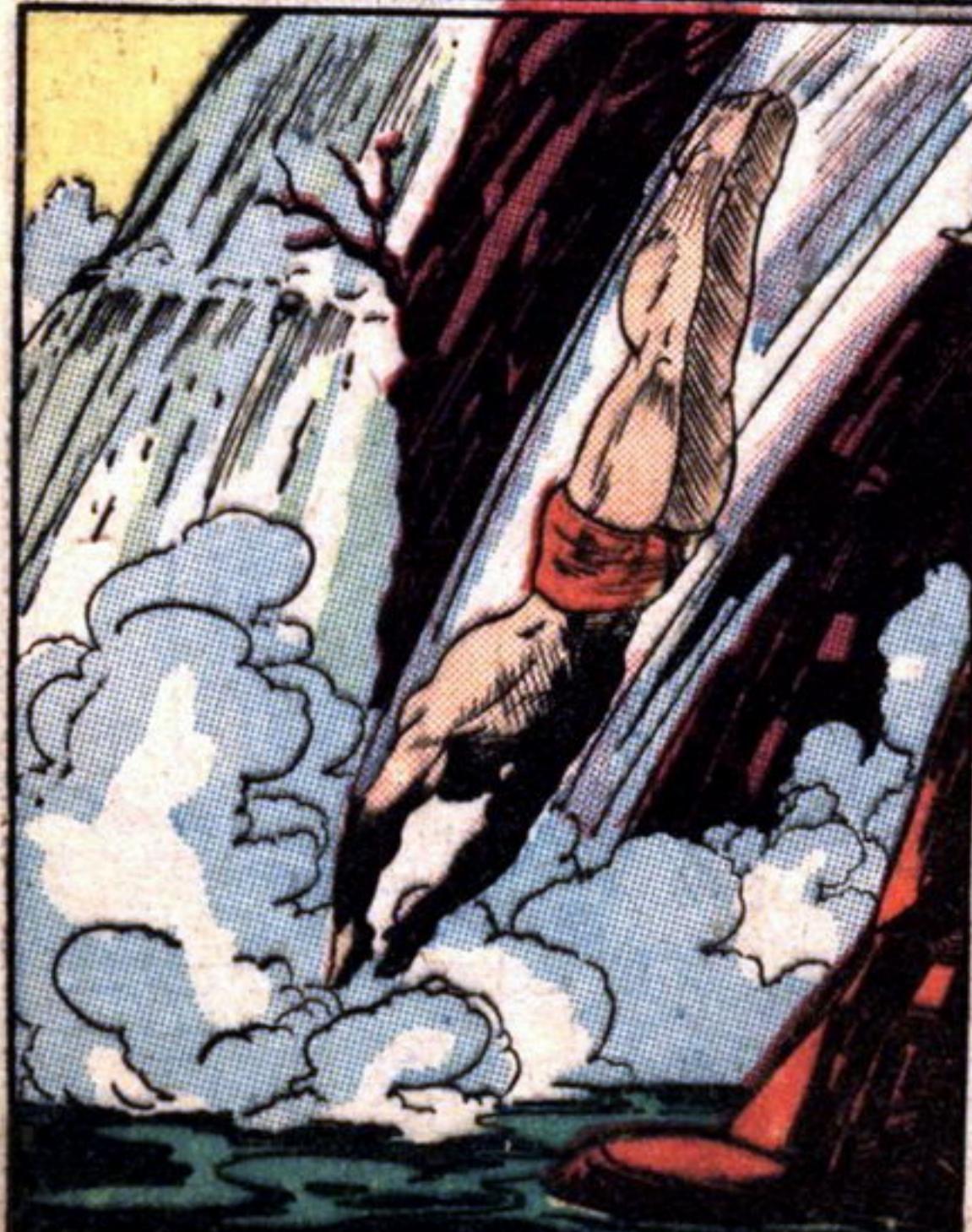
YOU BATTLED BRAVELY, OH GREAT ONE! BUT THE SACRED GOLDEN IDOL OF M'BOBO IS LOST! IT WAS ENTRUSTED TO OUR PEOPLE BY THE FIERCE ZAMBUTIS. THERE WILL BE A GREAT AND BLOODY WAR!

IN A GRACEFUL HIGH DIVE WHICH WOULD BREAK MOST MEN'S NECKS, SAMAR SWOOPS DOWN TO THE CRYSTAL POOL.

AND ON THE BOTTOM LOCATES THE PRICELESS STATUETTE . . .

HE RETURNS IT TO THE GRATEFUL PRIEST . . .

OH MIGHTY ONE, WE MAKE YOU HONORARY CHIEF .. WE GIVE YOU A THOUSAND THANKS.

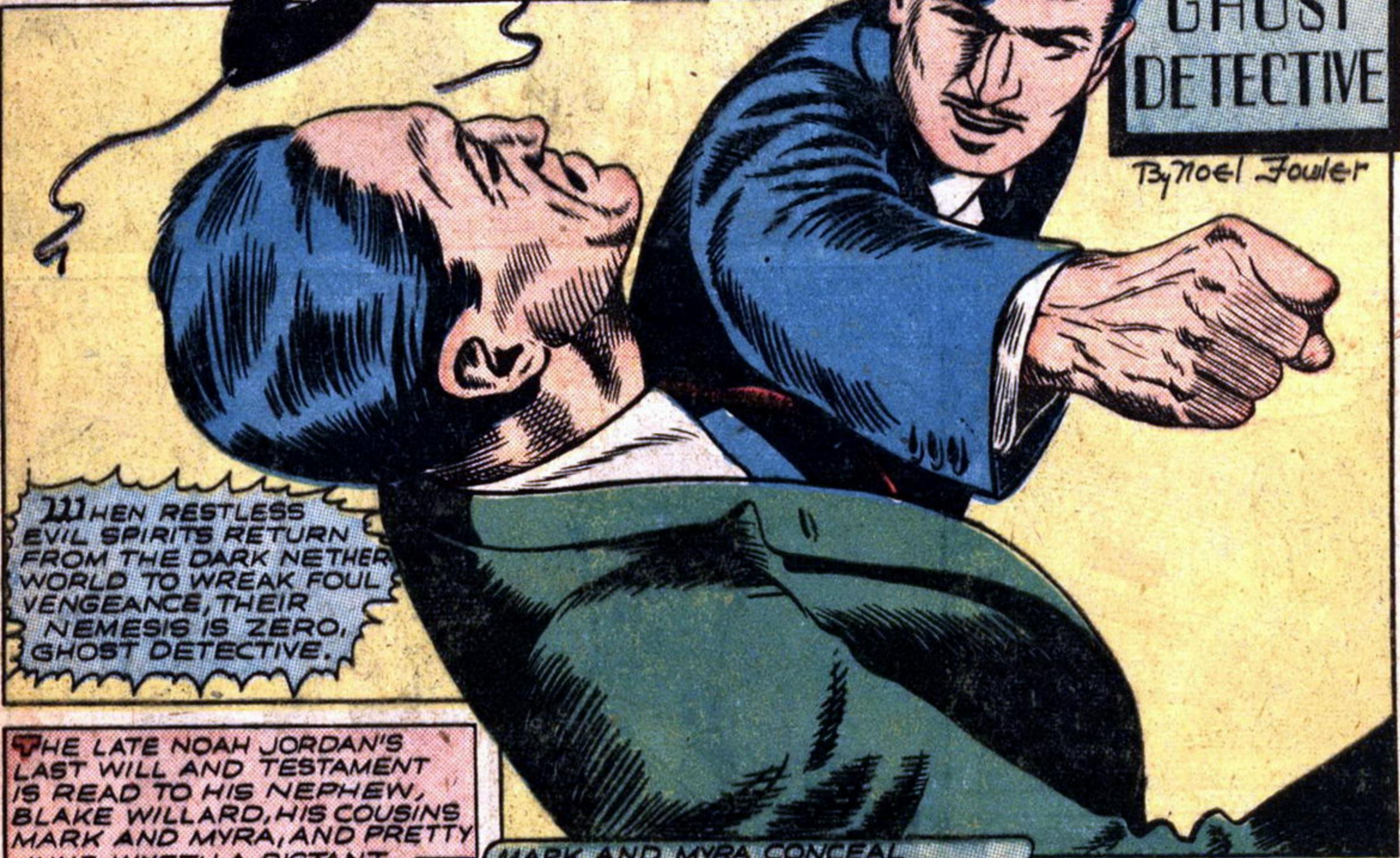


Follow Samar in the January issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale November 26th.

# ZERO

GHOST  
DETECTIVE

By Noel Fowler



WHEN RESTLESS  
EVIL SPIRITS RETURN  
FROM THE DARK NETHER  
WORLD TO WREAK FOUL  
VENGEANCE, THEIR  
NEMESIS IS ZERO,  
GHOST DETECTIVE.

THE LATE NOAH JORDAN'S  
LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT  
IS READ TO HIS NEPHEW,  
BLAKE WILLARD, HIS COUSINS  
MARK AND MYRA, AND PRETTY  
JUNE WYETH, A DISTANT  
RELATIVE.

MARK AND MYRA CONCEAL  
THEIR RAGE AND DISAPPOINTMENT.

"...AND I HEREBY  
BEQUEATH THE ENTIRE  
ESTATE TO MY NEPHEW  
BLAKE WILLARD!"

CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR  
FORTUNE, BLAKE..ER..WHY  
DON'T YOU AND MISS WYETH  
STEP OUT IN THE GARDEN  
AND PICK A BOUQUET FOR  
THE DINNER TABLE?

FINE  
IDEA!  
AND A  
GOOD CHANCE  
TO GET  
ACQUAINTED!

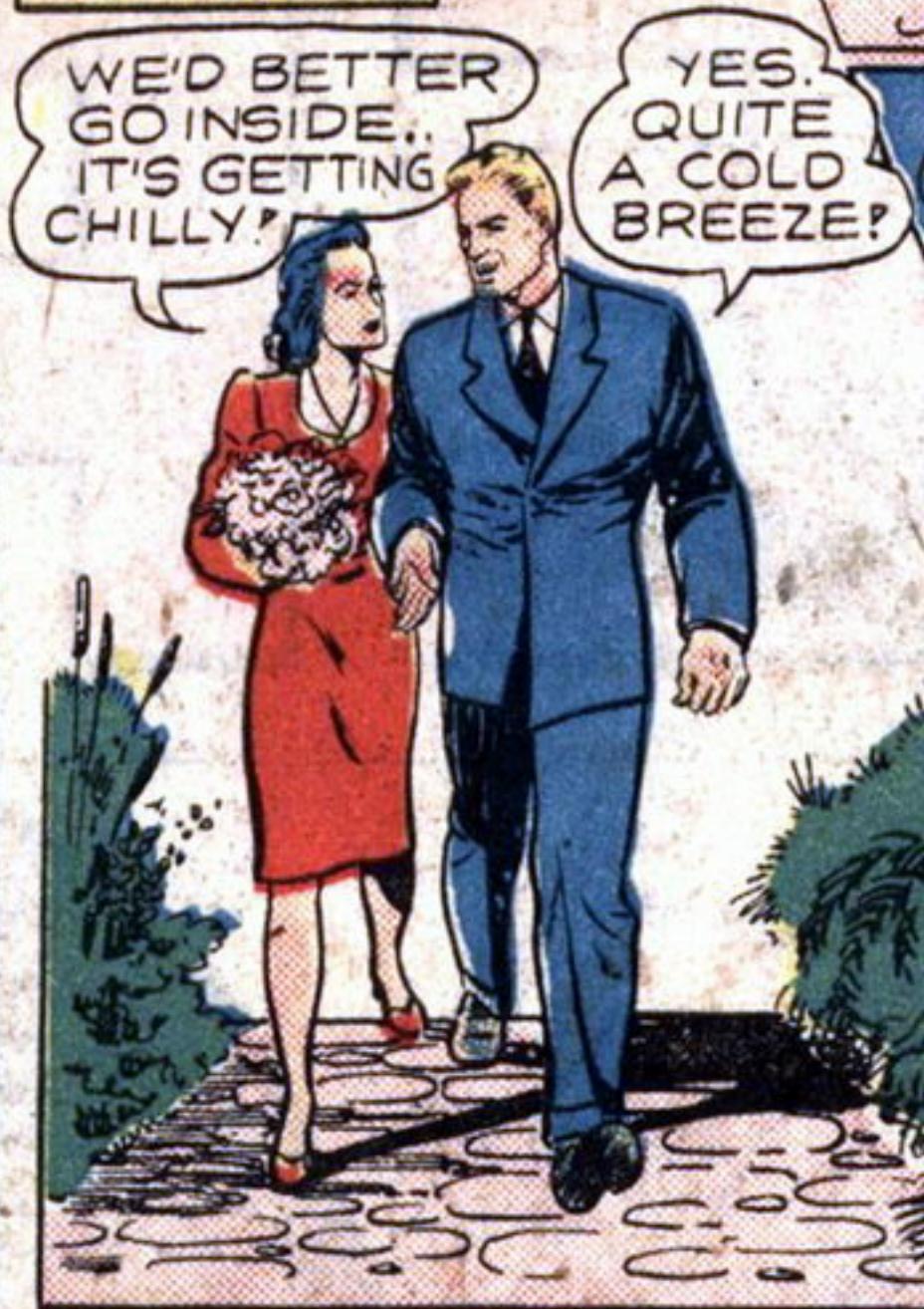
HEH! HEH! THEY  
DON'T KNOW THAT  
NOAH SWORE TO COME  
BACK FROM HIS GRAVE  
IF ANYONE TOUCHED  
THOSE PRECIOUS  
POSIES OF HIS..IF  
BLAKE DIES THE  
MONEY WILL BE  
MYRA'S AND MINE!



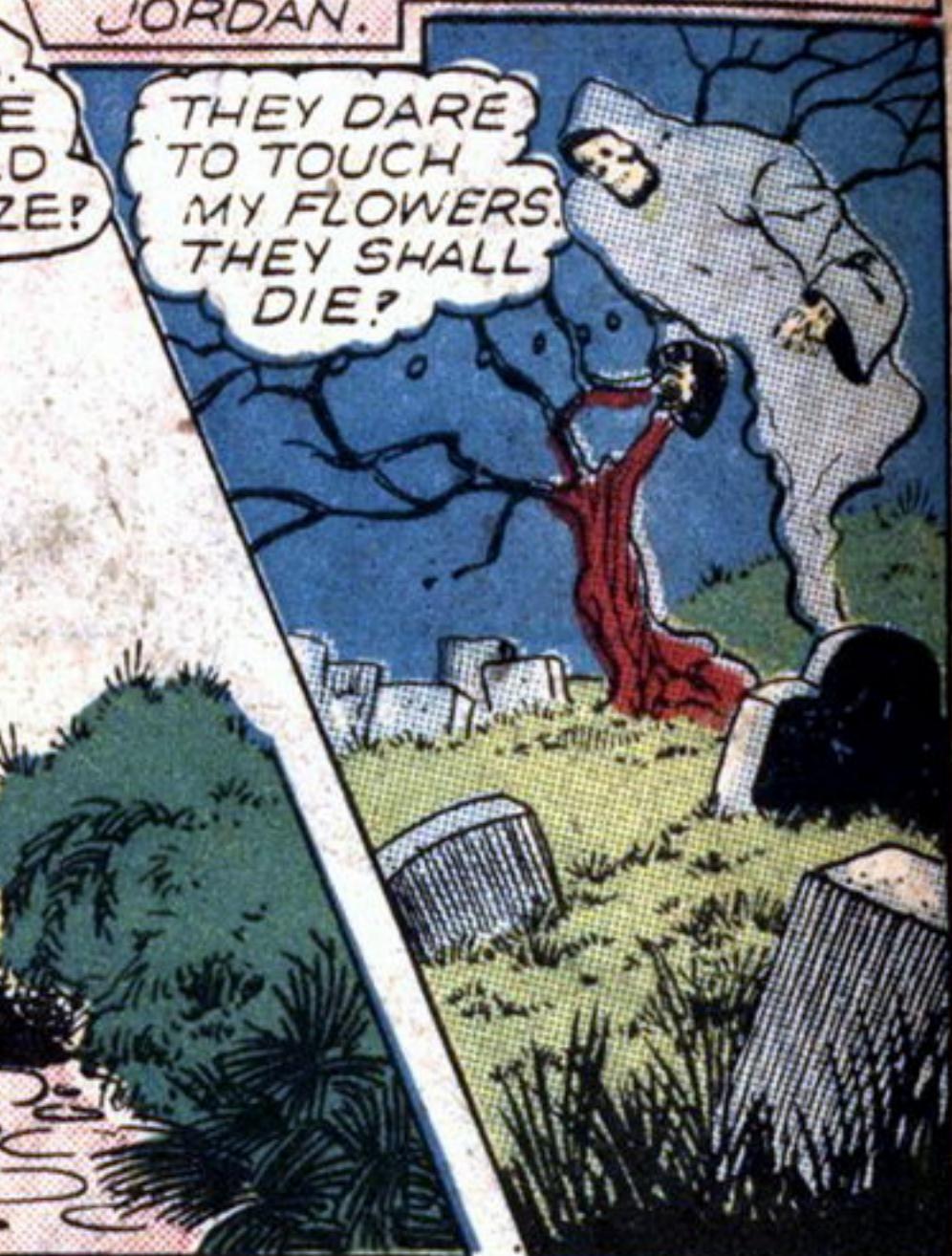
OUTSIDE IN THE GARDEN, BLAKE PETS THE DEAD MAN'S HUGE POLICE DOG.



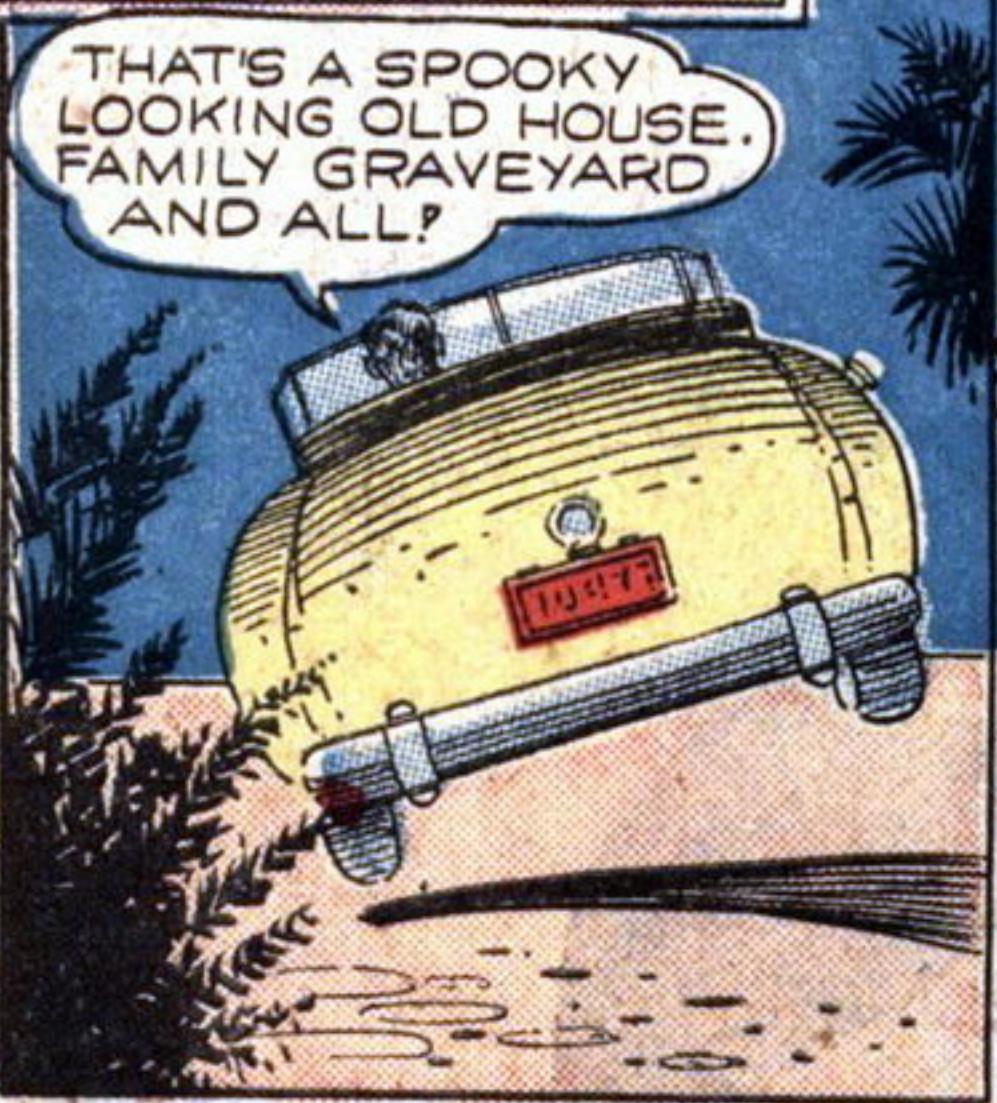
THEY HEAD BACK TO THE HOUSE.



A GHASTLY WRAITH APPEARS FROM THE GRAVE OF NOAH JORDAN.



AT THIS MOMENT, ZERO DRIVES PAST THE EERIE SPOT.



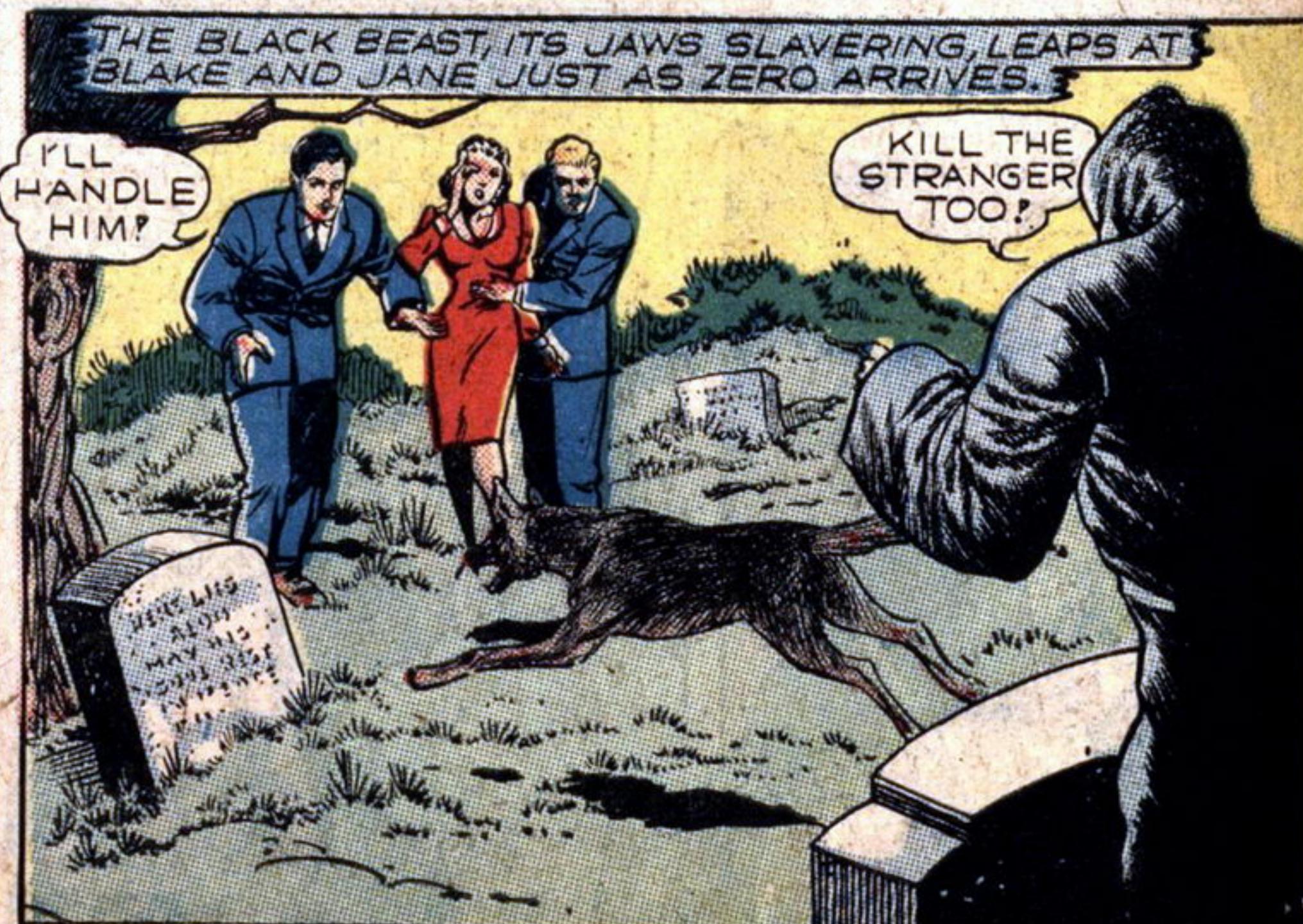
SUDDENLY HE SEES THE SPECTRAL FIGURE OF NOAH JORDAN.



HE LEAPS FROM THE ROADSTER AND RACES TOWARD THE GRAVEYARD.



THEY DISTURBED THE FLOWER BED WHICH WAS SACRED TO MY MEMORY? KILL? KILL?



AS THE DOG LUNGES, FANGS BARED, ZERO SNATCHES UP A STOUT CLUB..

A WELL-AIMED BLOW SENDS THE BEAST FLYING..

NOAH'S GHOST ROCKS ZERO WITH A STINGING JAB.

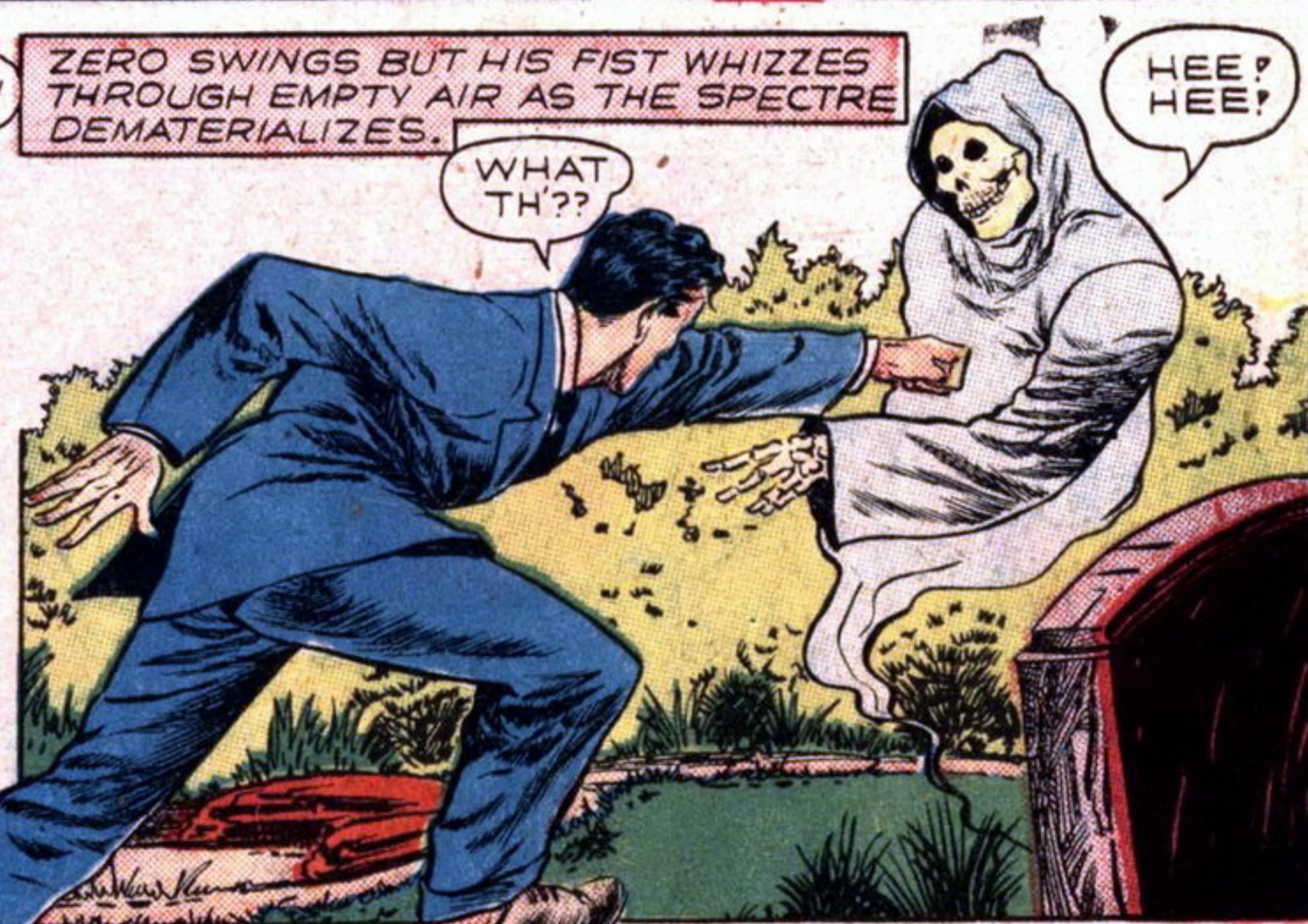


THE GHOST DETECTIVE IS STAGGERED BUT...

YOU CAN GIVE IT. NOW LET'S SEE YOU TAKE IT?

ZERO SWINGS BUT HIS FIST WHIZZES THROUGH EMPTY AIR AS THE SPECTRE DEMATERIALIZES.

HEE? HEE?



SO MARK AND MYRA TOLD YOU TO PICK THE FLOWERS.. VERY INTERESTING.

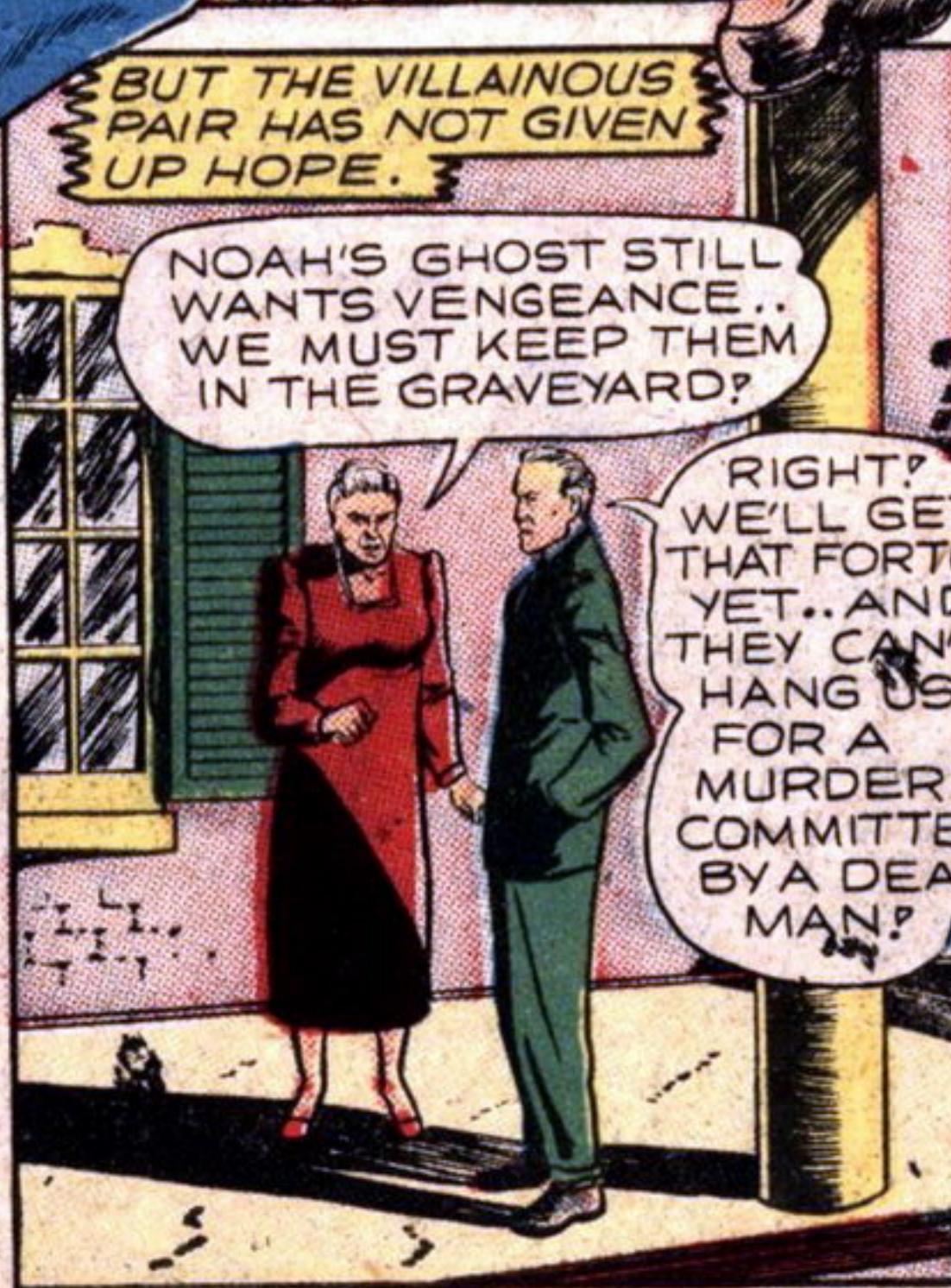
WE CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT.

BUT THE VILLAINOUS PAIR HAS NOT GIVEN UP HOPE.

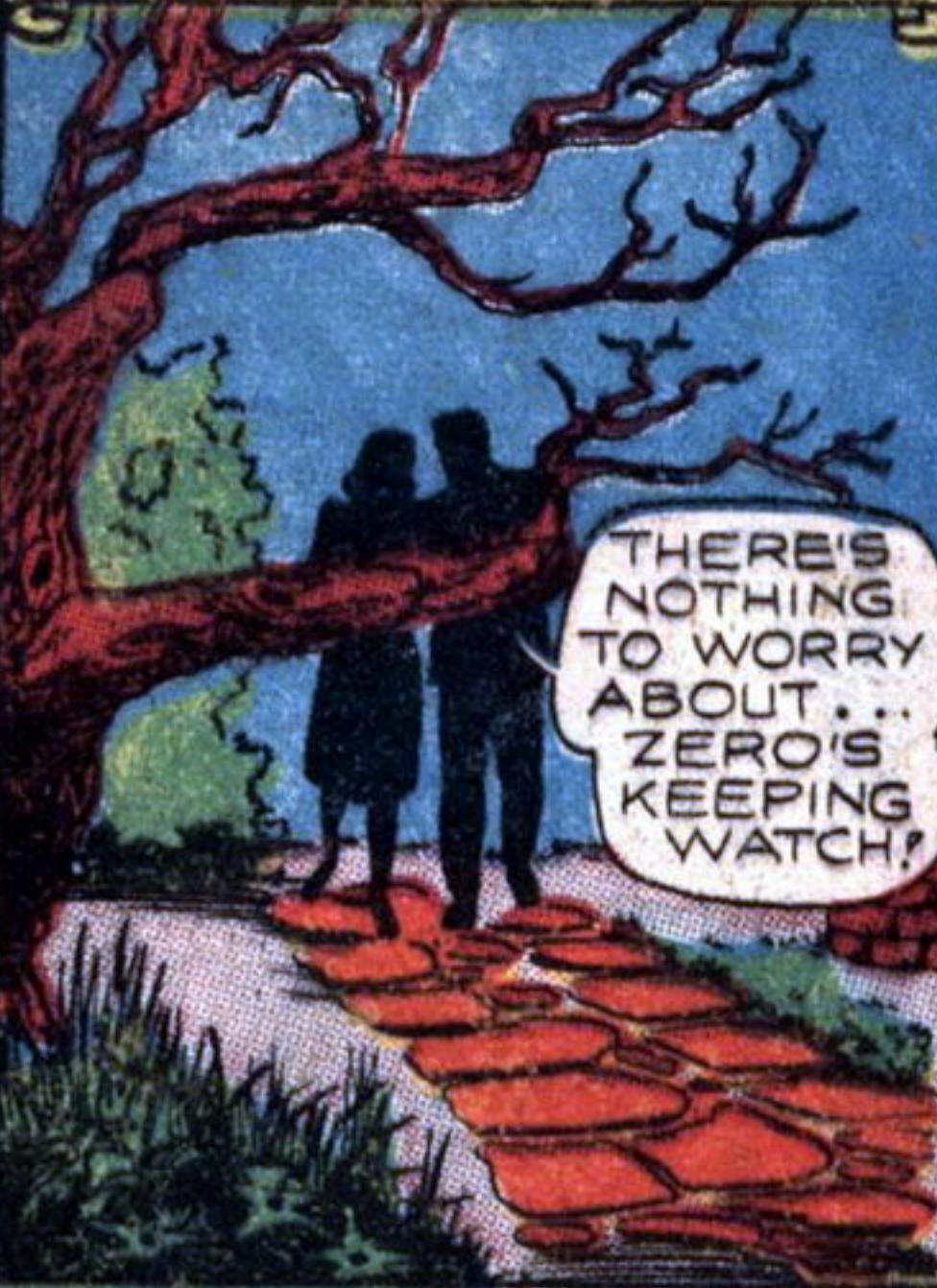
NOAH'S GHOST STILL WANTS VENGEANCE.. WE MUST KEEP THEM IN THE GRAVEYARD!

MARK AND MYRA DEVISE A CLEVER SCHEME.

ONE PROVISION OF YOUR UNCLE'S WILL IS THAT YOU MUST PAY YOUR LAST RESPECTS AT HIS GRAVE WHEN THE MOON IS FULL..



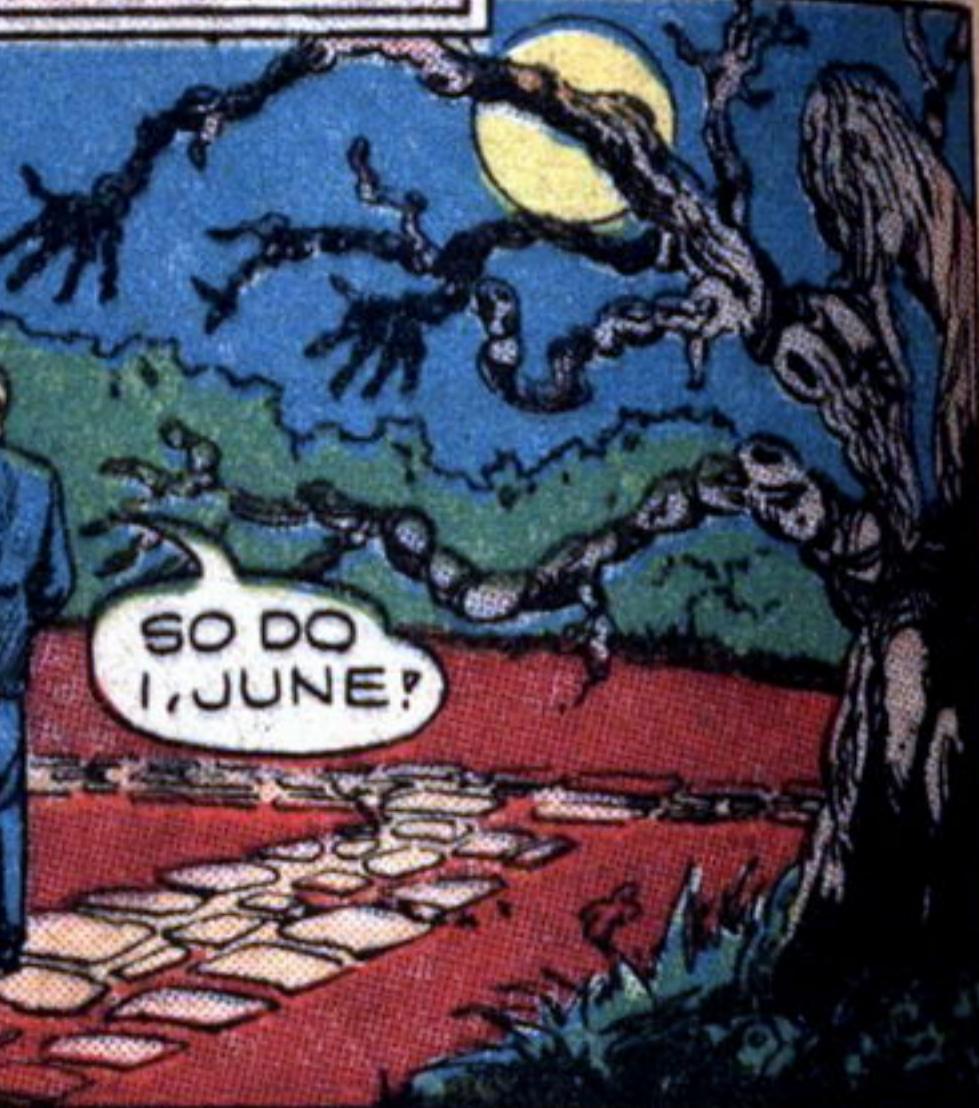
JUNE AND BLAKE STROLL TOWARD THE GRAVE.



SHE NOTICES A CRUMBLING, YAWNING OLD WELL.

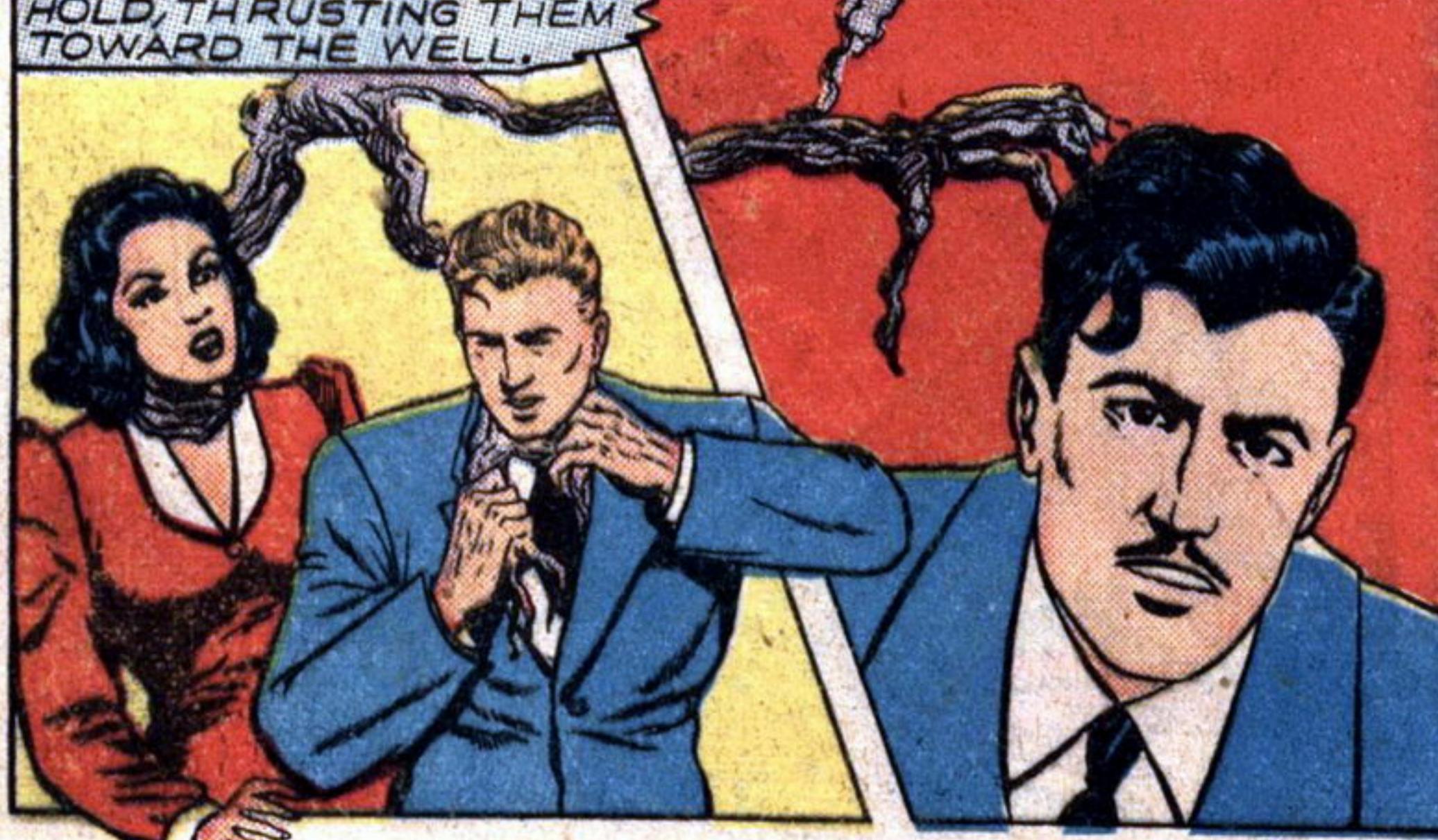


THE SPIRIT OF NOAH AGAIN RISES FROM THE GRAVE AND INHABITS A GNARLED CYPRESS.. TWISTED BRANCHES COME TO LIFE AND REACH OUT TOWARD BLAKE AND JUNE..



SUDDENLY THE WRITHING TENTACLES CLOSE ABOUT THEIR THROATS IN A STRANGLE-HOLD, THRUSTING THEM TOWARD THE WELL.

ZERO RUSHES TO THEIR AID BUT THE GHOST TREE HAS MORE THAN ONE CLAW TO KILL WITH.



MAF'K AND MYRA CHUCKLE EVILLY AT THE GROTESQUE SPECTACLE.

HA! HA! THAT'LL TAKE CARE OF ALL THREE!

GOOD OLD UNCLE NOAH! NOW WE'LL INHERIT THE ENTIRE ESTATE!

FREED FROM THE MURDEROUS GRIP ZERO TURNS TO JUNE AND BLAKE WHO STRUGGLE HELPLESSLY.



THE GHOST DETECTIVE SINKS THE BLADE DEEP INTO THE WRITHING ROOT.

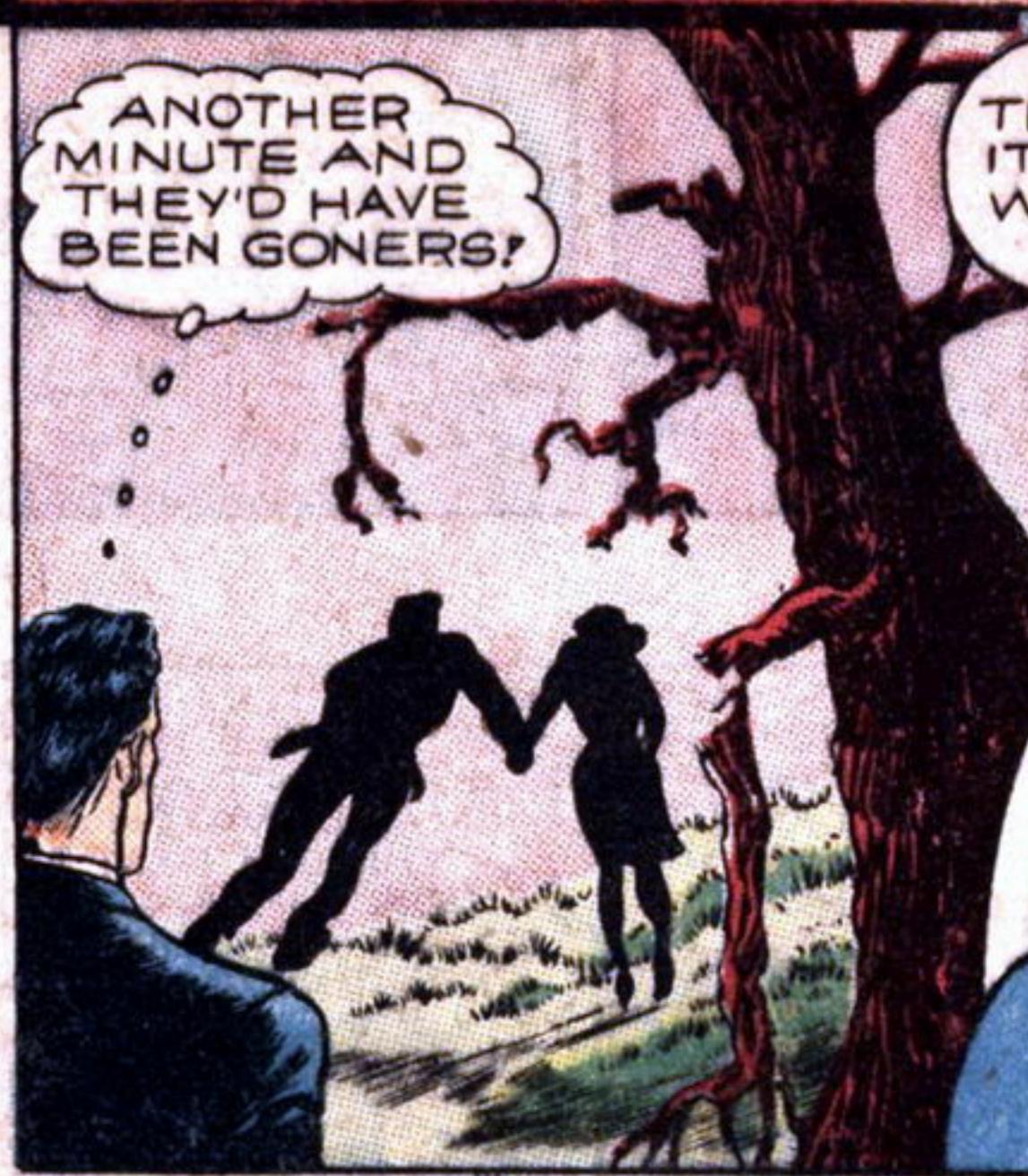
YOU'RE NO MATCH FOR KEEN STEEL!



SWINGING THE AXE WITH DEADLY SKILL HE HACKS THE BRANCHES TO BITS.



AS THE CYPRESS'S EVIL IS ENDED, JUNE AND BLAKE ARE FREED.



ZERO ADDRESSESES THE SPIRIT IN THE TREE.

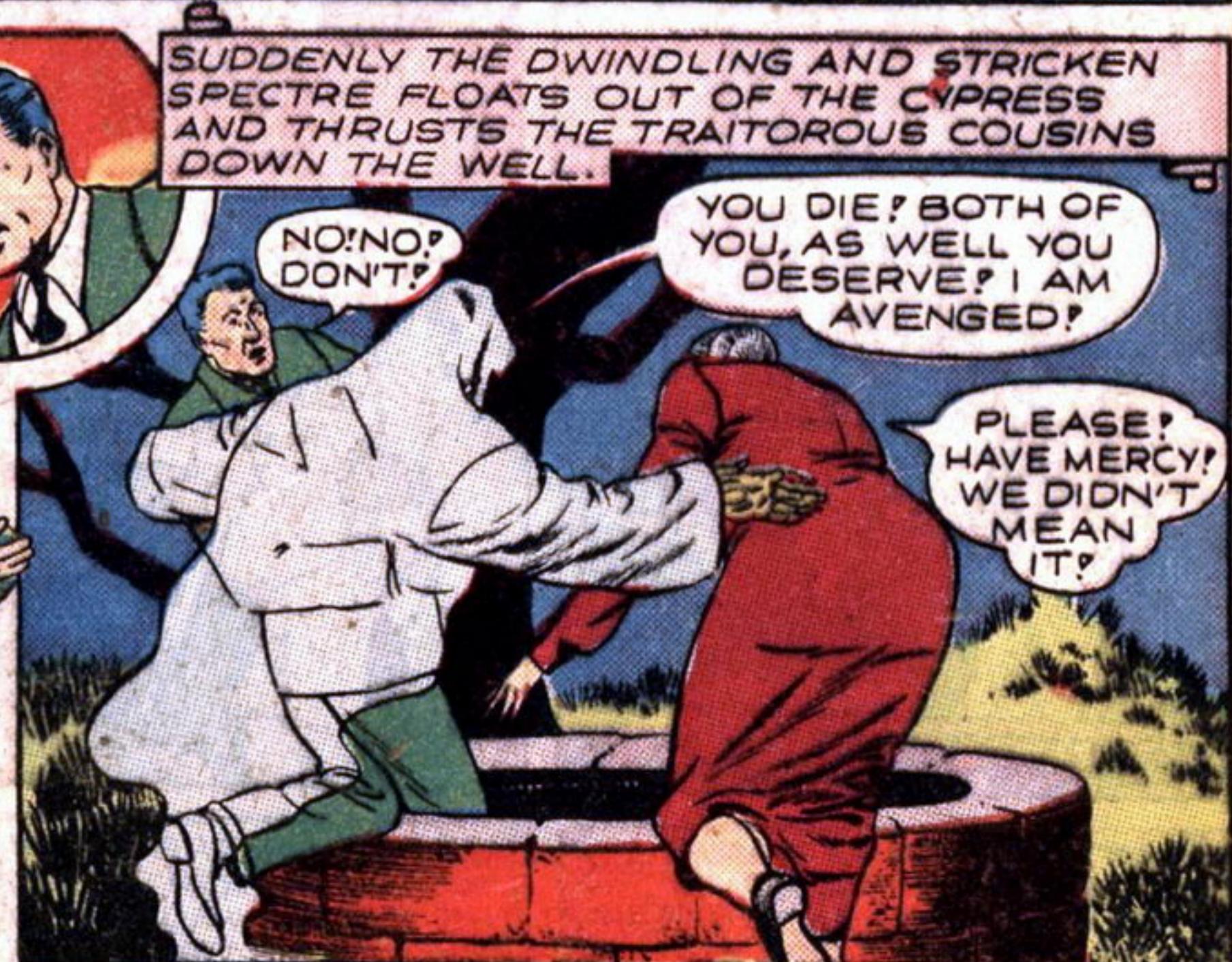
YOU HAVE BEEN TRICKED, NOAH JORDAN! IT WAS MARK AND MYRA WHO TOLD BLAKE AND JUNE TO PICK THE FLOWERS!



TOO BAD YOU CAN'T BE TRIED FOR ATTEMPTED MURDER!



SUDDENLY THE DWINDLING AND STRICKEN SPECTRE FLOATS OUT OF THE CYPRESS AND THRUSTS THE TRAITOROUS COUSINS DOWN THE WELL.



BLAKE COMFORTS JUNE WHO IS HORRIFIED AT THIS SCENE.

THEY RECEIVED THE FATE THEY INTENDED FOR US!

OH! HOW TERRIBLE, BLAKE!



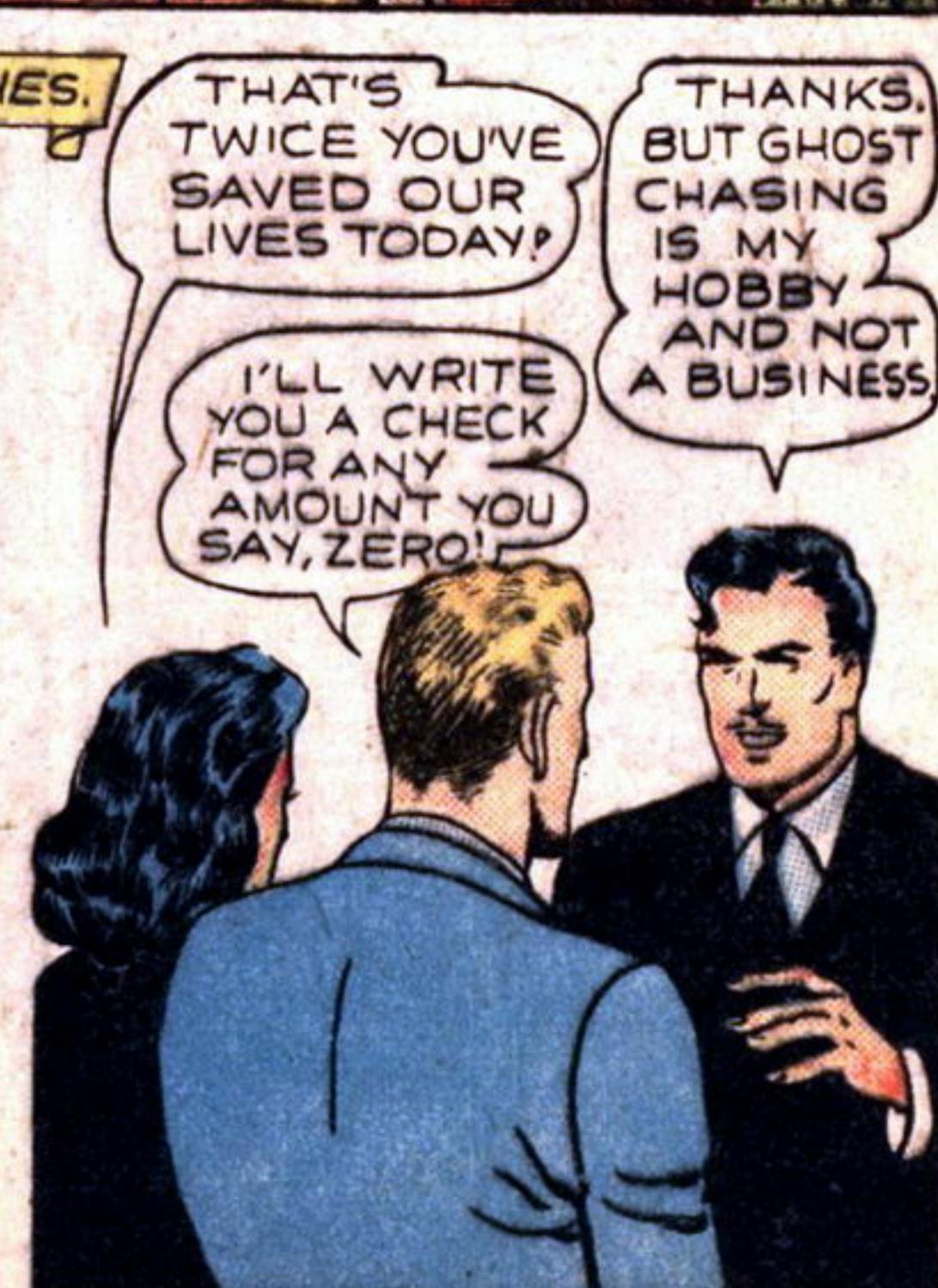
NOAH JORDAN'S GHOST VANISHES.



THAT'S TWICE YOU'VE SAVED OUR LIVES TODAY!

I'LL WRITE YOU A CHECK FOR ANY AMOUNT YOU SAY, ZERO!

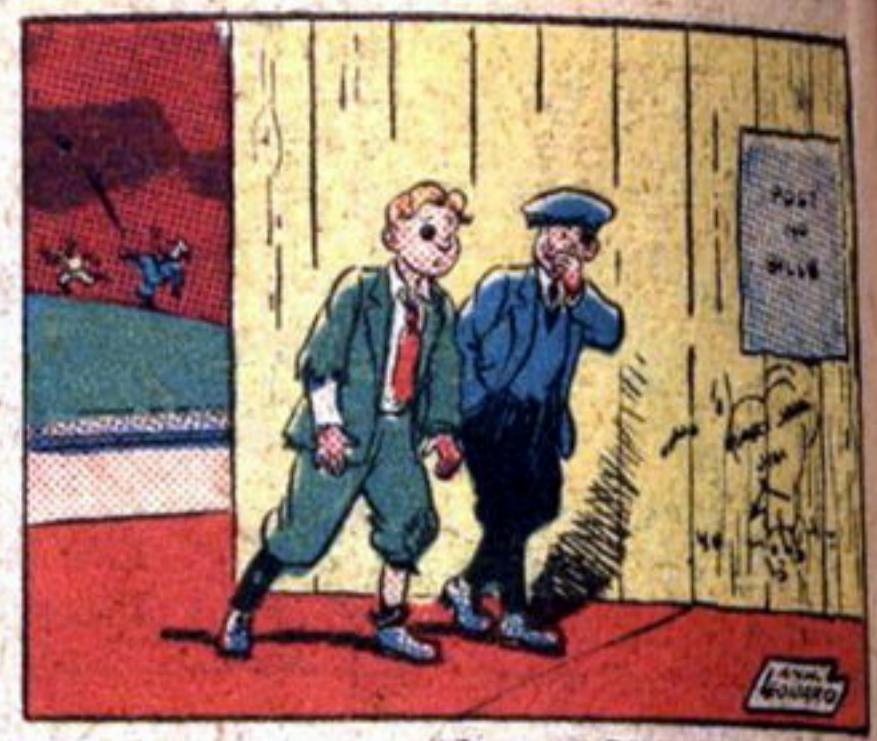
THANKS, BUT GHOST CHASING IS MY HOBBY AND NOT A BUSINESS.



Zero, Ghost Detective, runs each month in FEATURE COMICS.

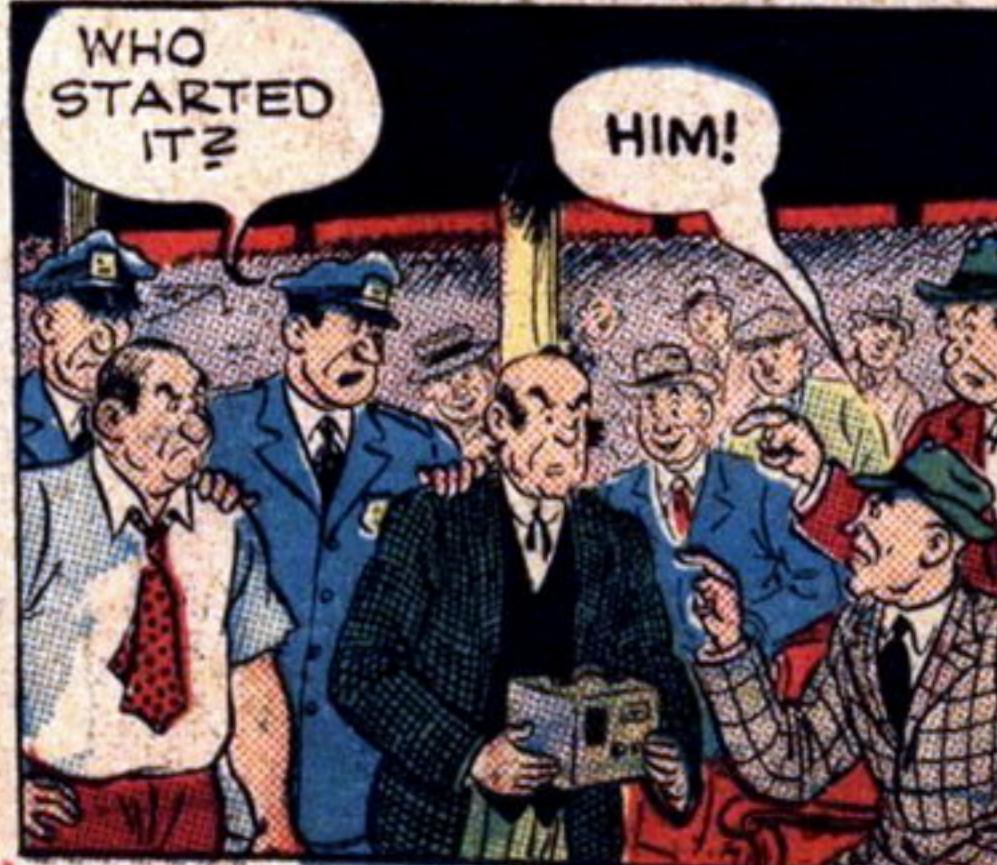
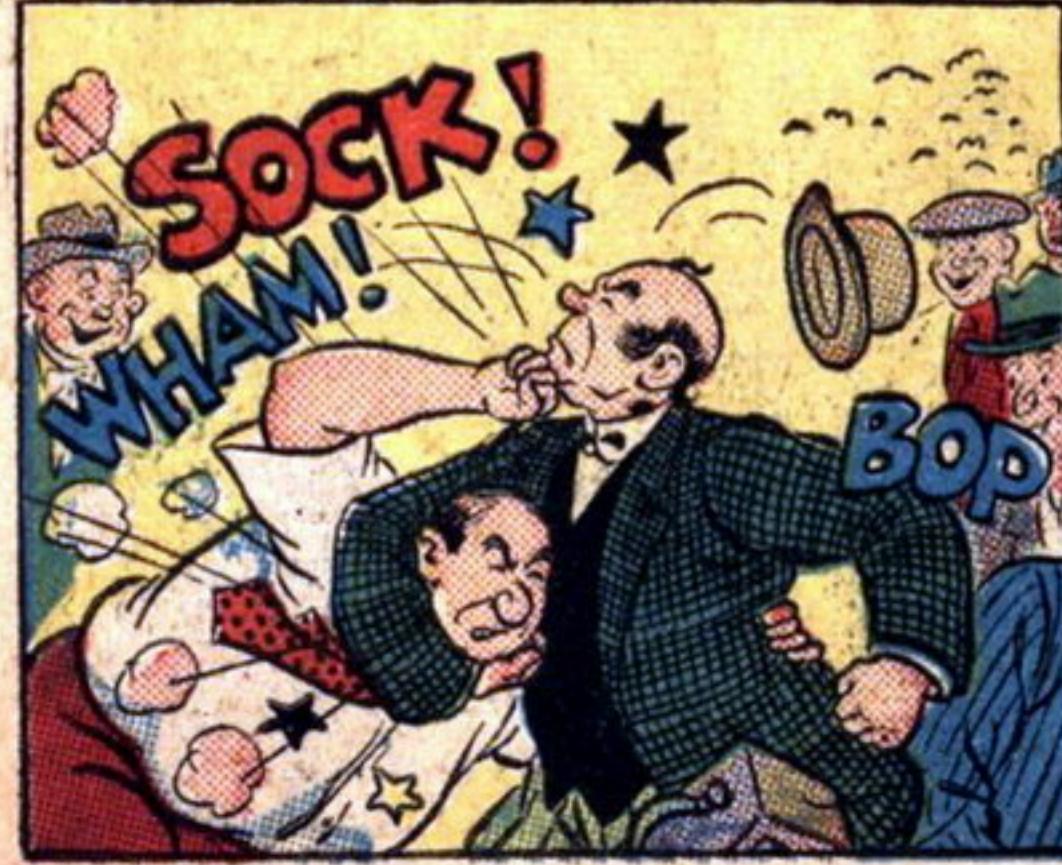
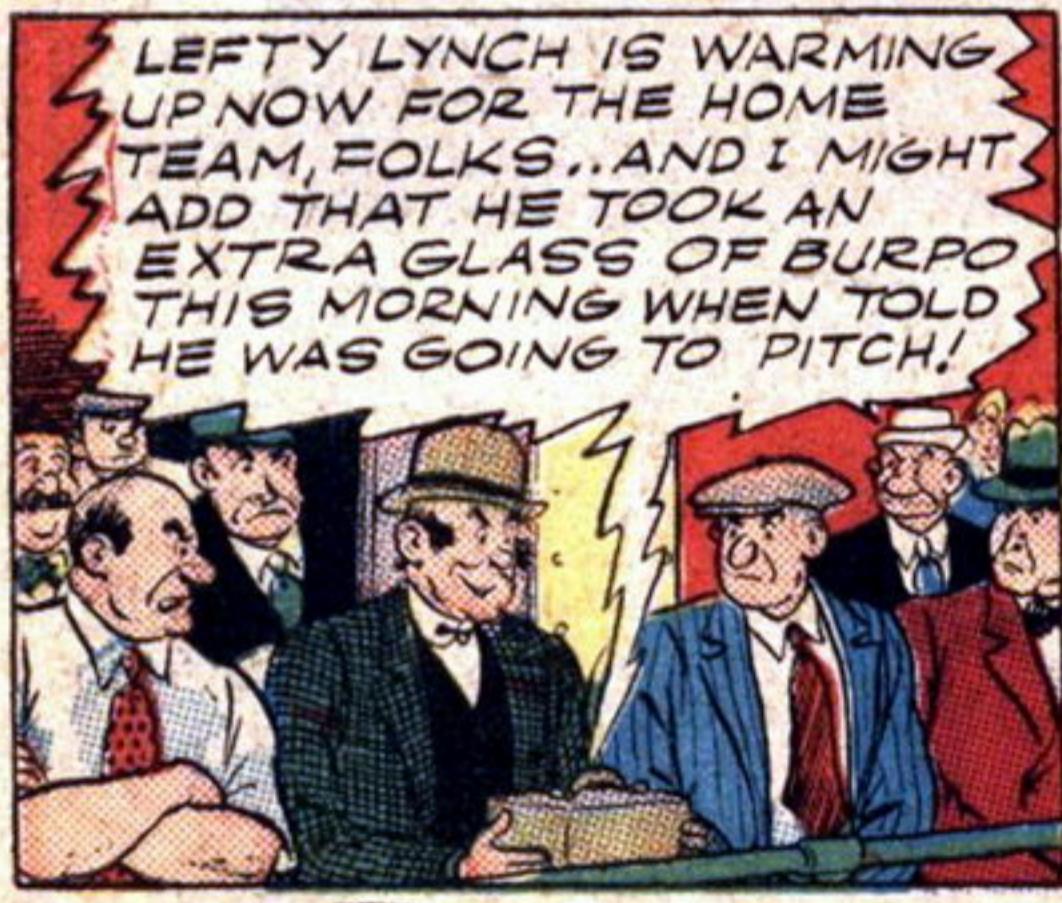
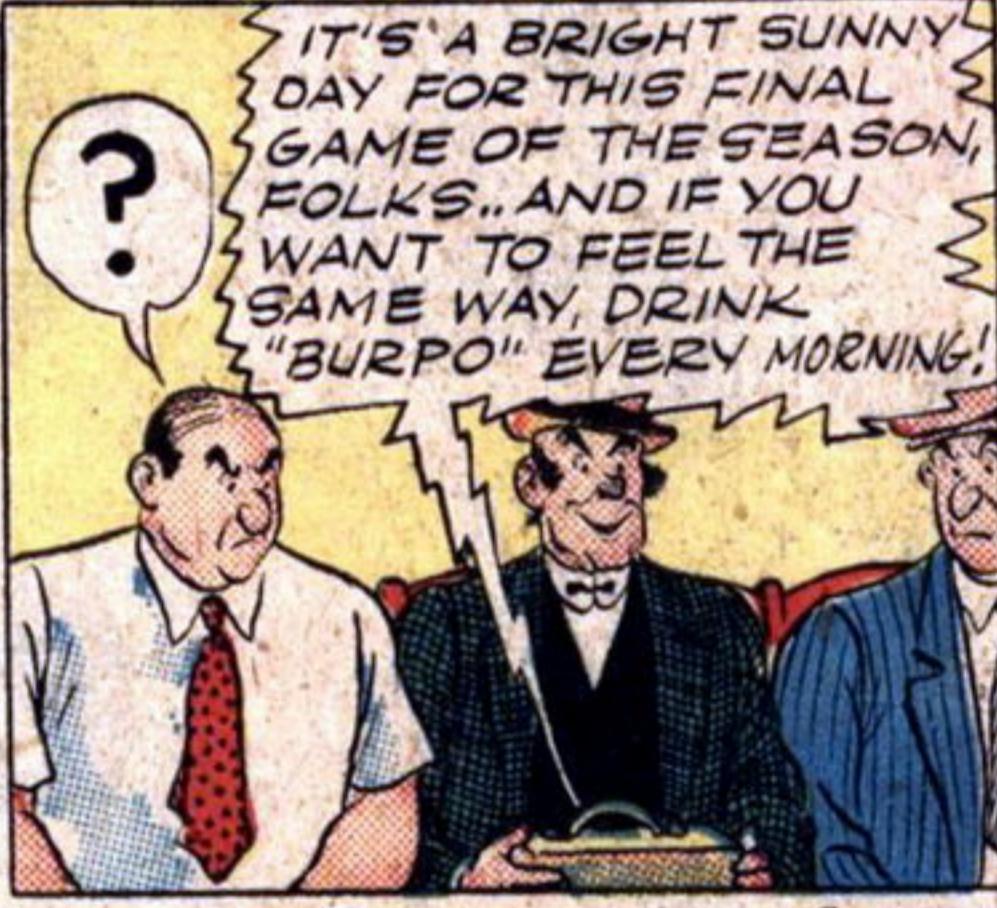
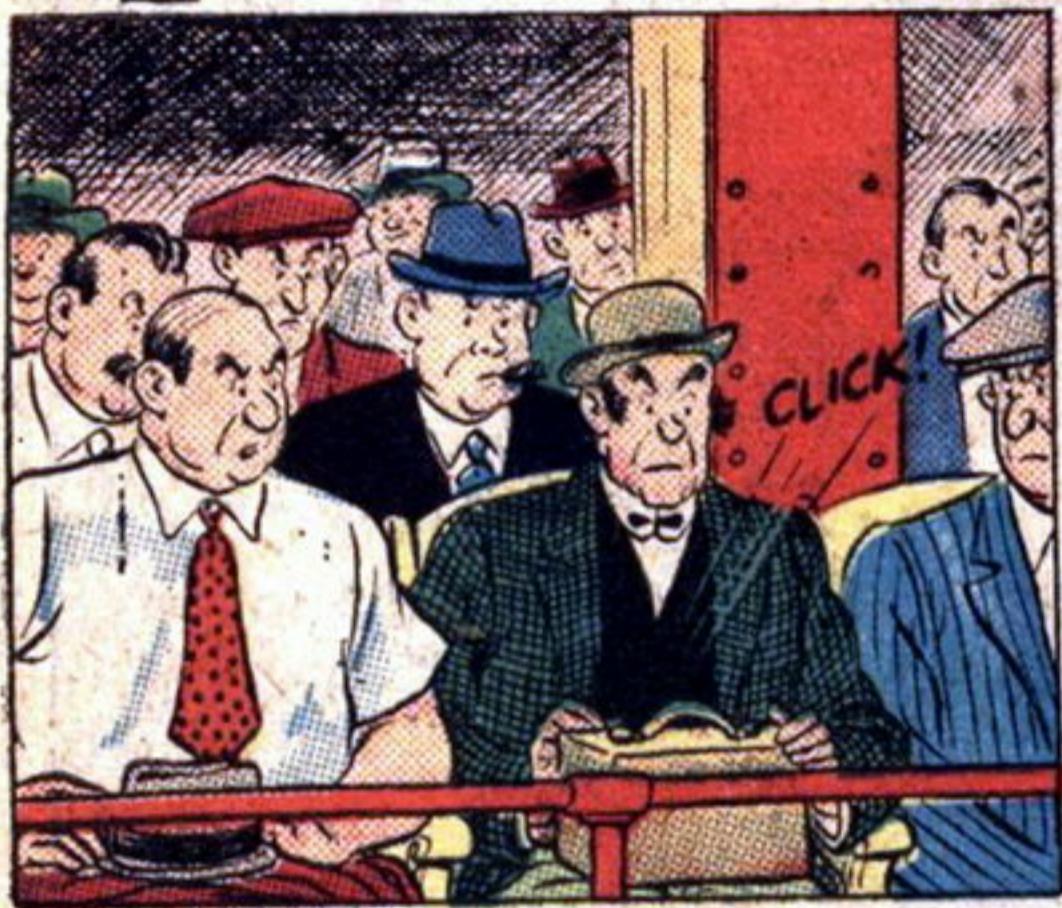
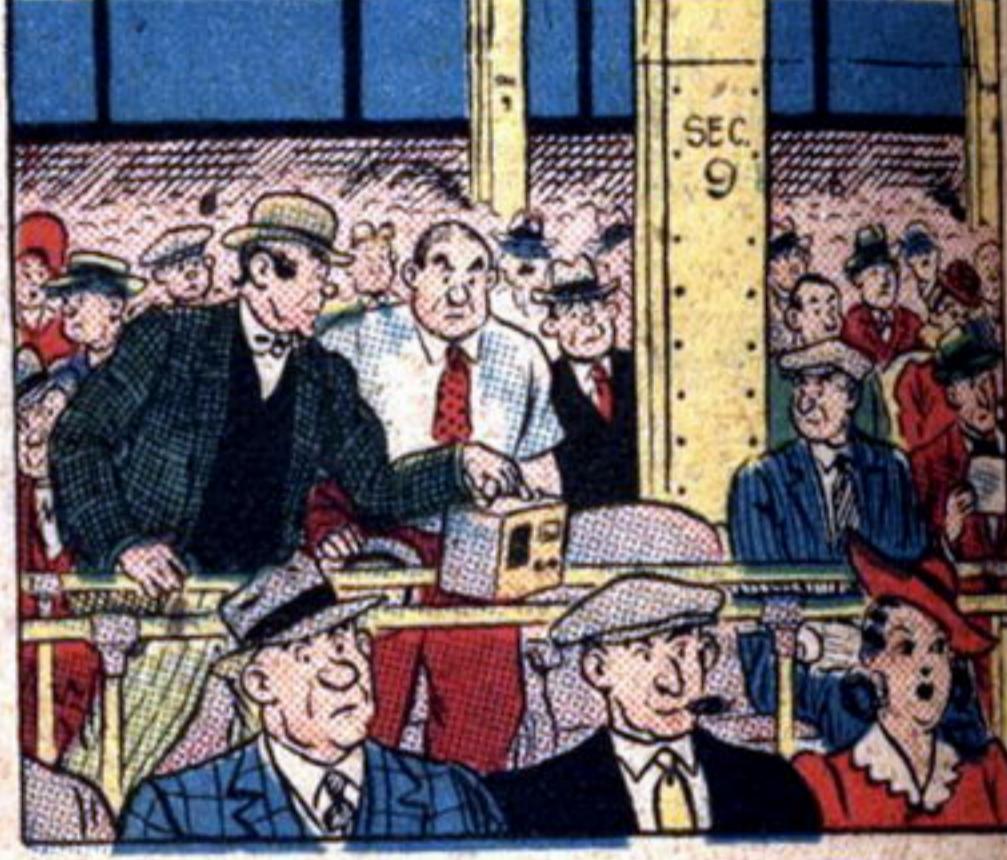
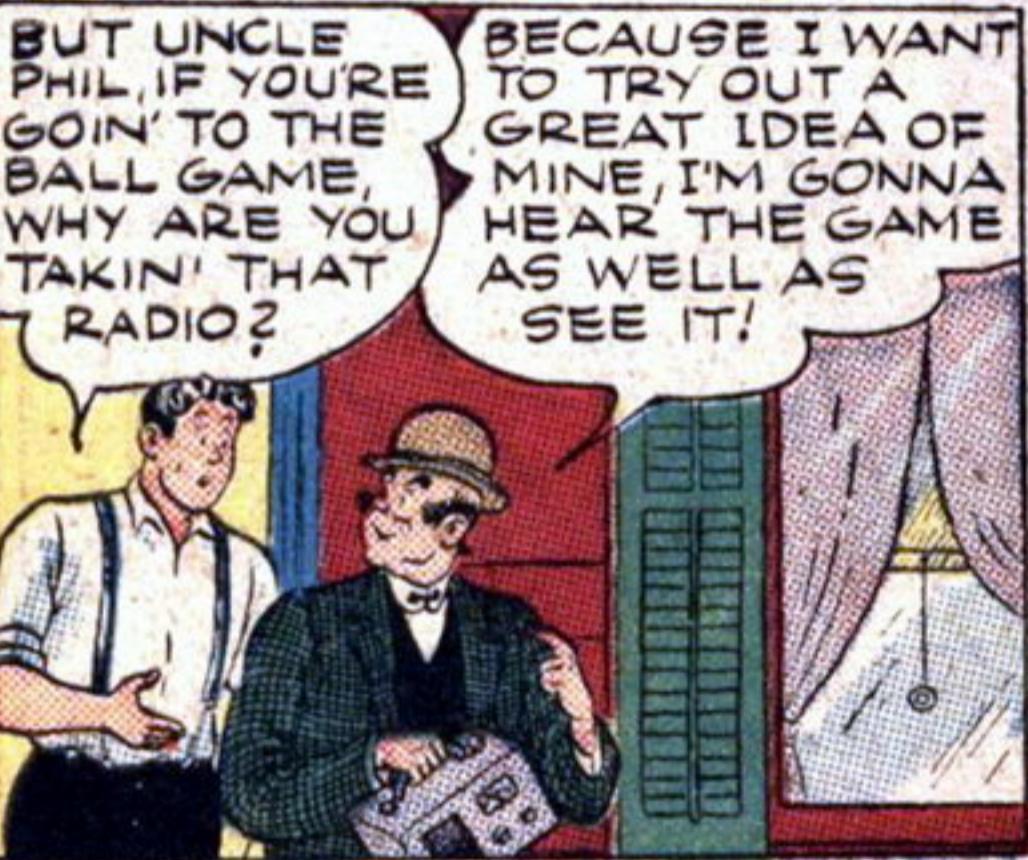
# NIPPIE

HE'S  
OFTEN  
WRONG



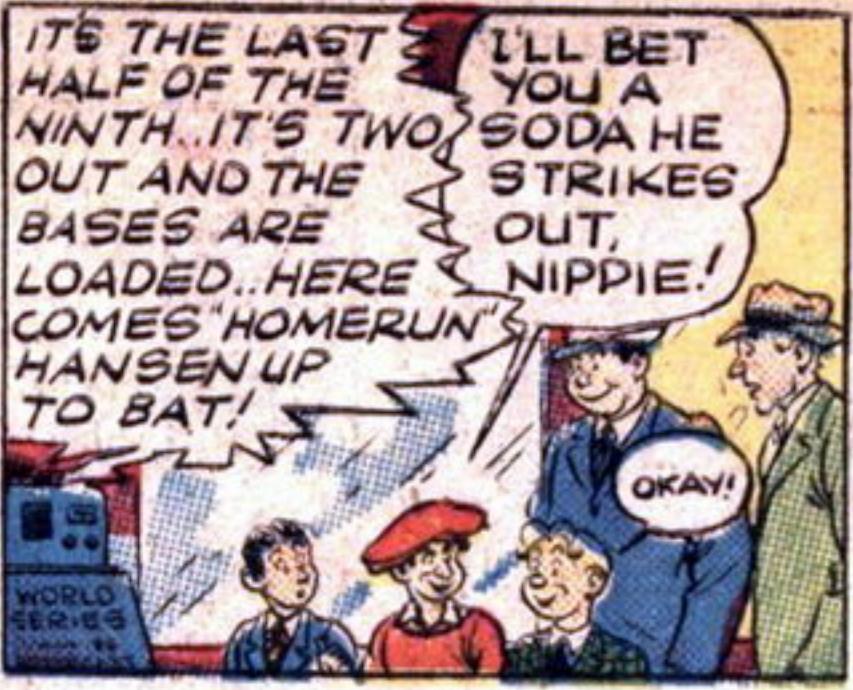
## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



# NIPPIE

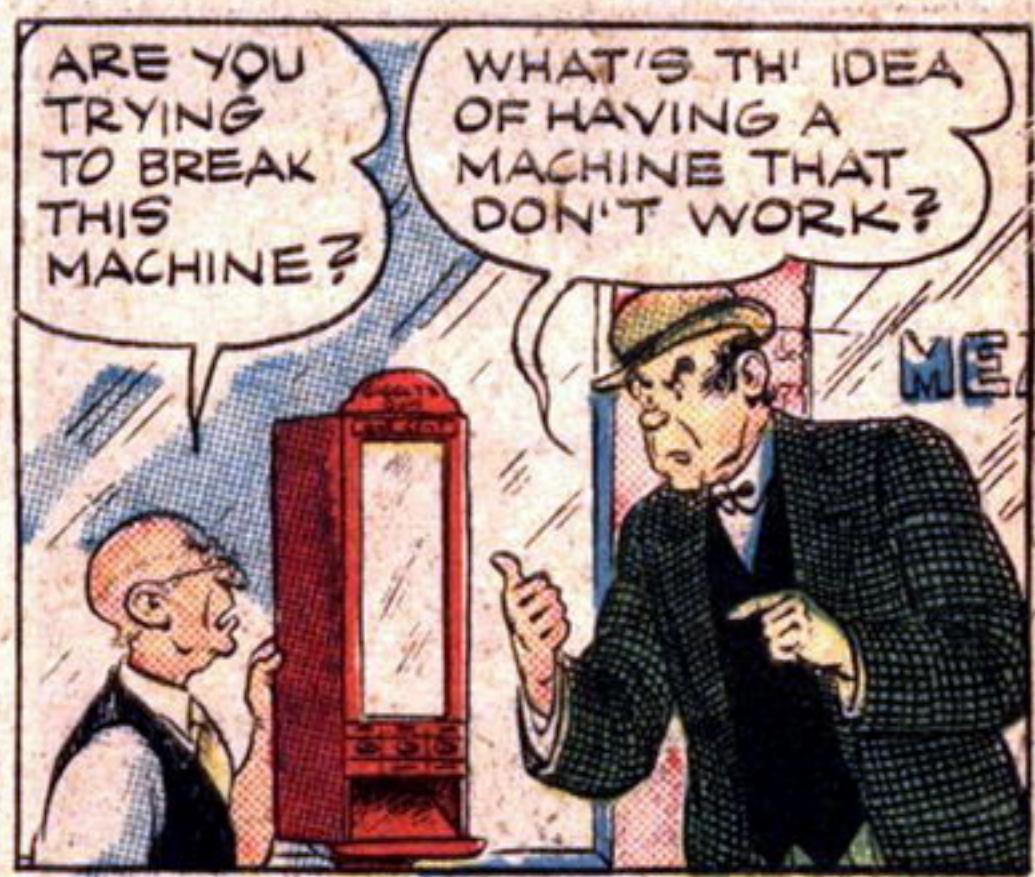
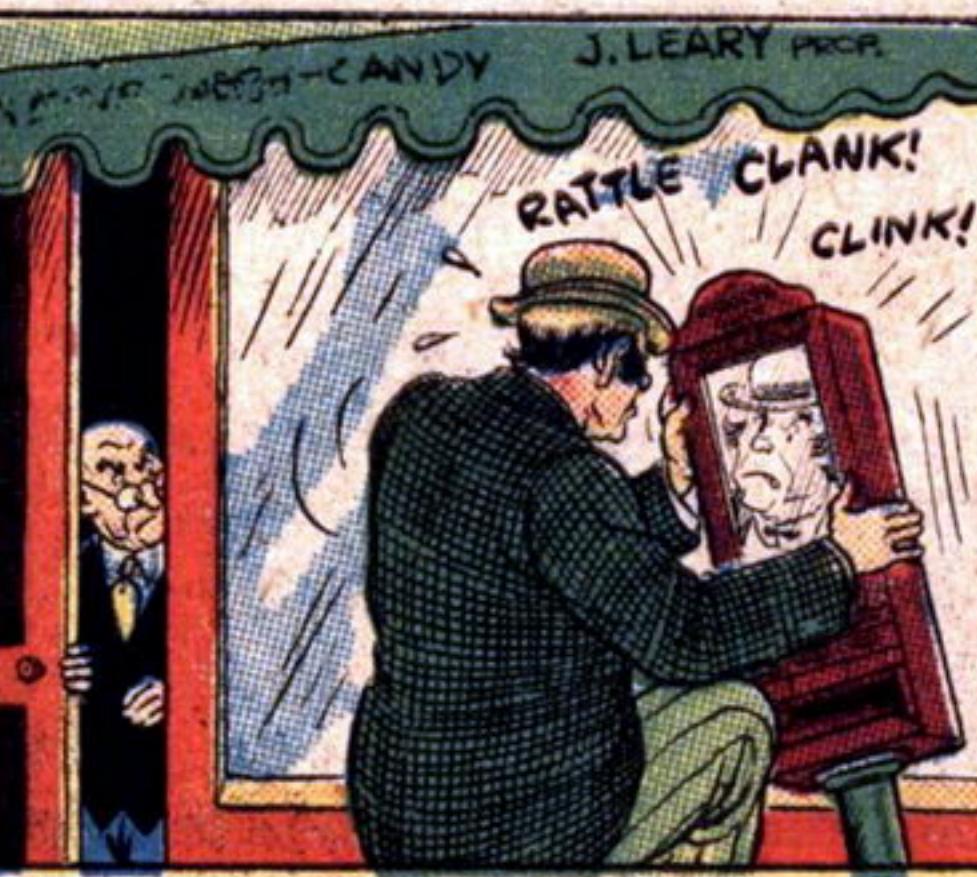
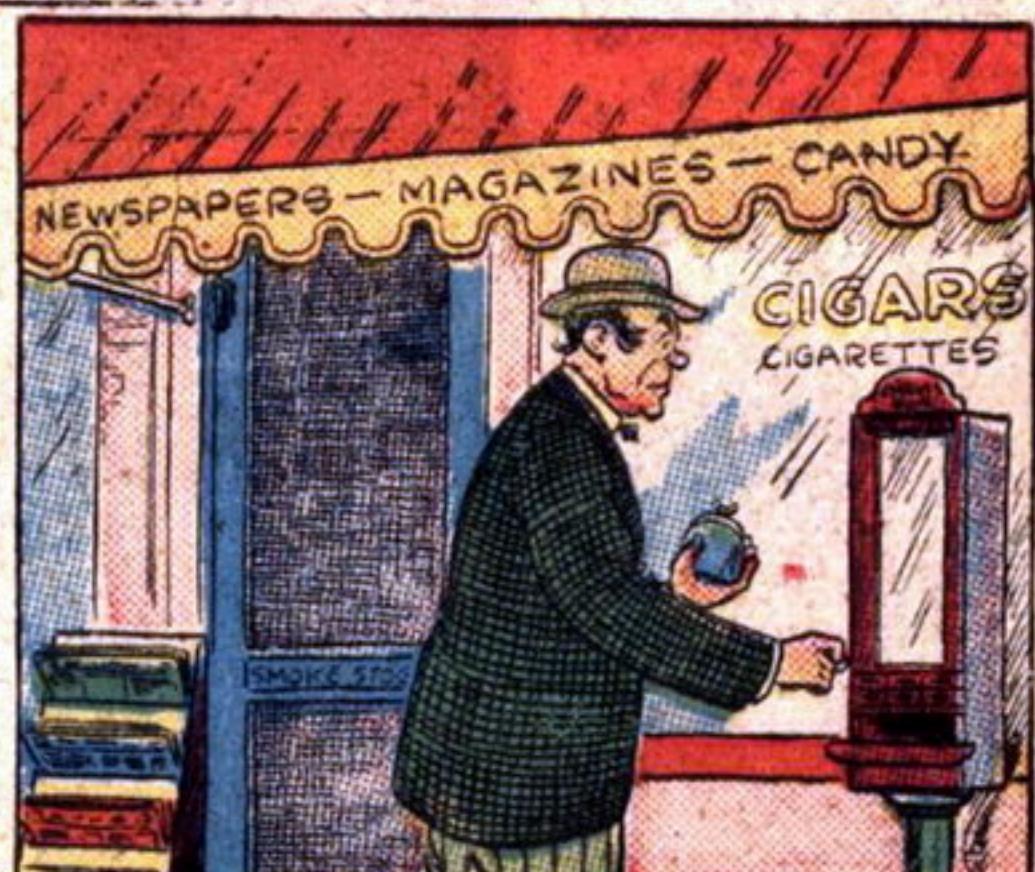
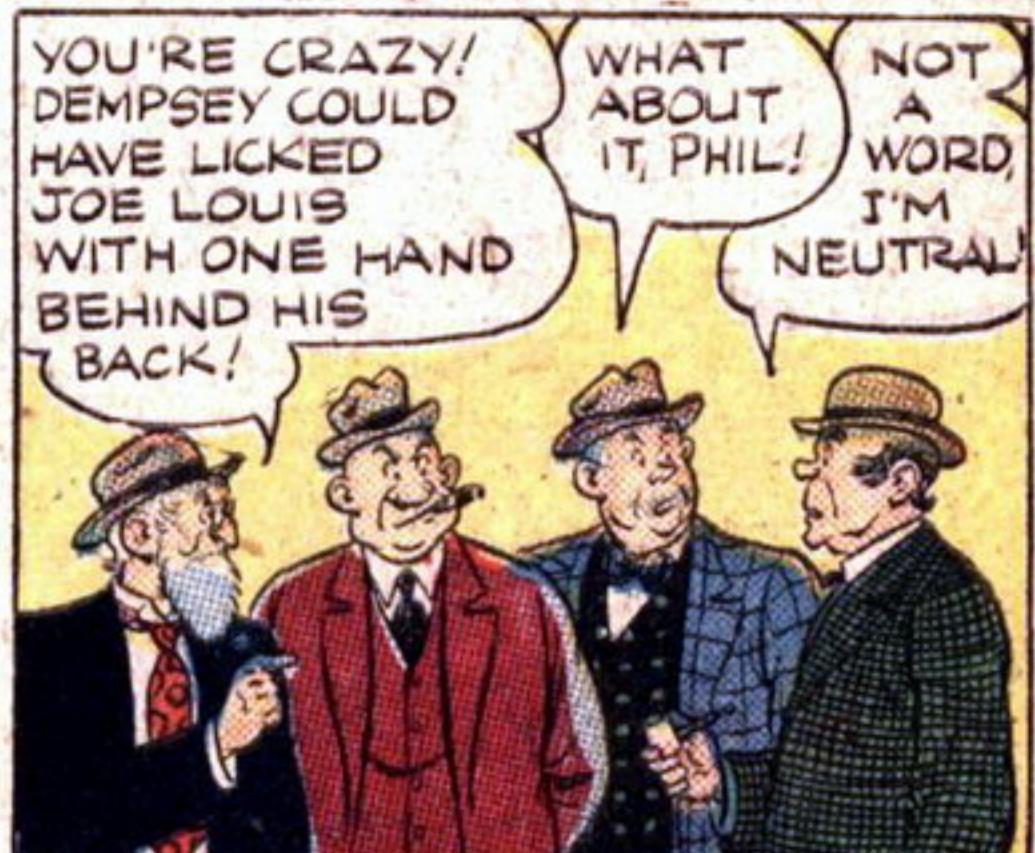
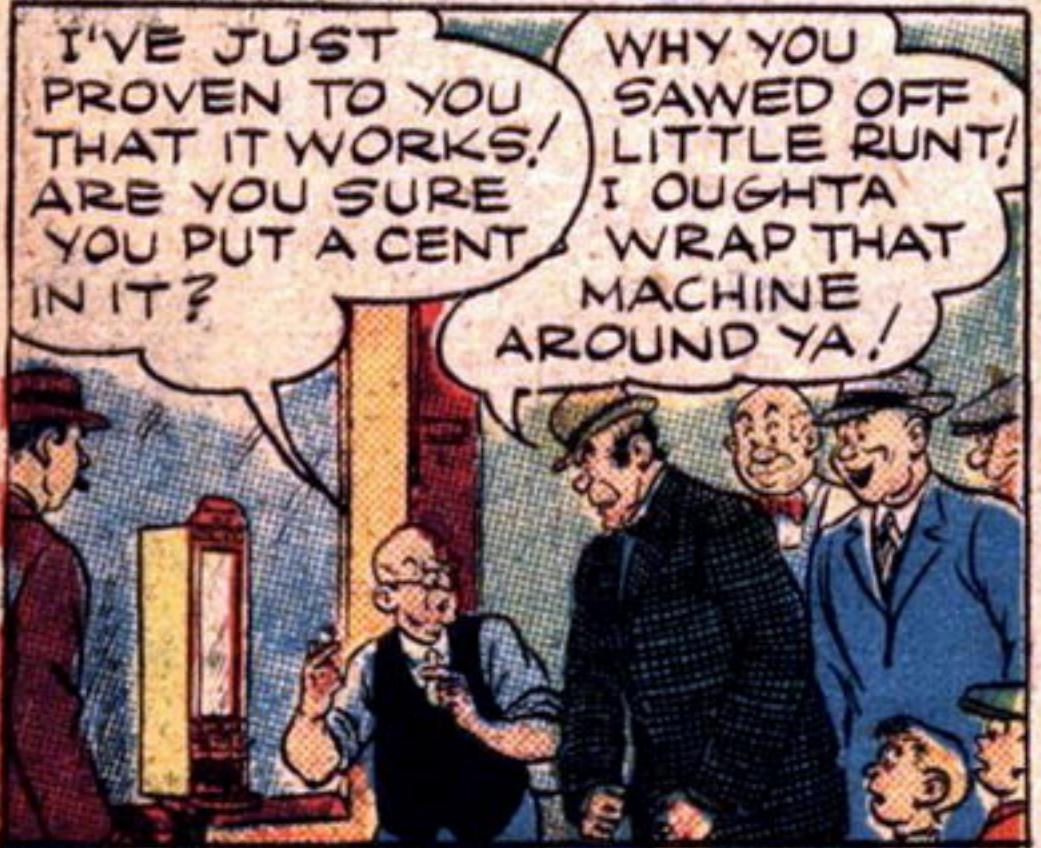
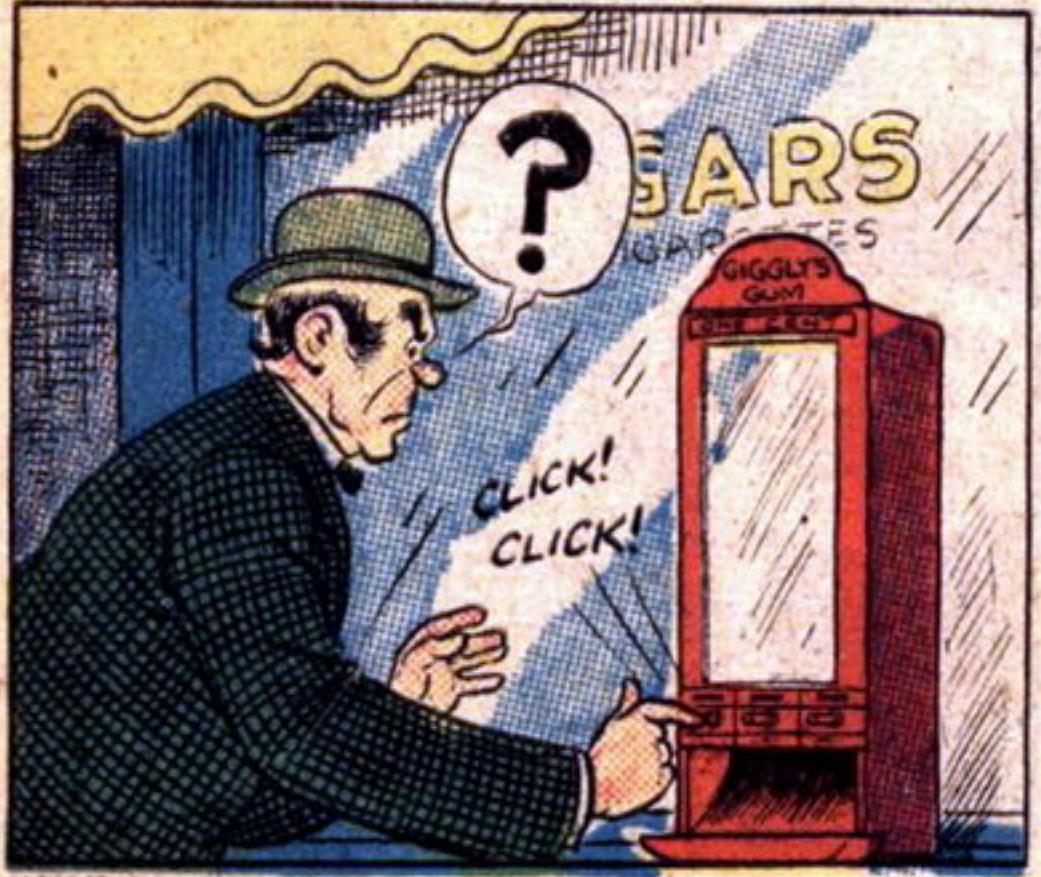
HE'S  
OFTEN  
WRONG



# MICKEY FINN

IT'S A LONG TIME SINCE I SAW YOUR UNCLE PHIL WITH A BLACK EYE, MICKEY!

OH, HE HAS A NEW POLICY OF NOT GETTING INTO AN ARGUMENT UNLESS IT'S ABOUT SOMETHING IMPORTANT!



By LANK LEONARD

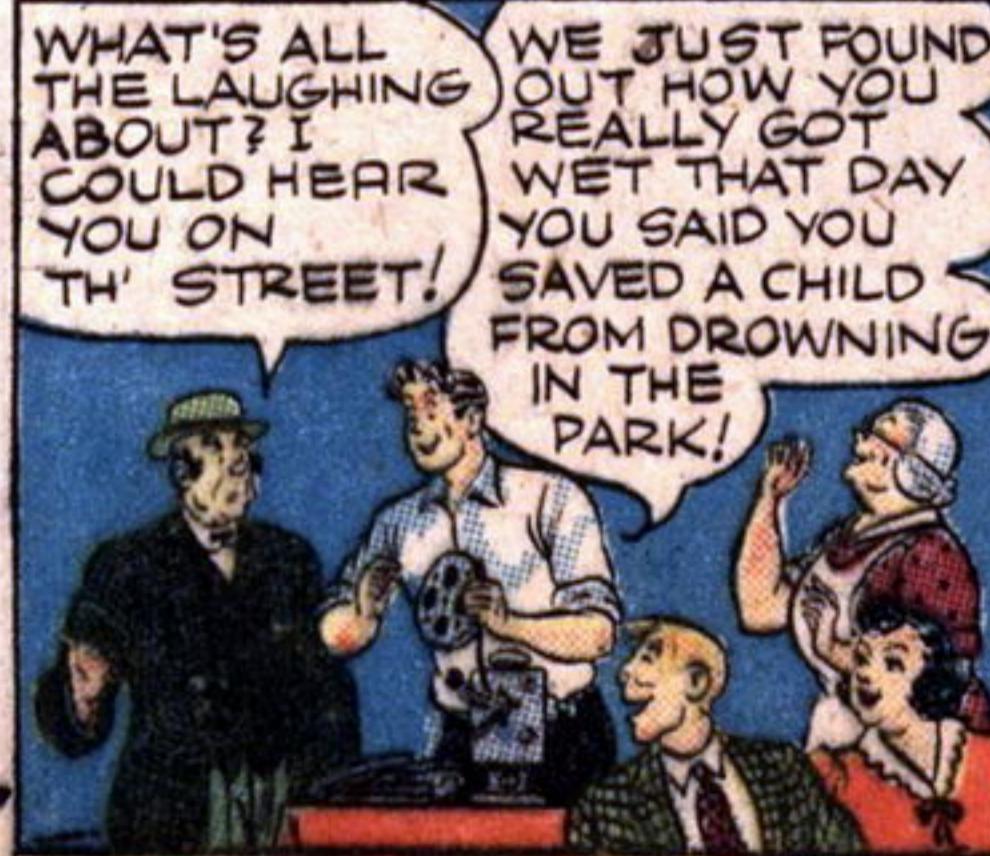
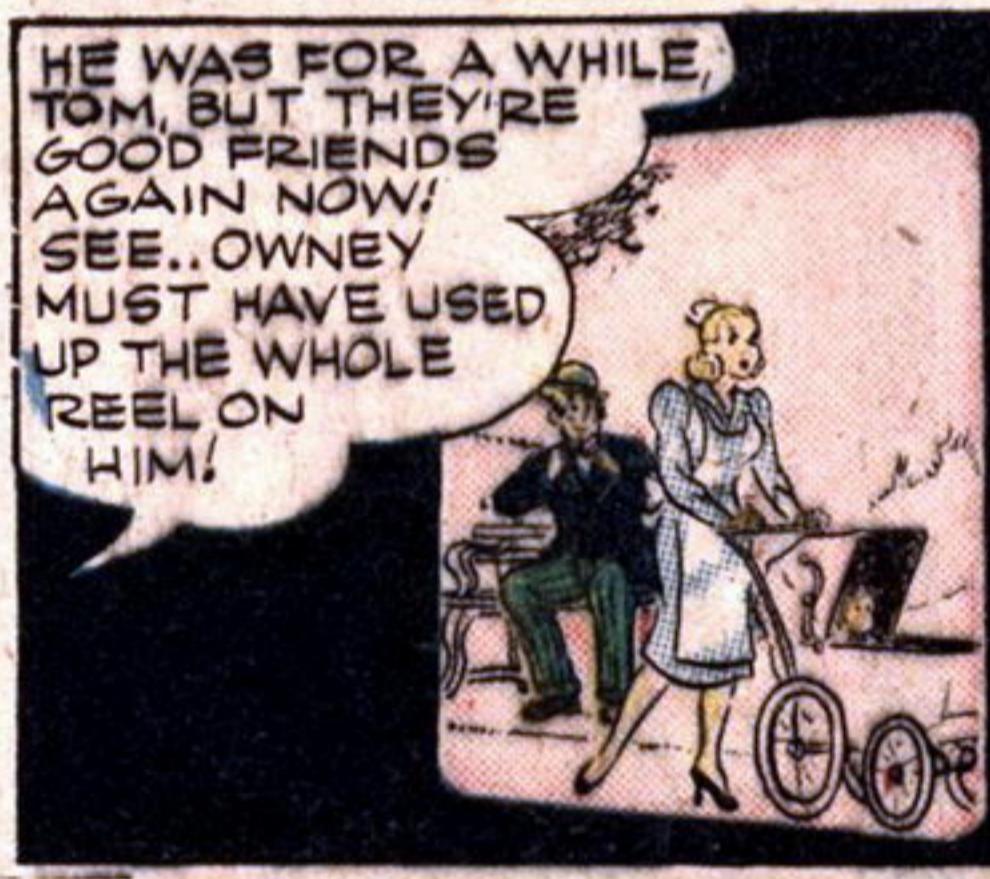
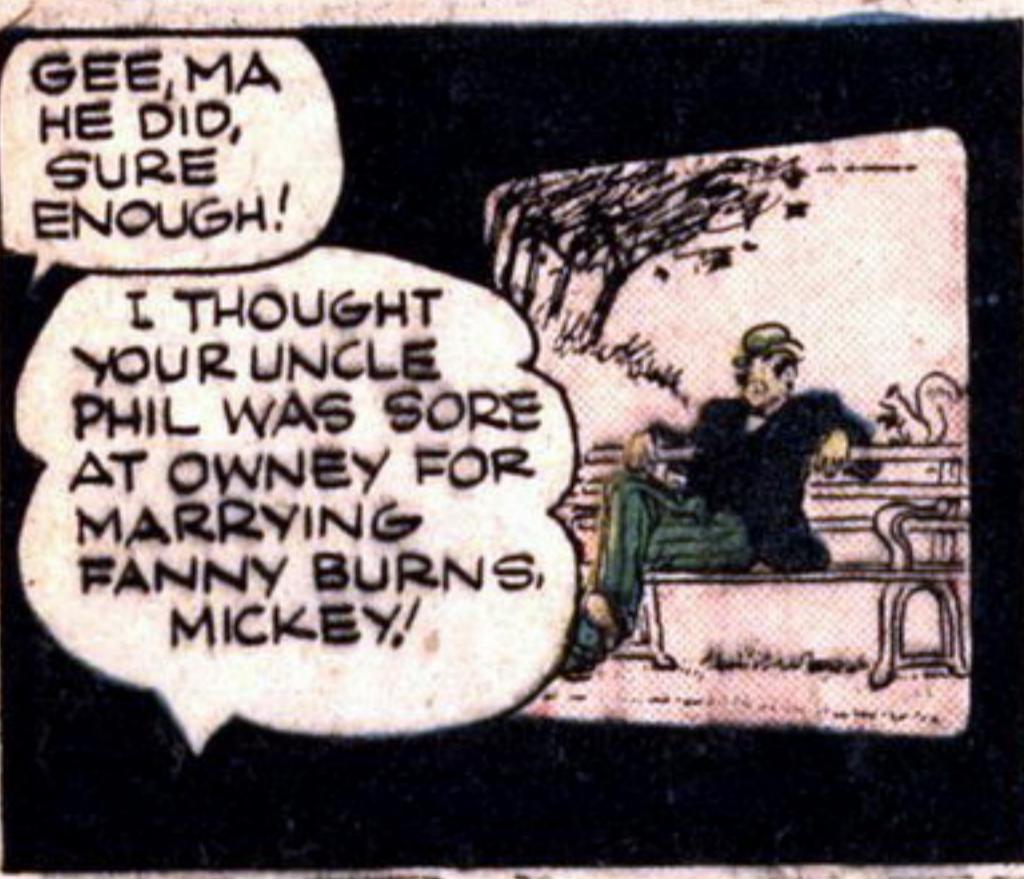
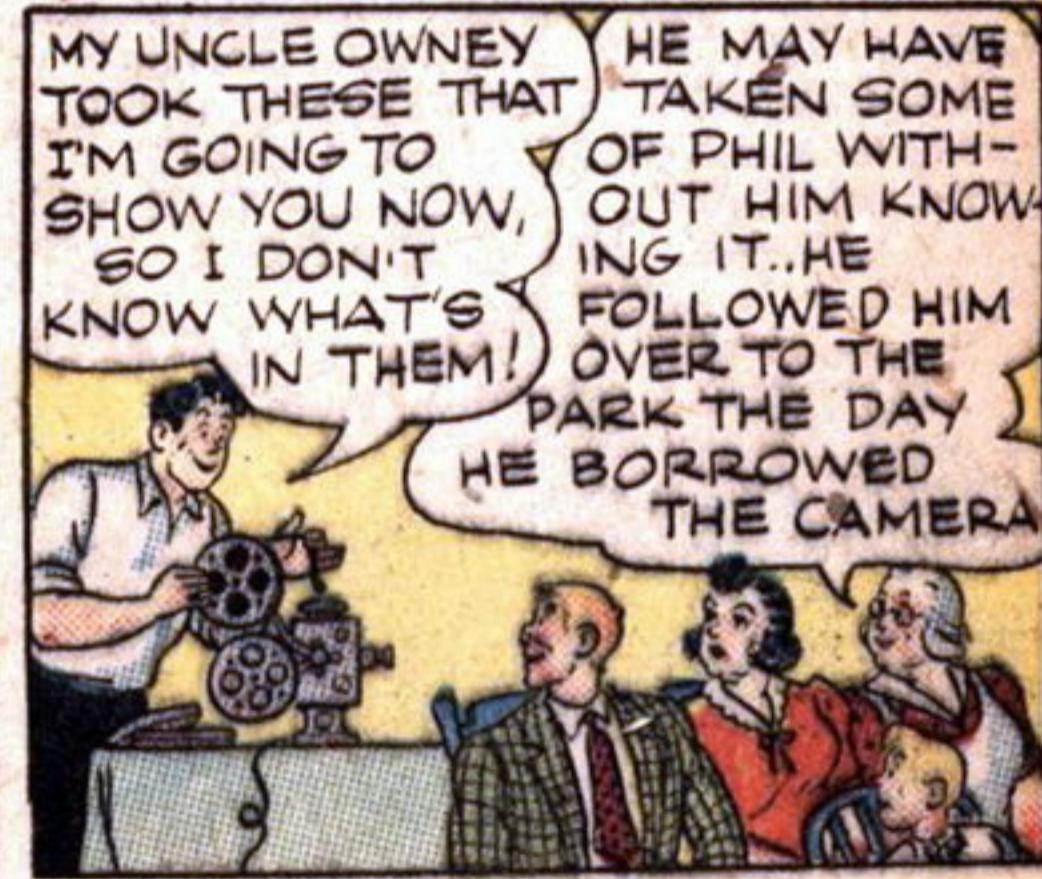
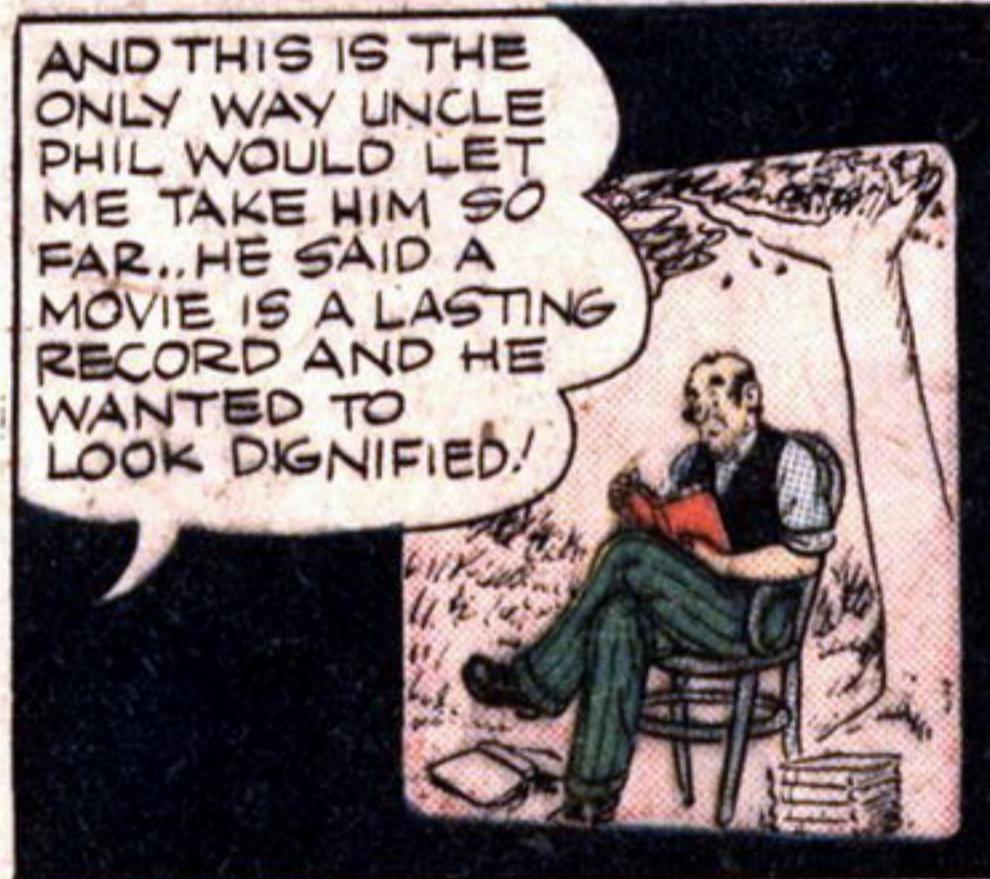
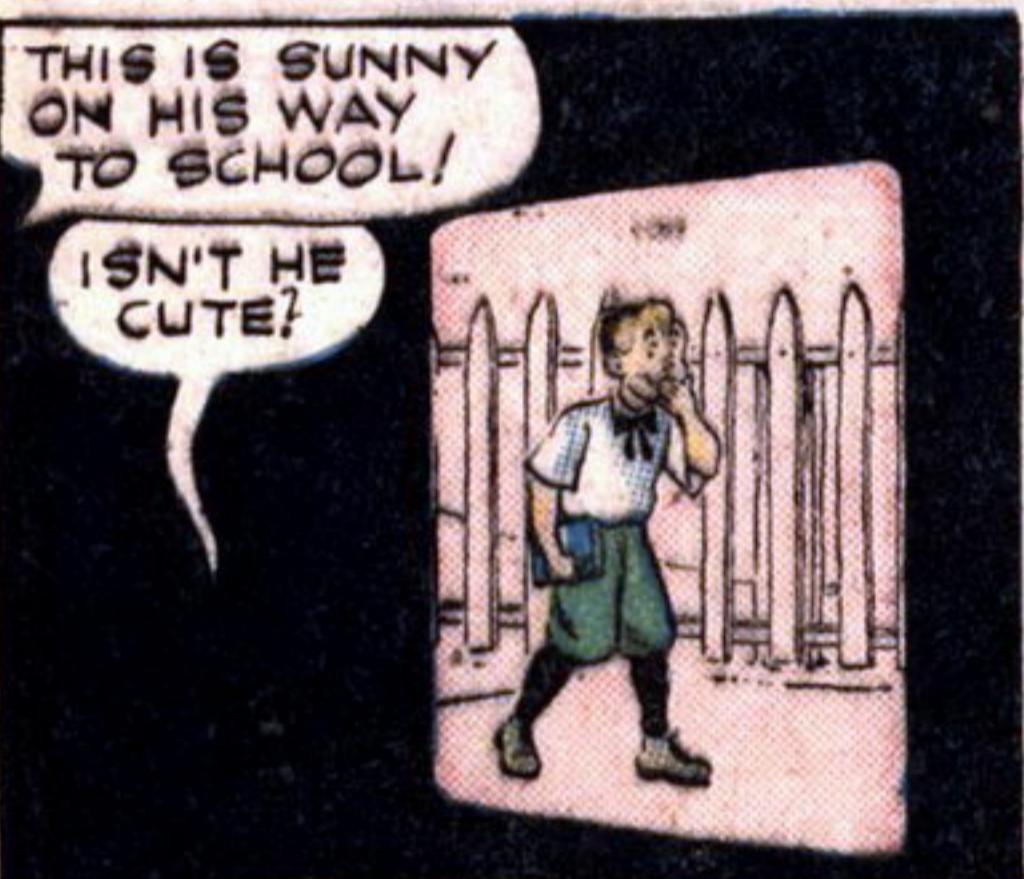
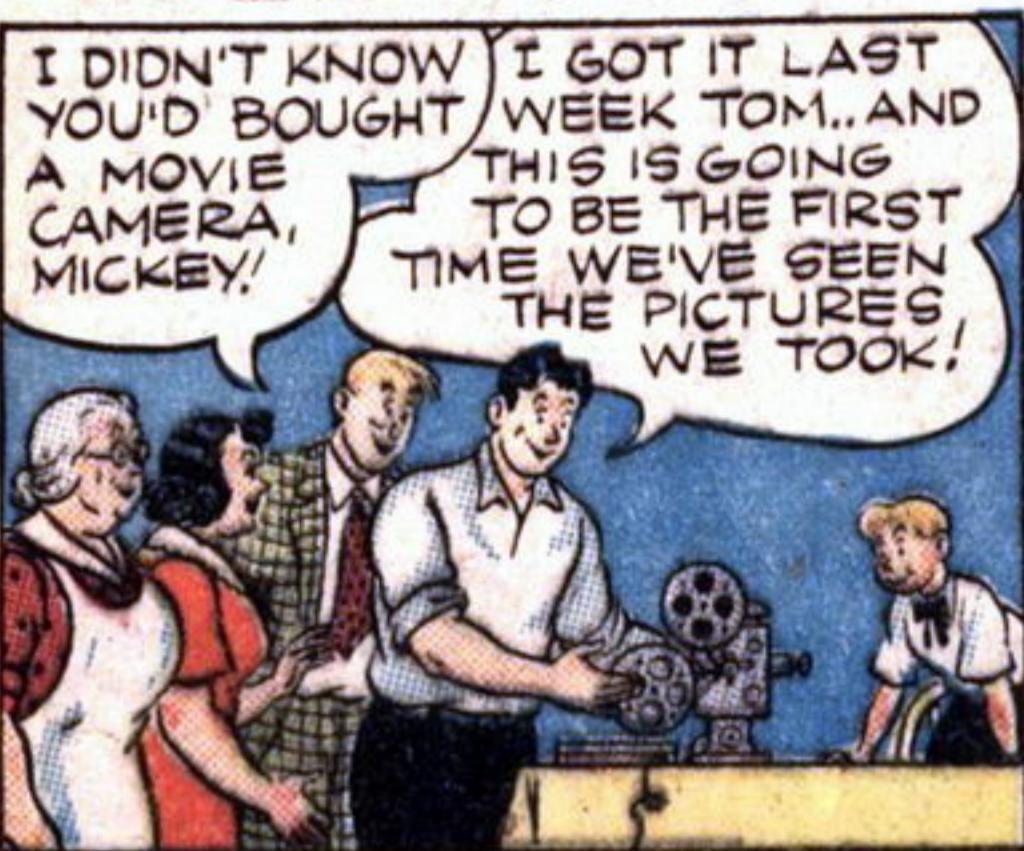
# NIPPIE

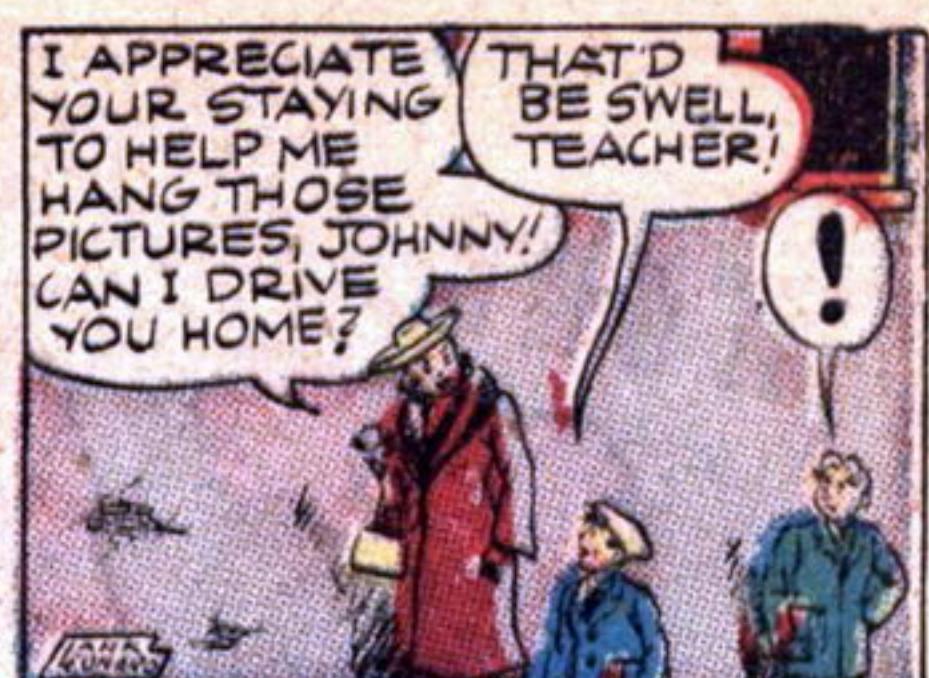
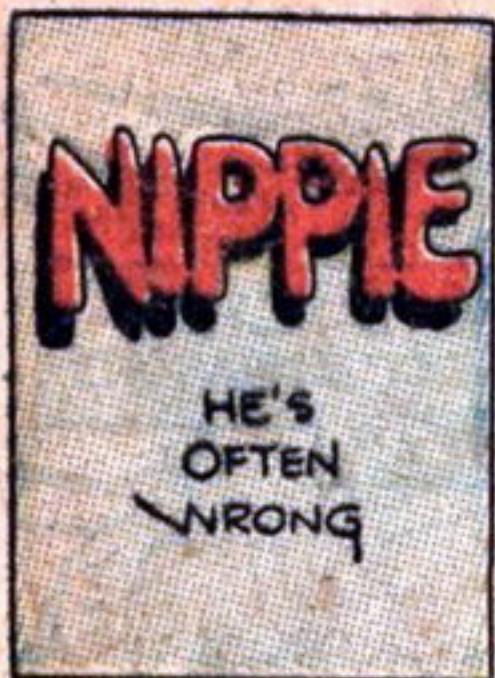
HE'S OFTEN WRONG



## MICKEY FINN

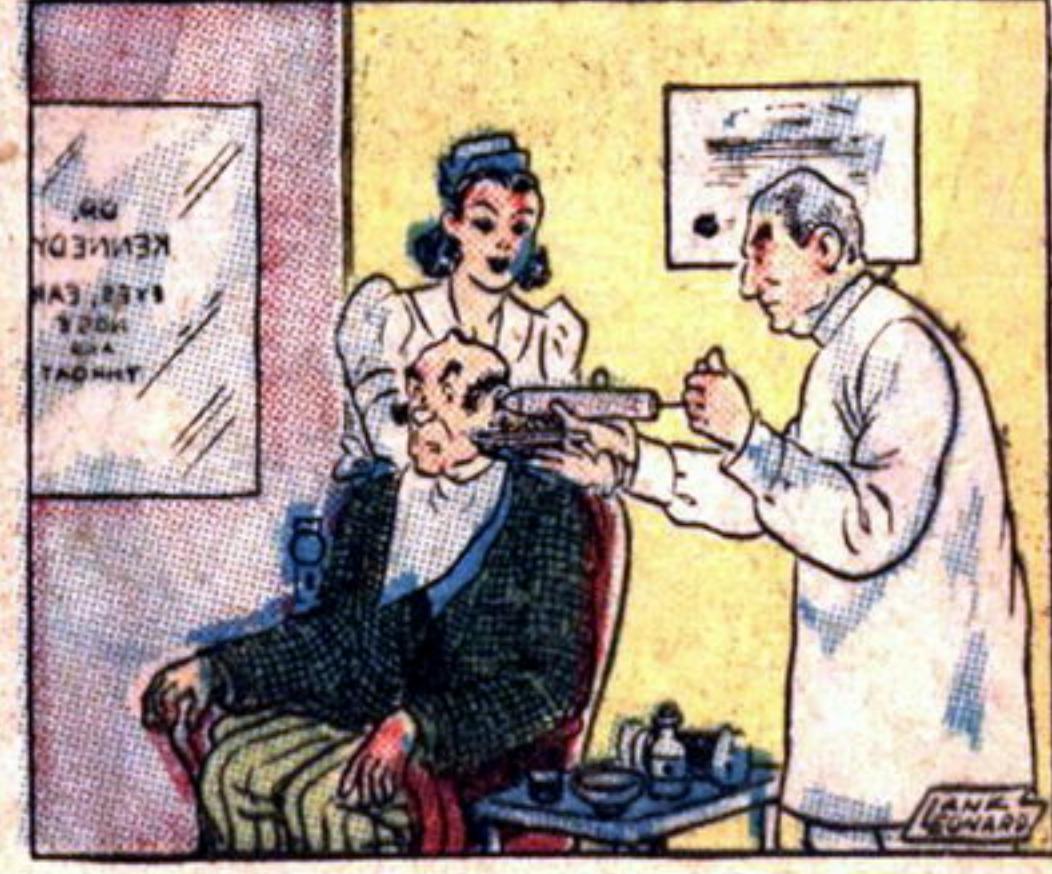
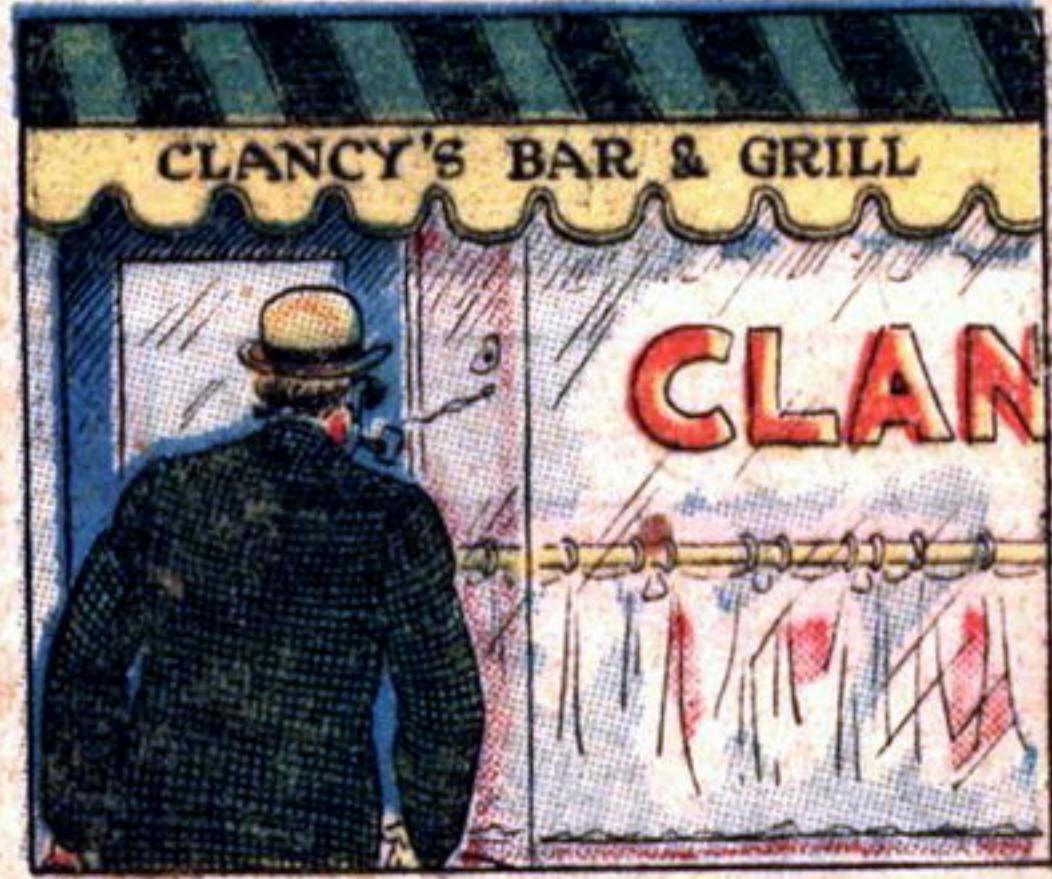
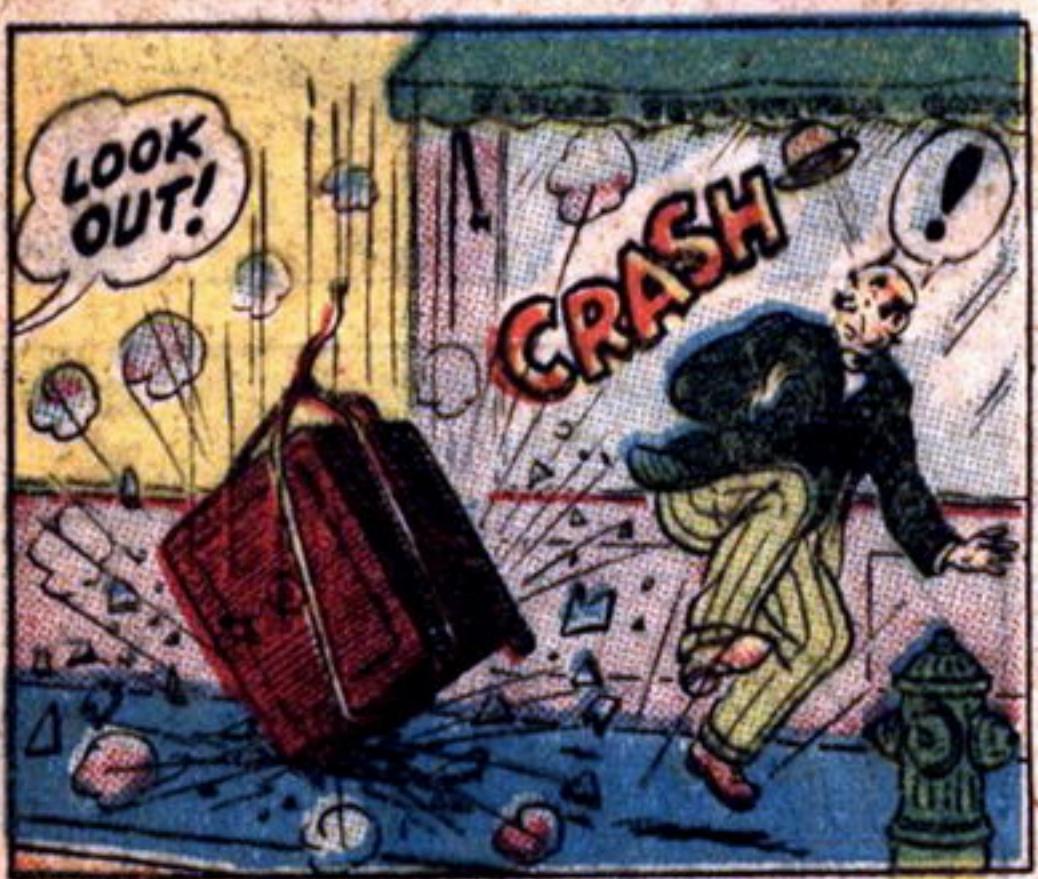
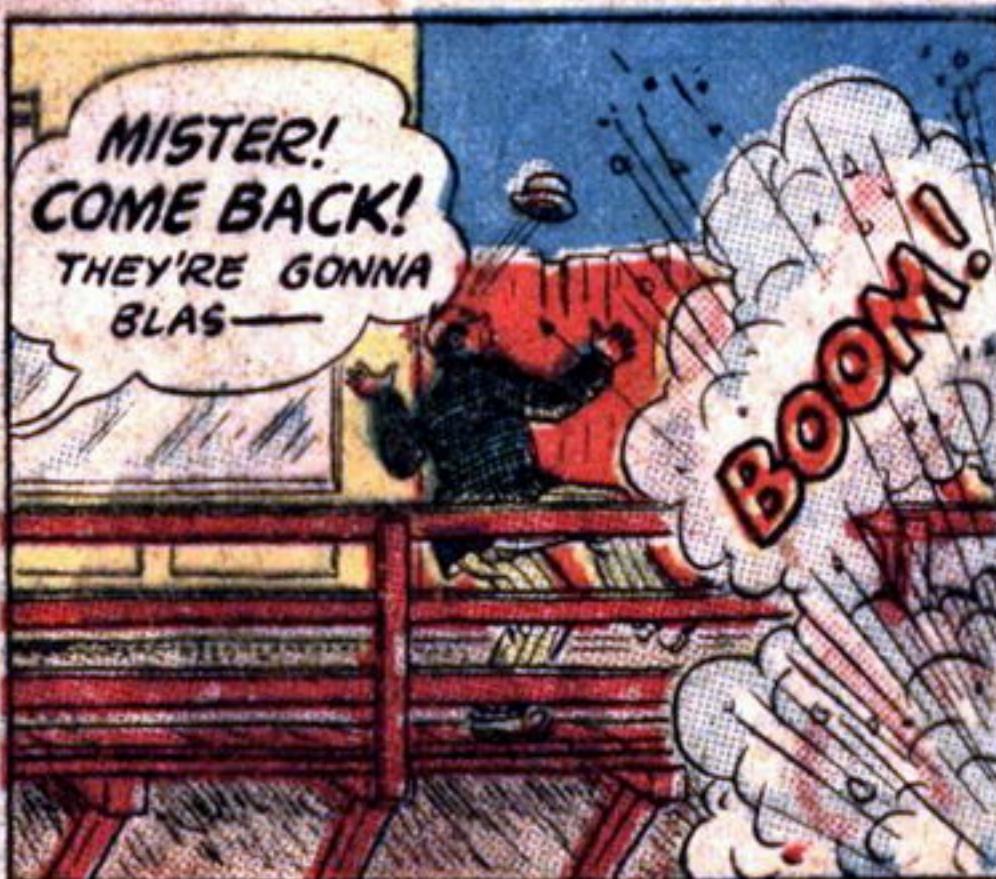
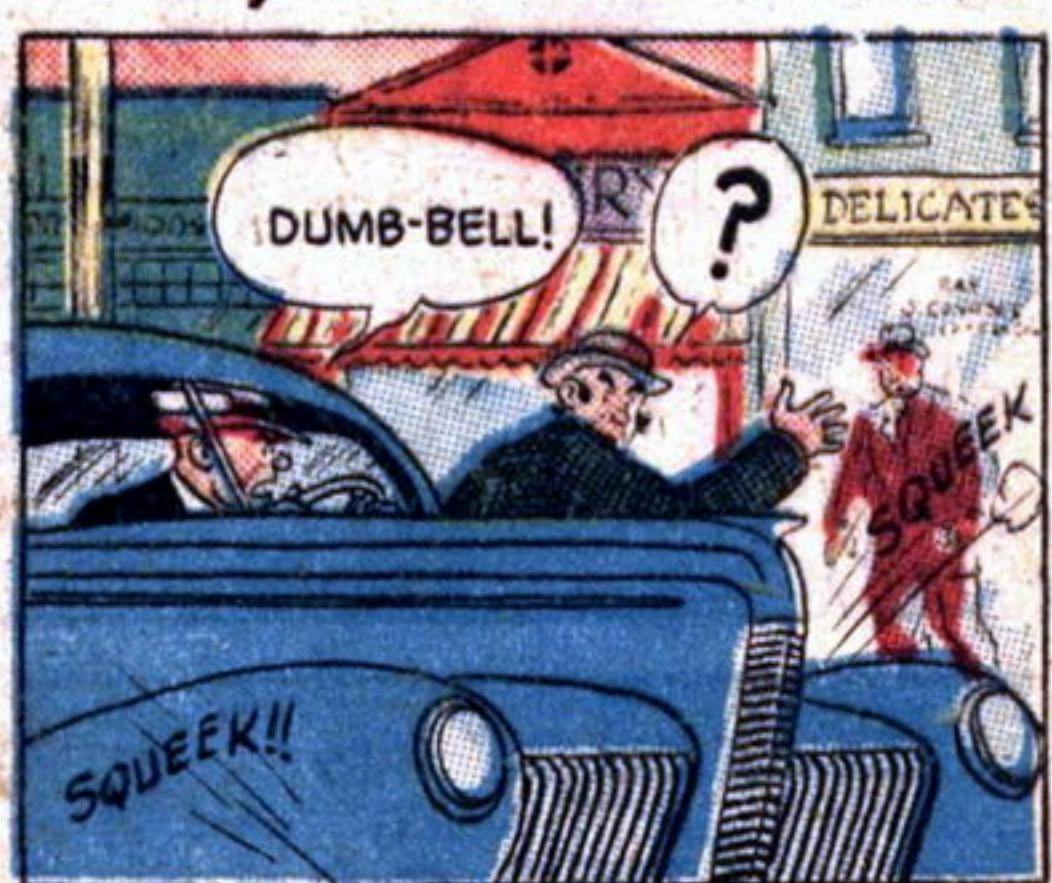
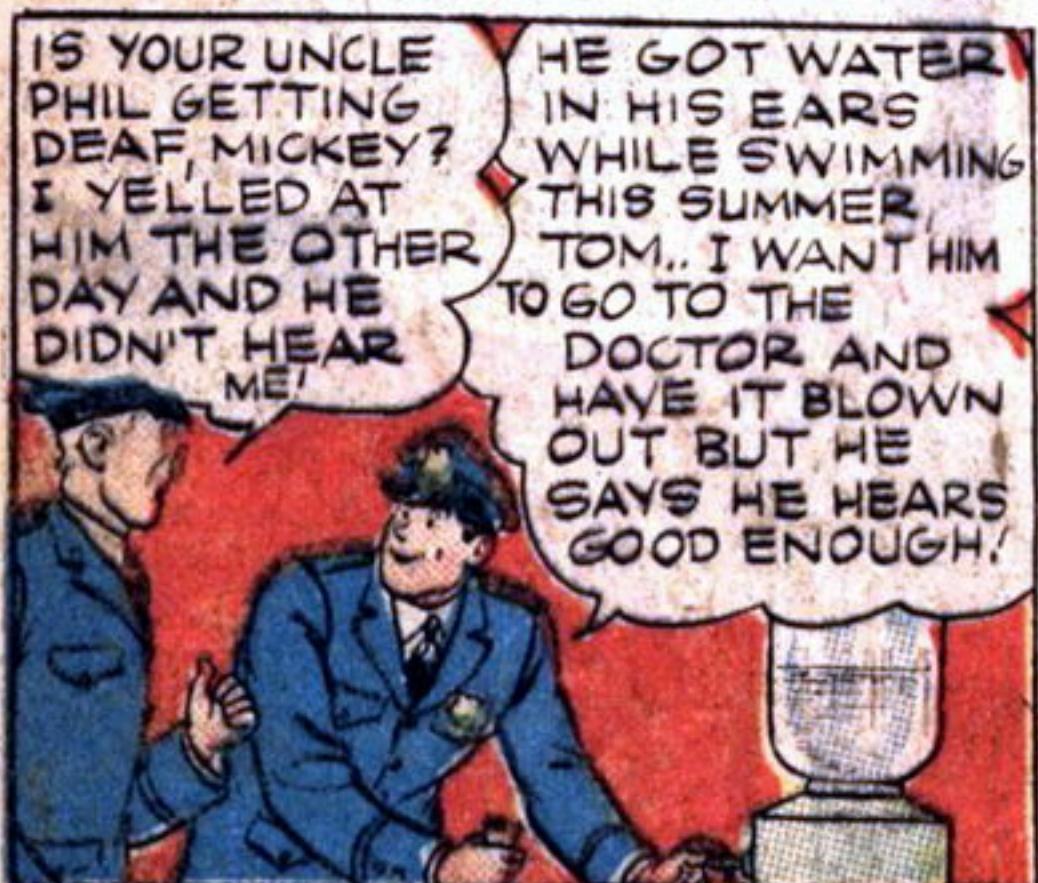
By LANK LEONARD





## MICKEY FINN

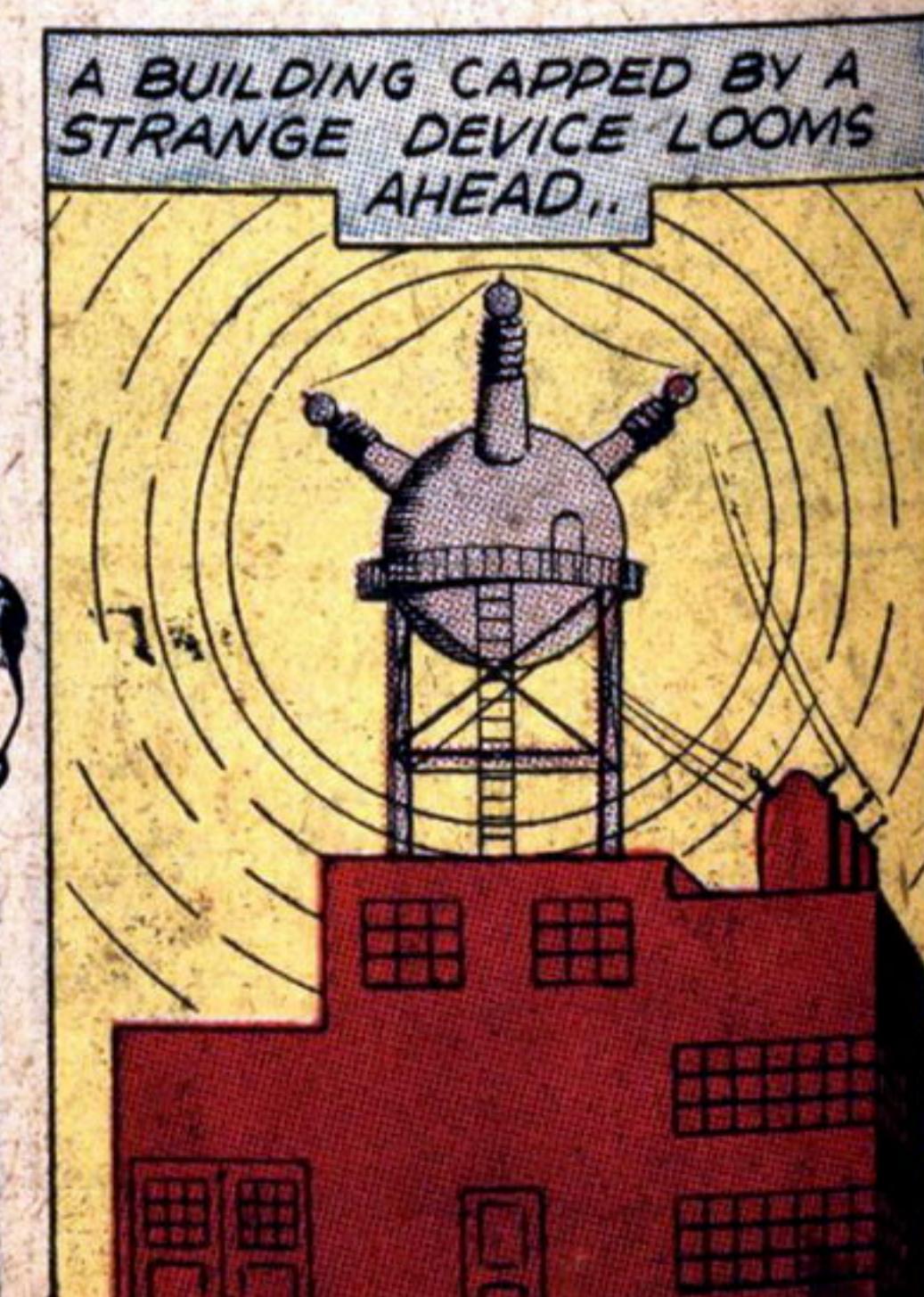
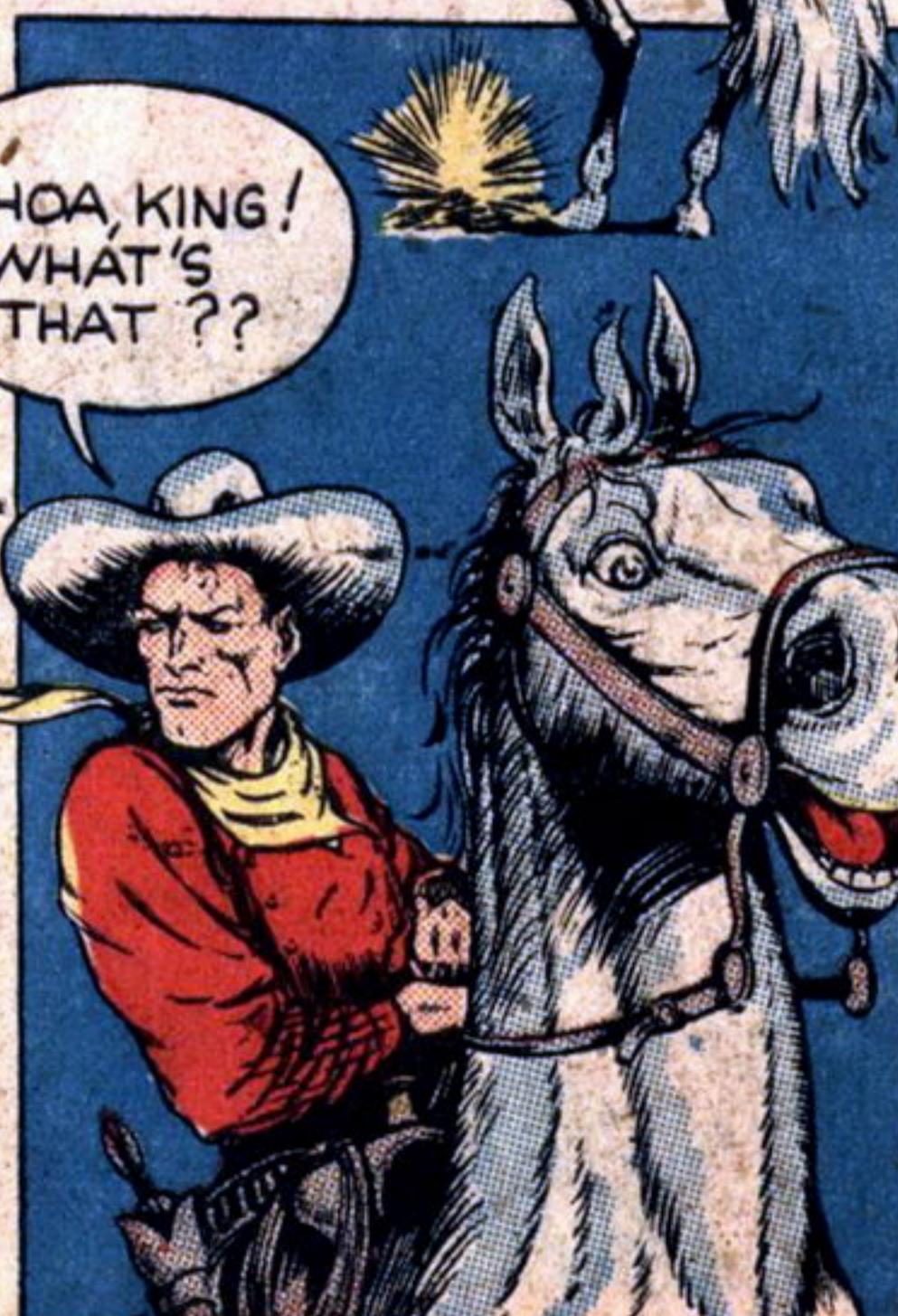
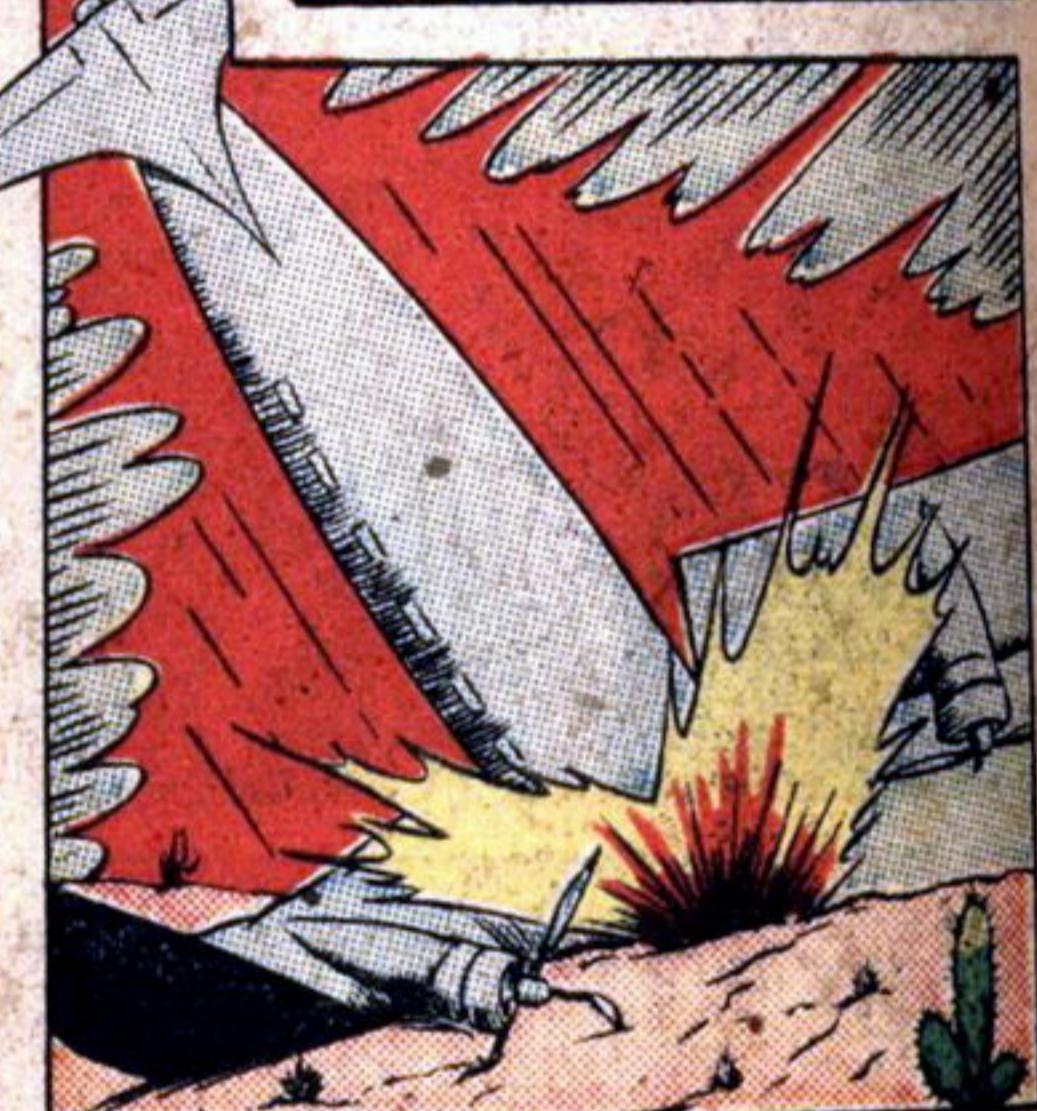
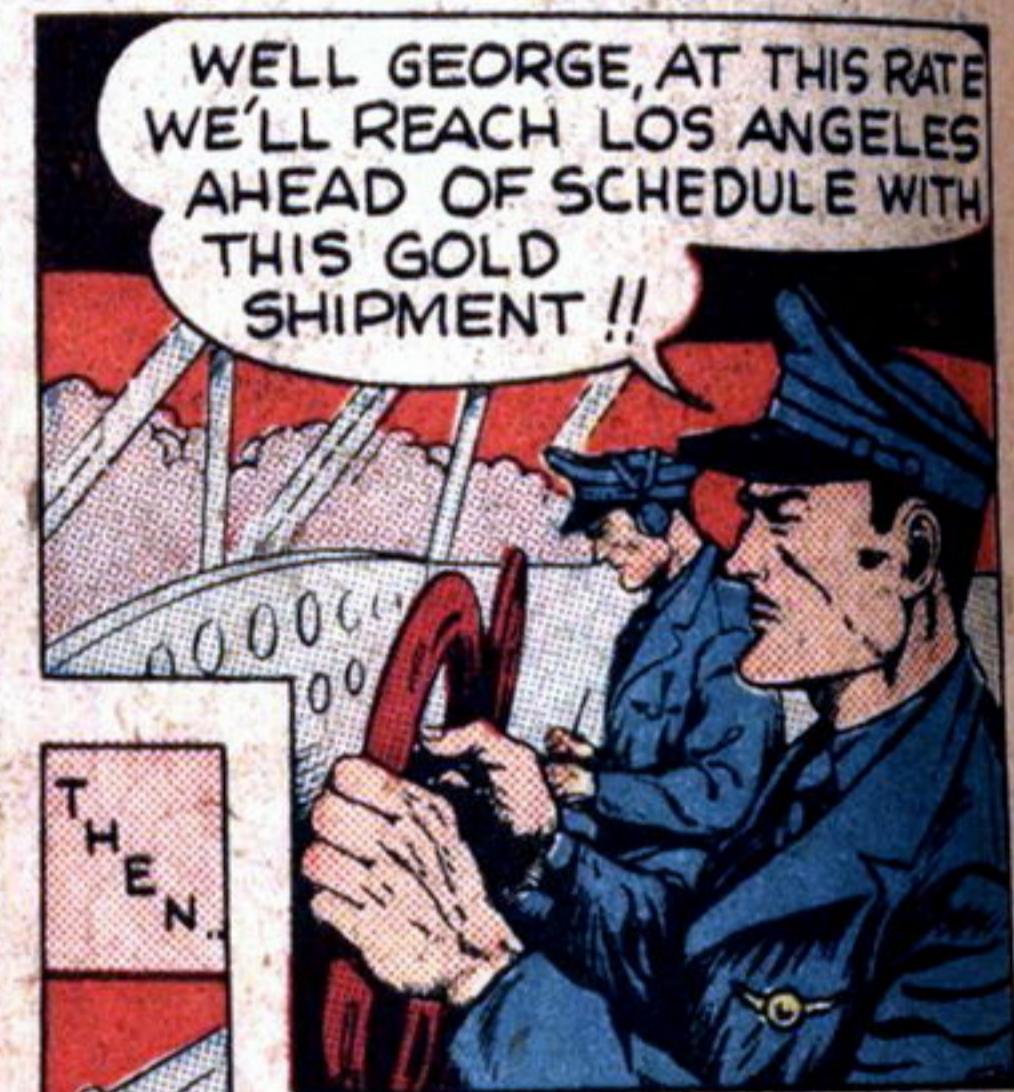
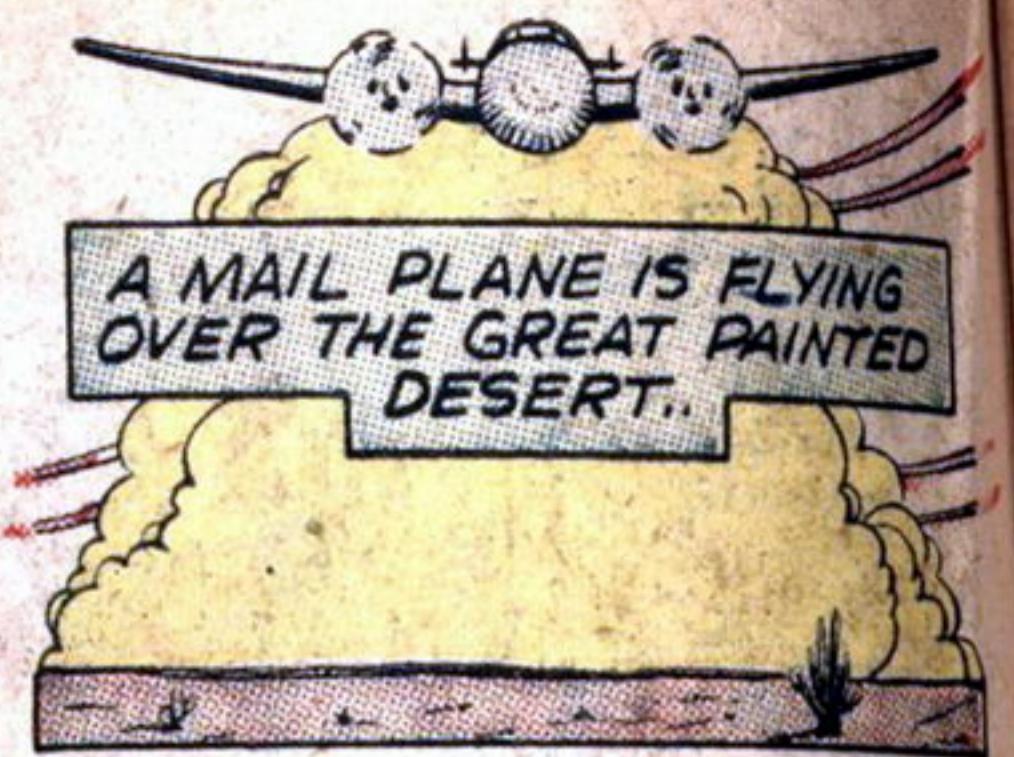
By LANK LEONARD

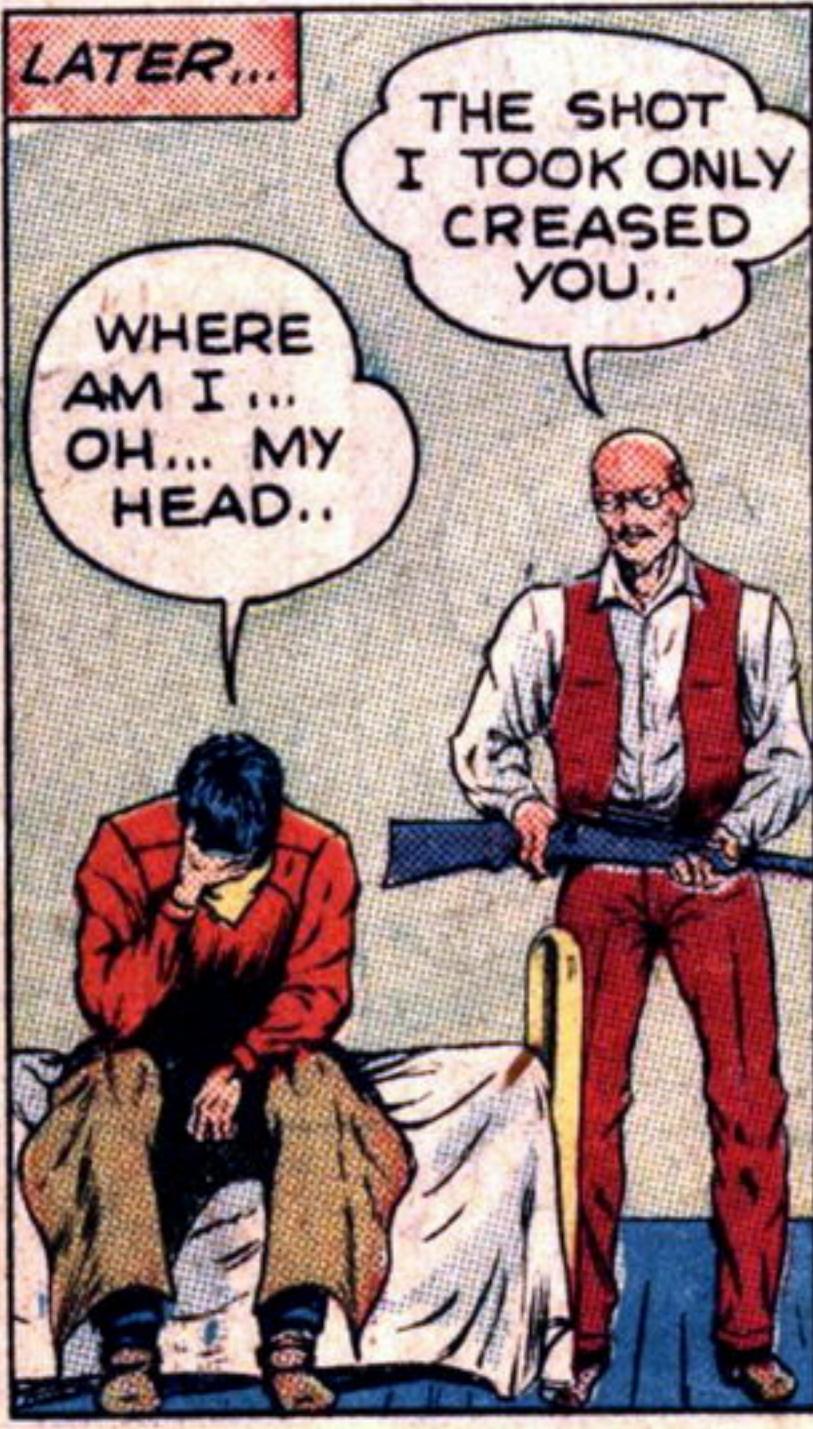
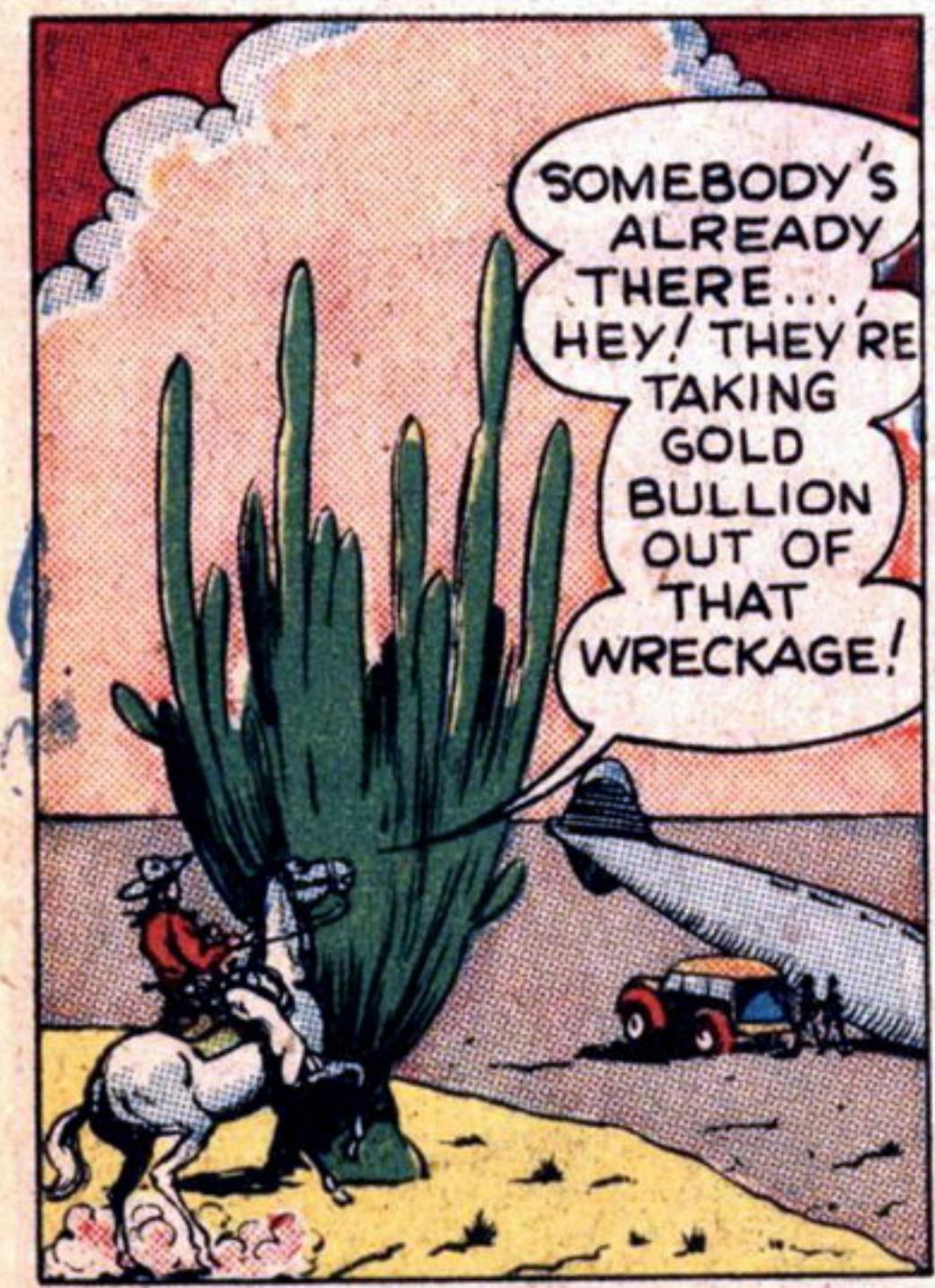
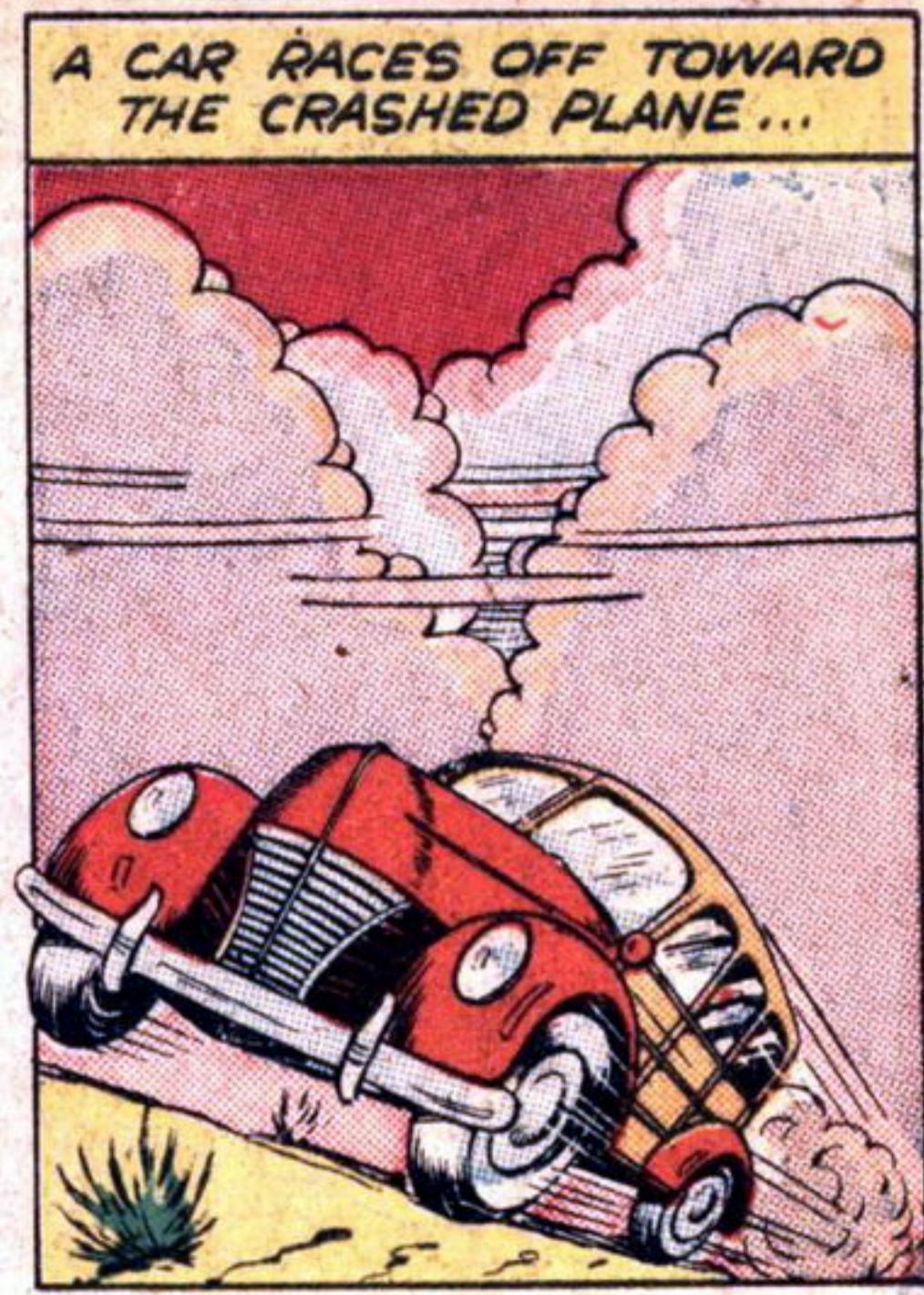
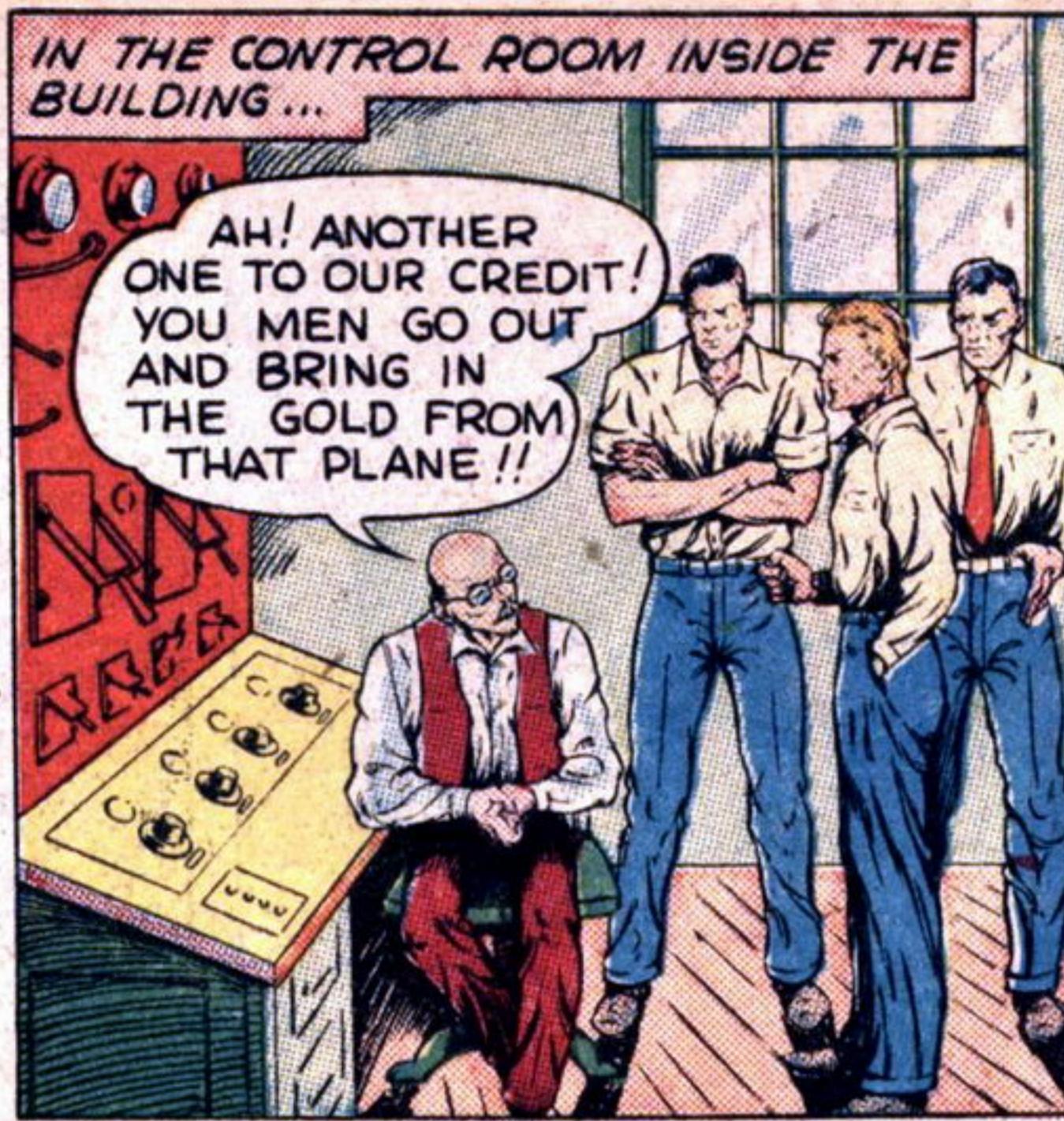


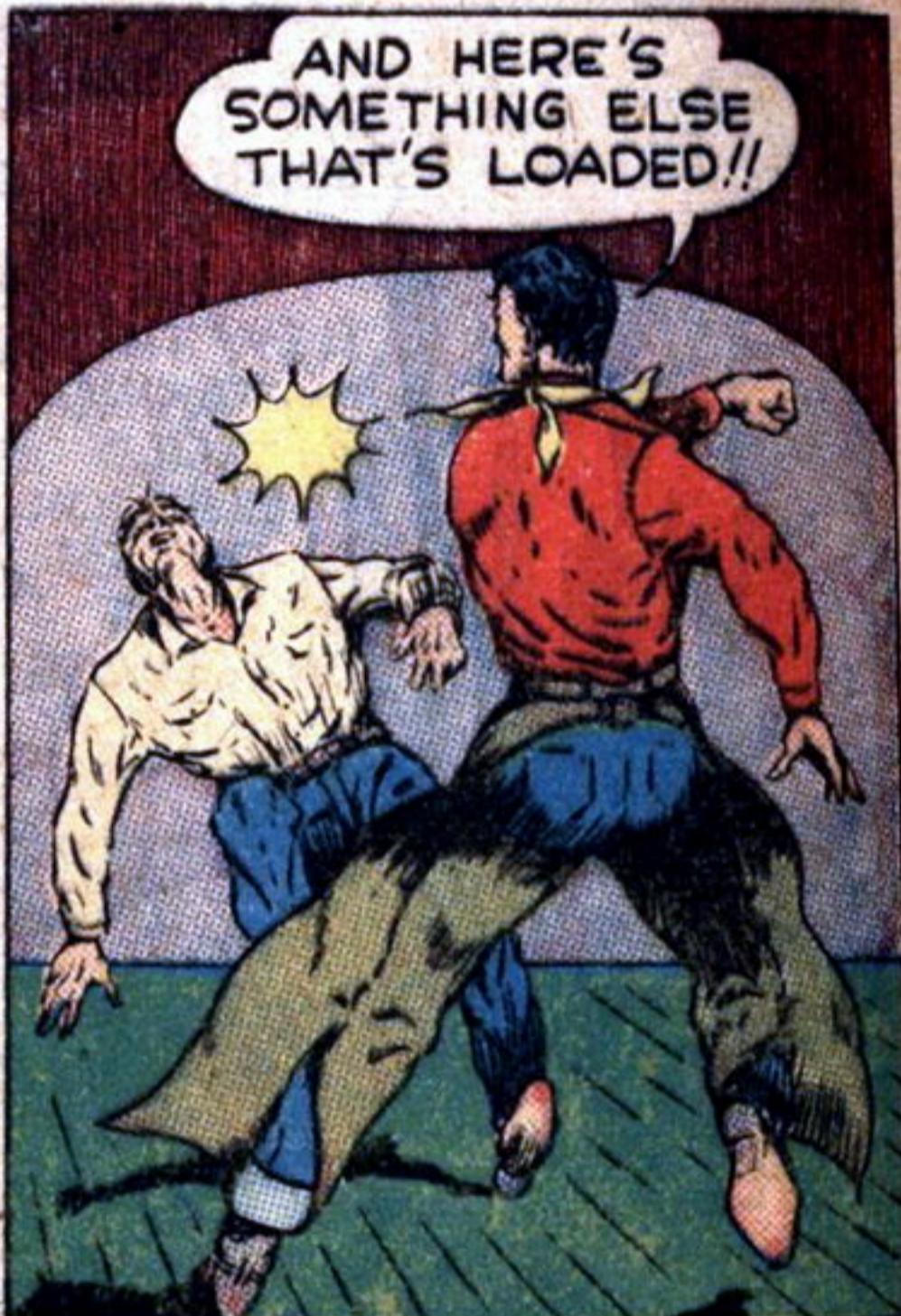
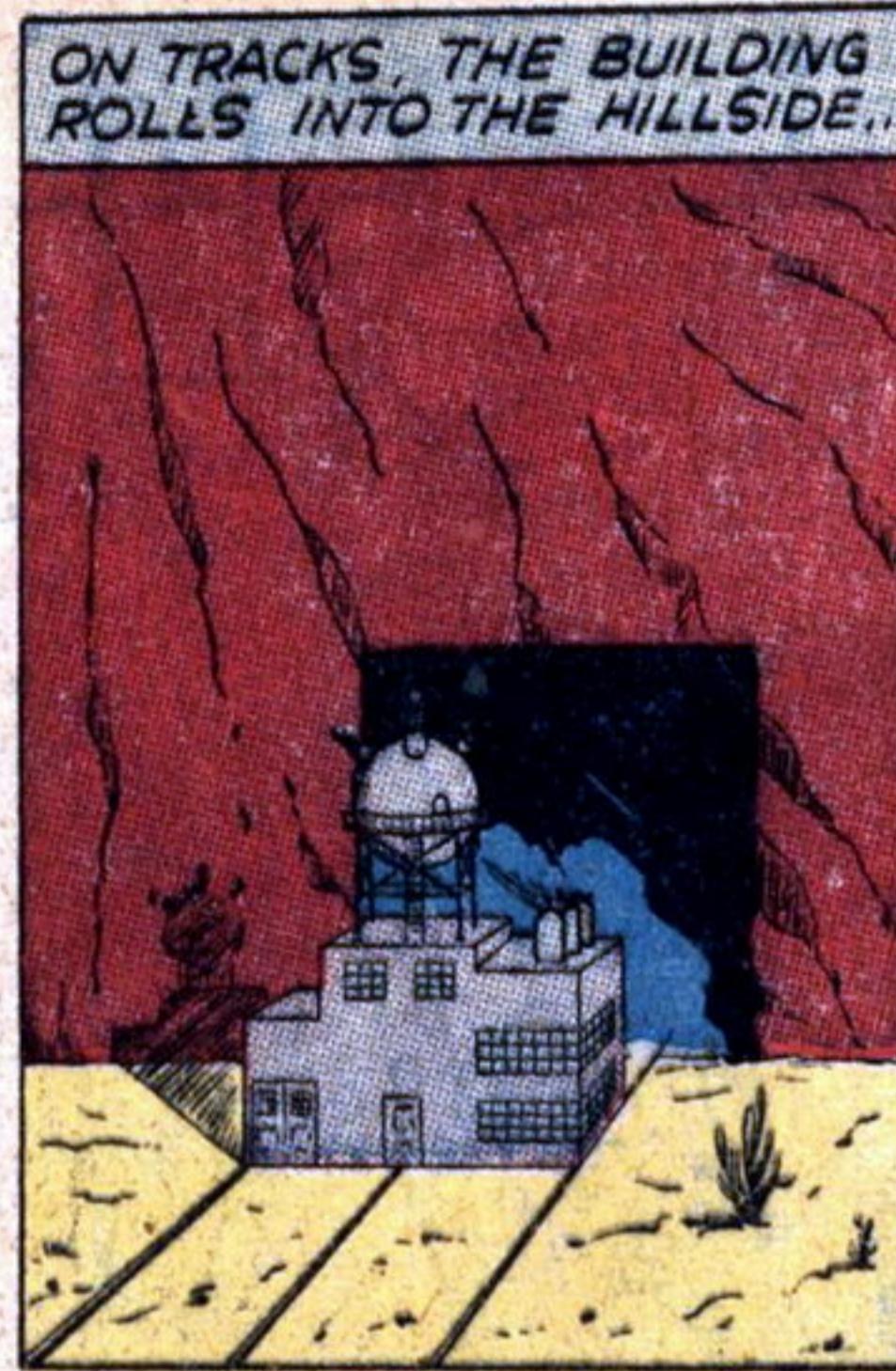
More of Mickey Finn in the January issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale November 26th.

# THE **FARGO** KID

TIM TURNER,  
BETTER KNOWN  
AS THE FARGO  
KID, IS THE  
WEST'S STOUT-  
EST UPHOLDER  
OF JUSTICE...







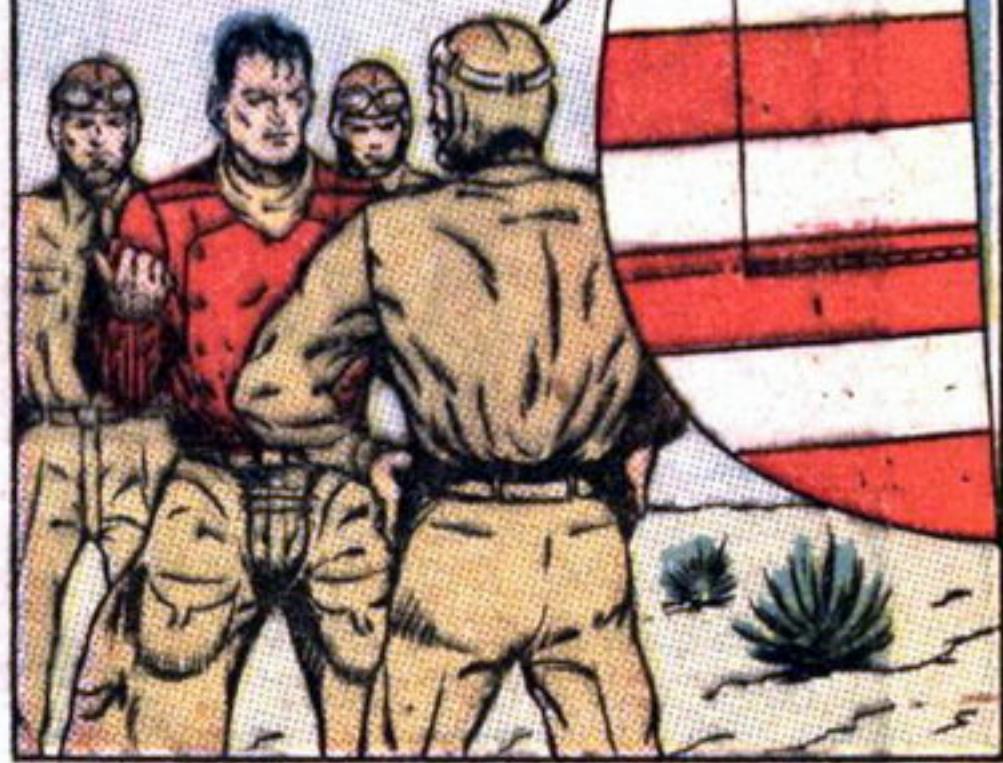
UP IN ONE OF THE ARMY PLANES...

NO TRACE OF THEM  
YET LIEUTENANT...  
FUNNY HOW THOSE  
PLANES DISAPPEAR...  
HEY! LOOK DOWN  
THERE!!



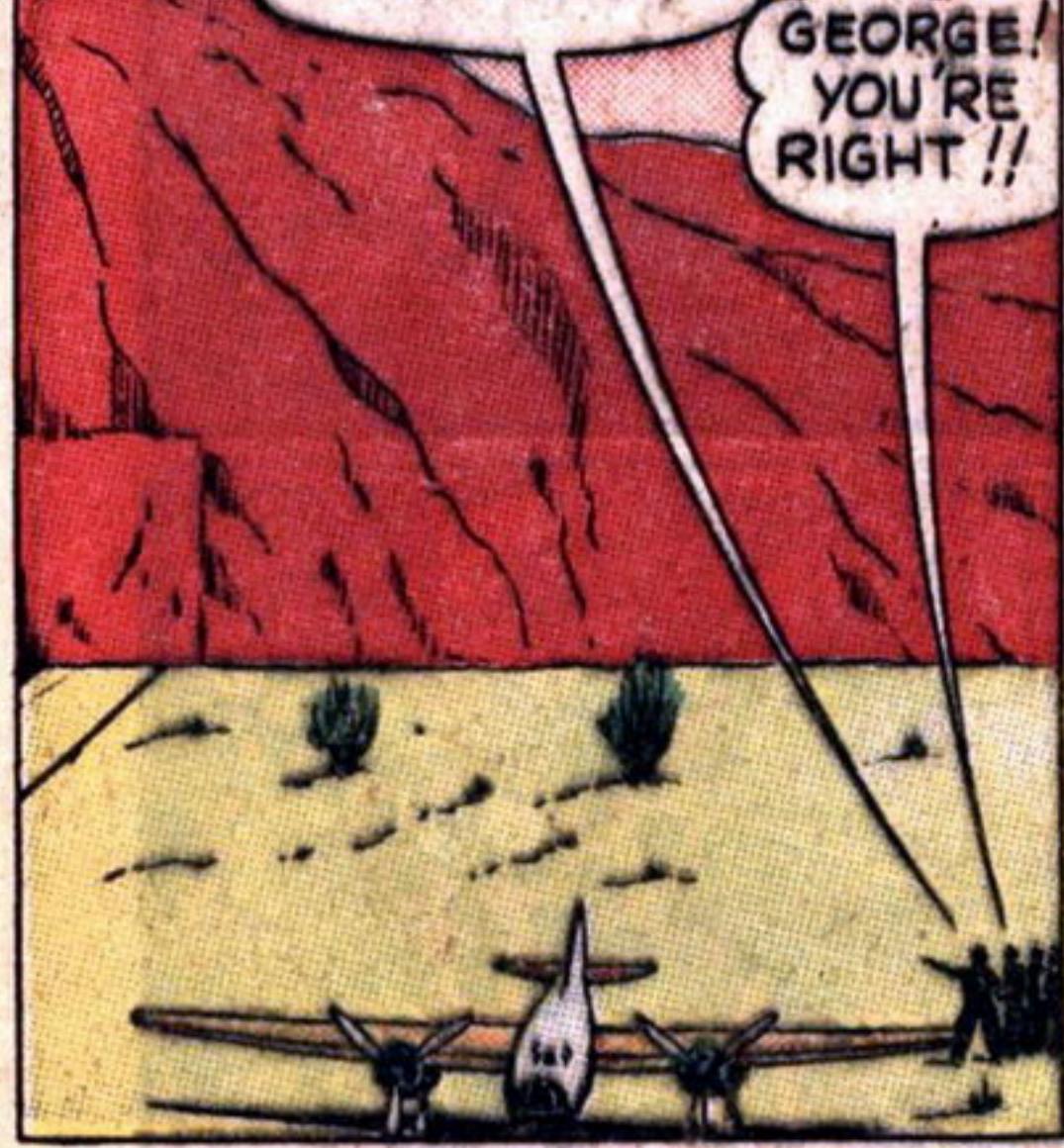
THE PLANES LAND NEAR THE  
FARGO KID...

YOU'LL  
FIND YOUR  
TROUBLE  
MAKERS  
IN THAT  
HILLSIDE...  
THE DESERT  
HEAT MUST'VE  
AFFECTED  
YOU!!



THAT HILLSIDE  
CAMOUFLAGES THEIR  
BASE... SEE THOSE  
TRACKS?

BY  
GEORGE!  
YOU'RE  
RIGHT!!



COME OUT,  
YOU MEN!  
YOU'RE  
UNDER  
ARREST!

COME AN'  
GET US  
SOLDIER!



THE LIEUTENANT GOES BACK  
TO THE PLANES...

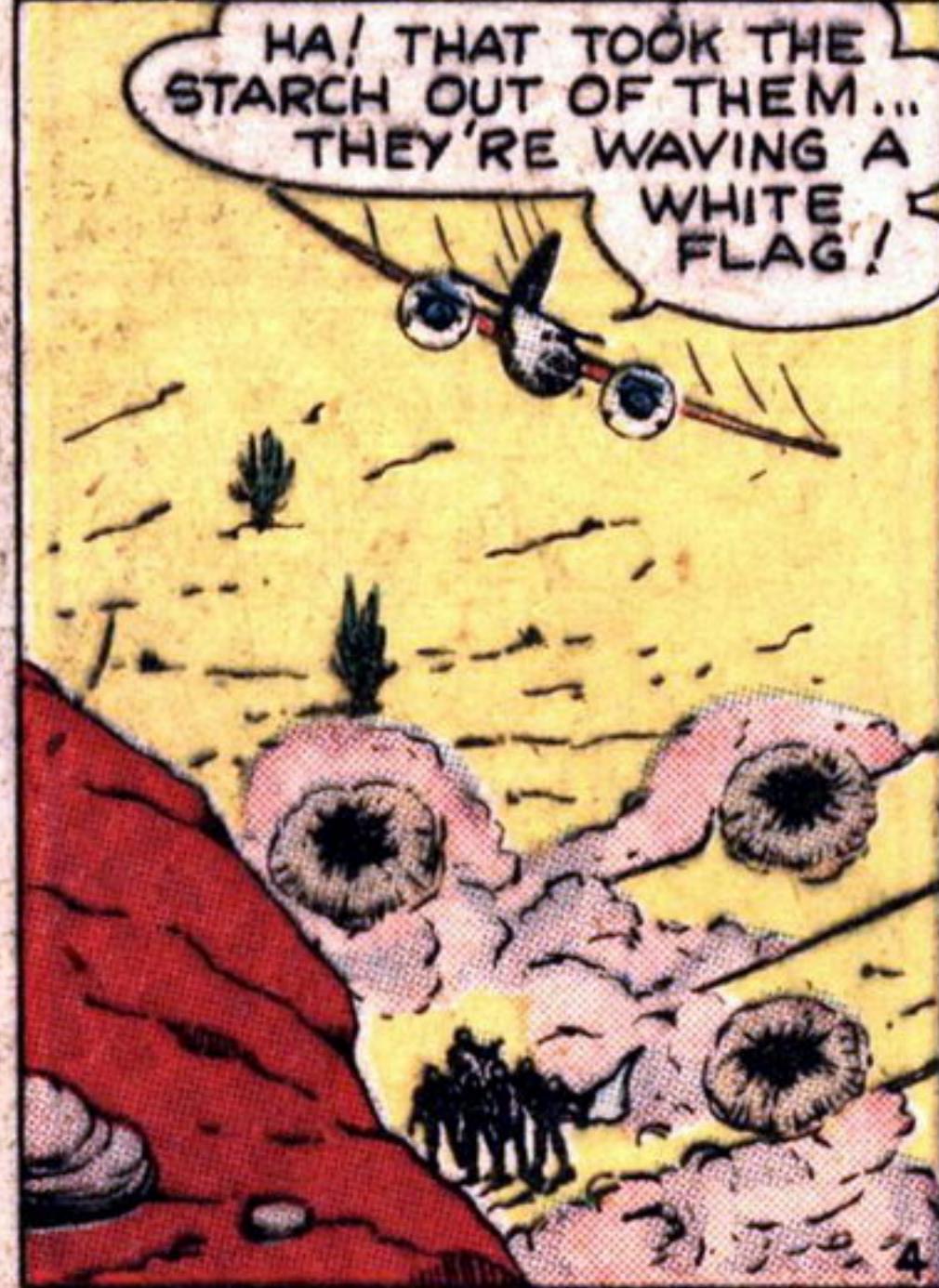
COME ON MEN.. WE'LL  
FERRET THEM OUT WITH  
A COUPLE  
OF EGGS!!



THE PLANES TAKE TO THE AIR  
AND SOON BOMBS RAIN DOWN..



HA! THAT TOOK THE  
STARCH OUT OF THEM...  
THEY'RE WAVING A  
WHITE  
FLAG!



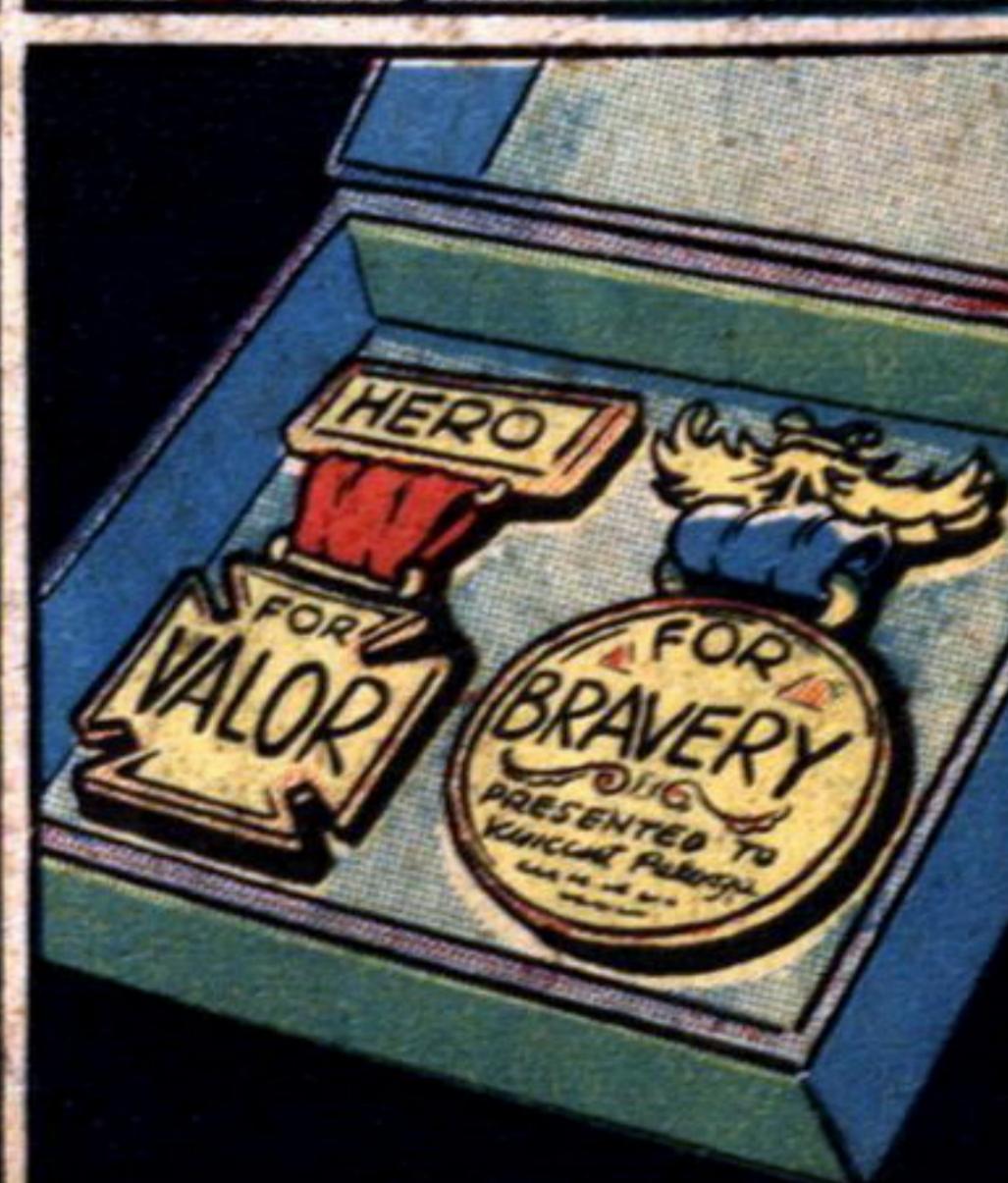
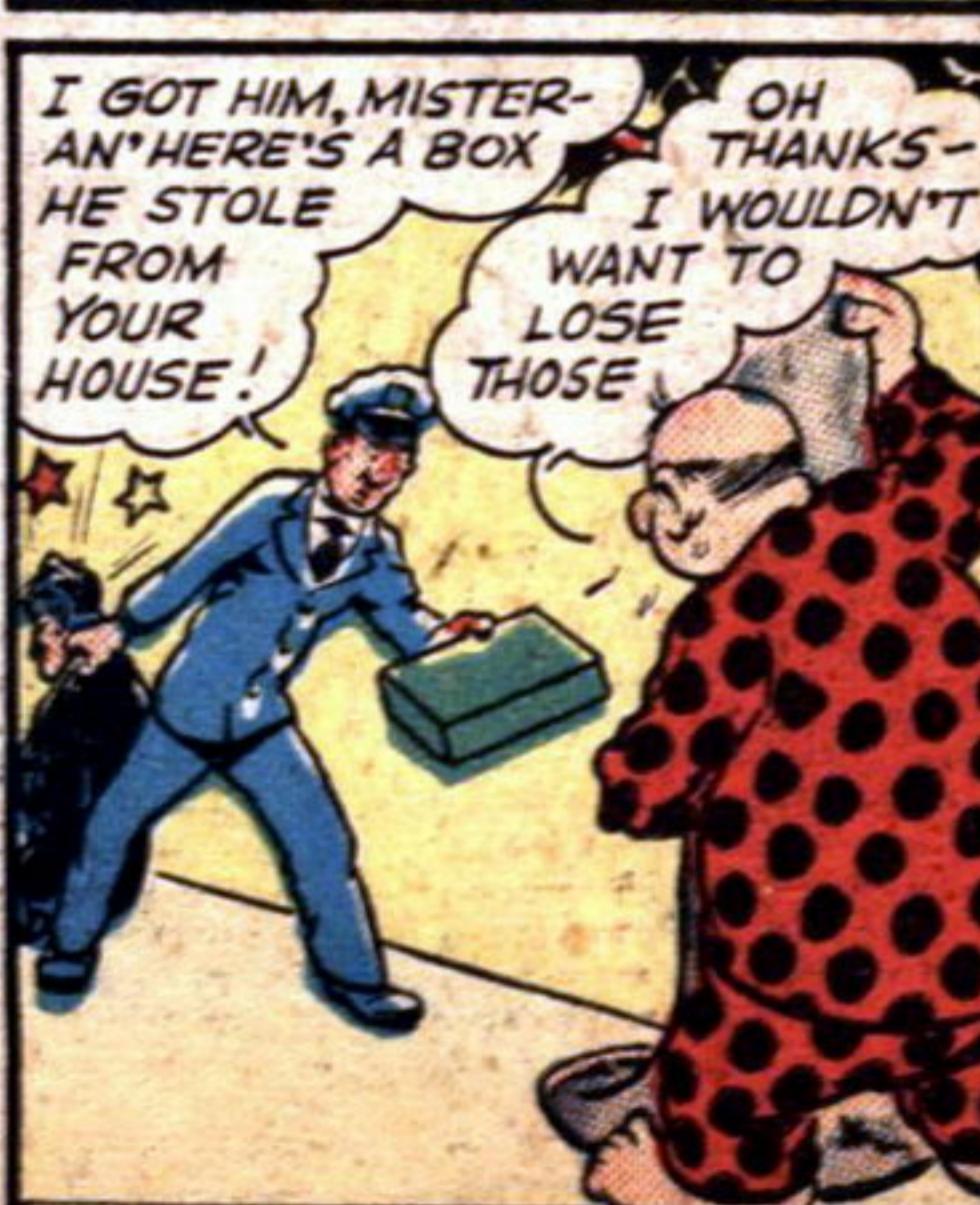
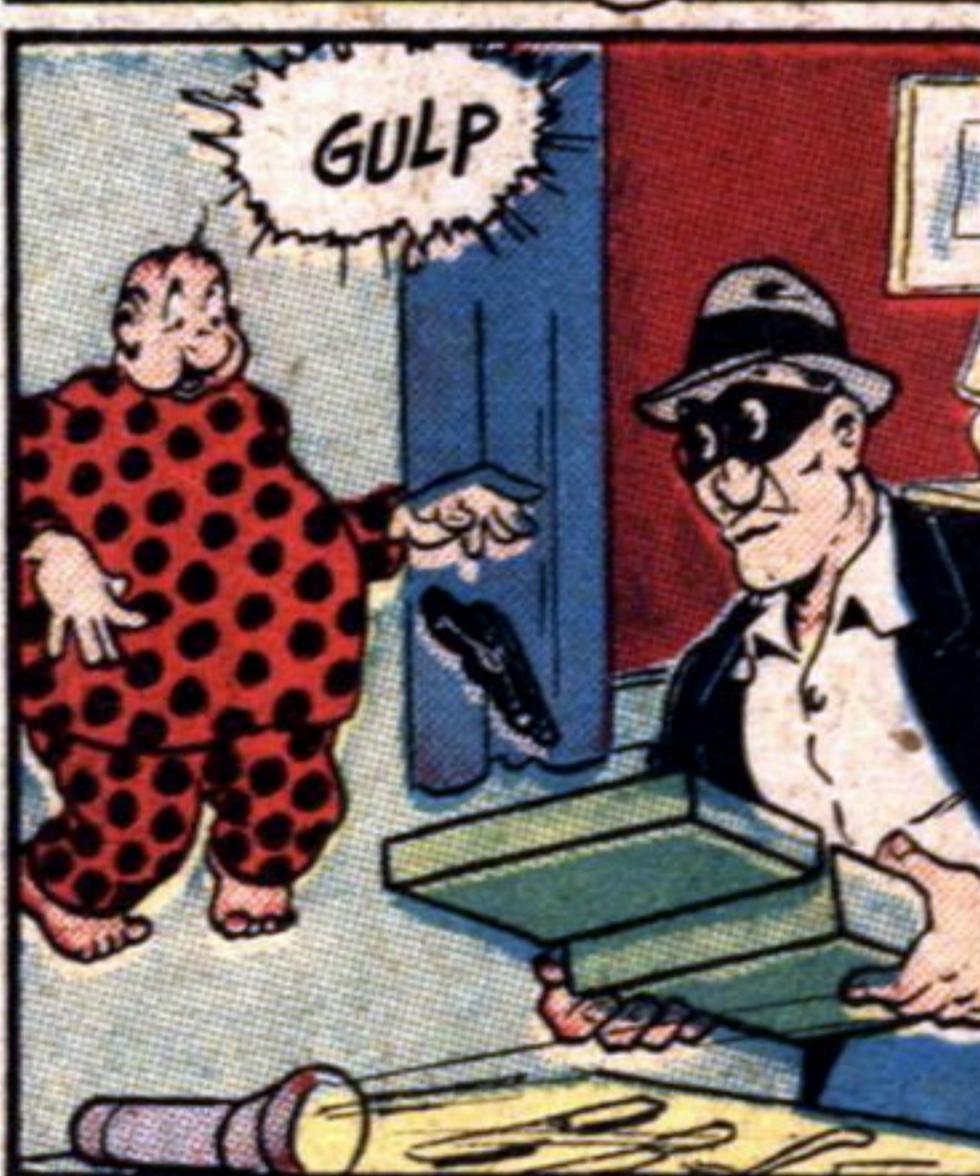
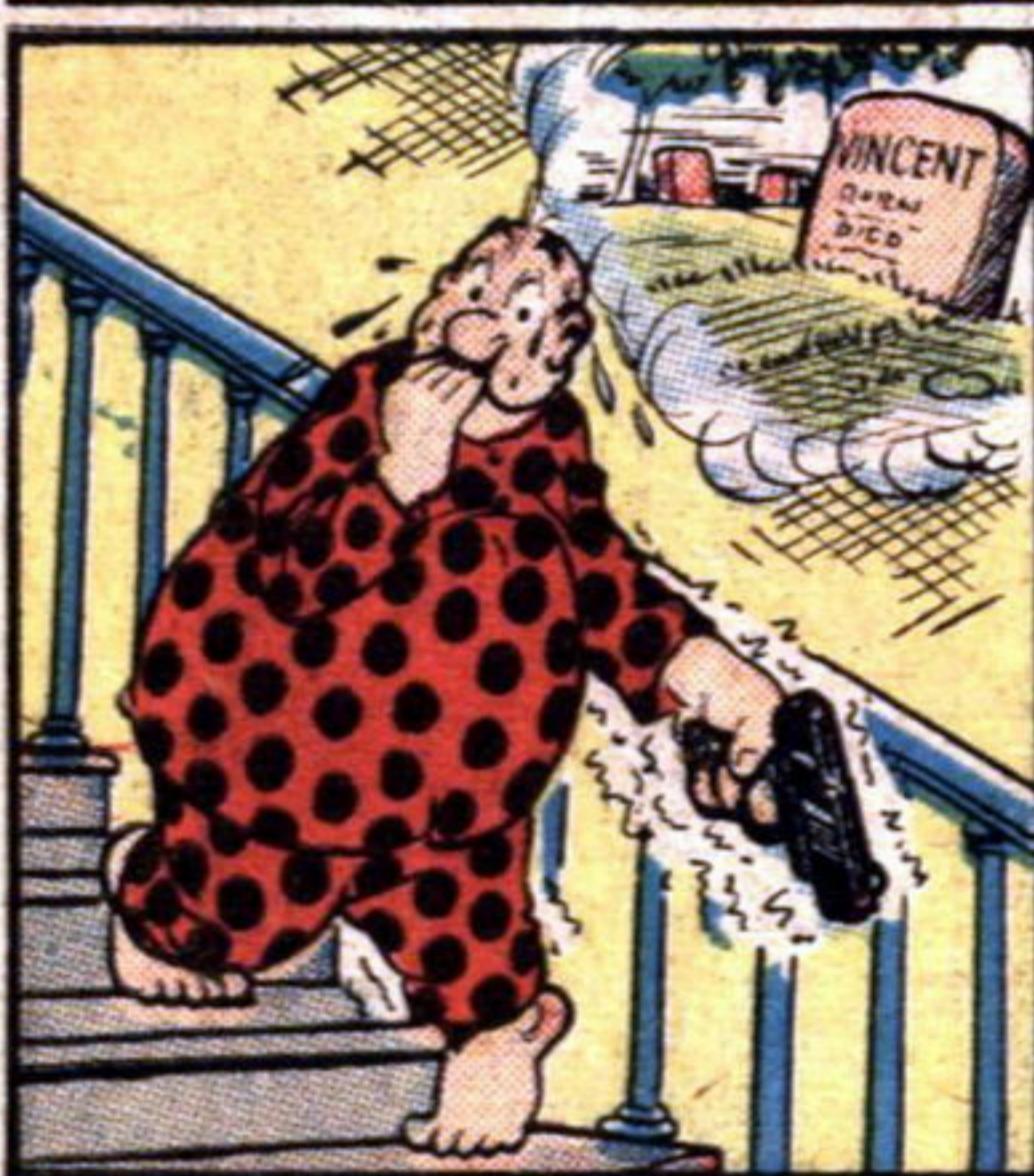
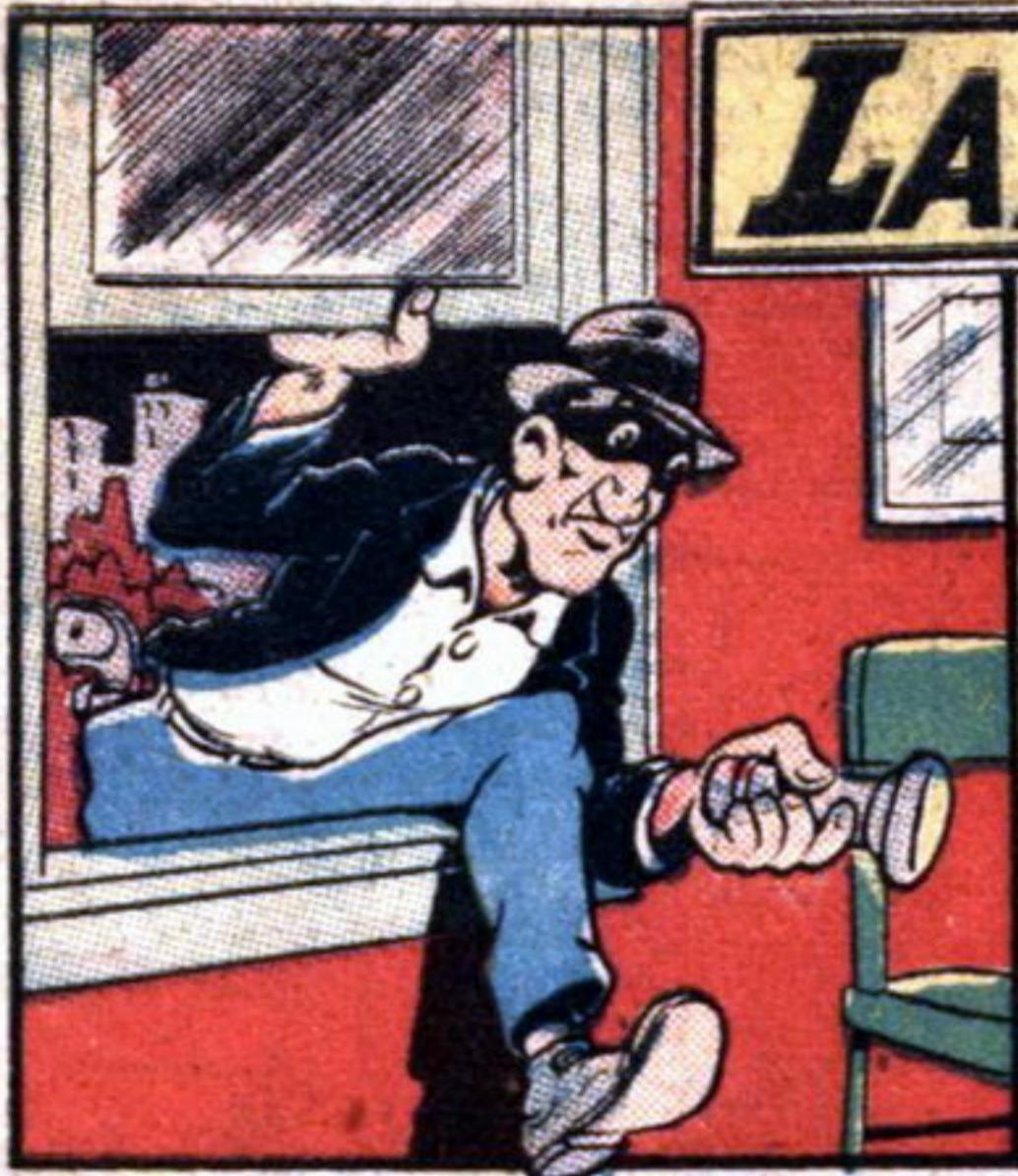
LATER.. YOU SEE, COWBOY..  
THE PLANES WERE  
BROUGHT DOWN BY A DIS-  
CHARGE OF MAGNETIC WAVES  
FROM THE PROFESSOR'S  
INVENTION, WHICH FROZE  
THE ENGINE PARTS, CAUSING  
THE PLANE TO BE THROWN  
OUT OF CONTROL!!

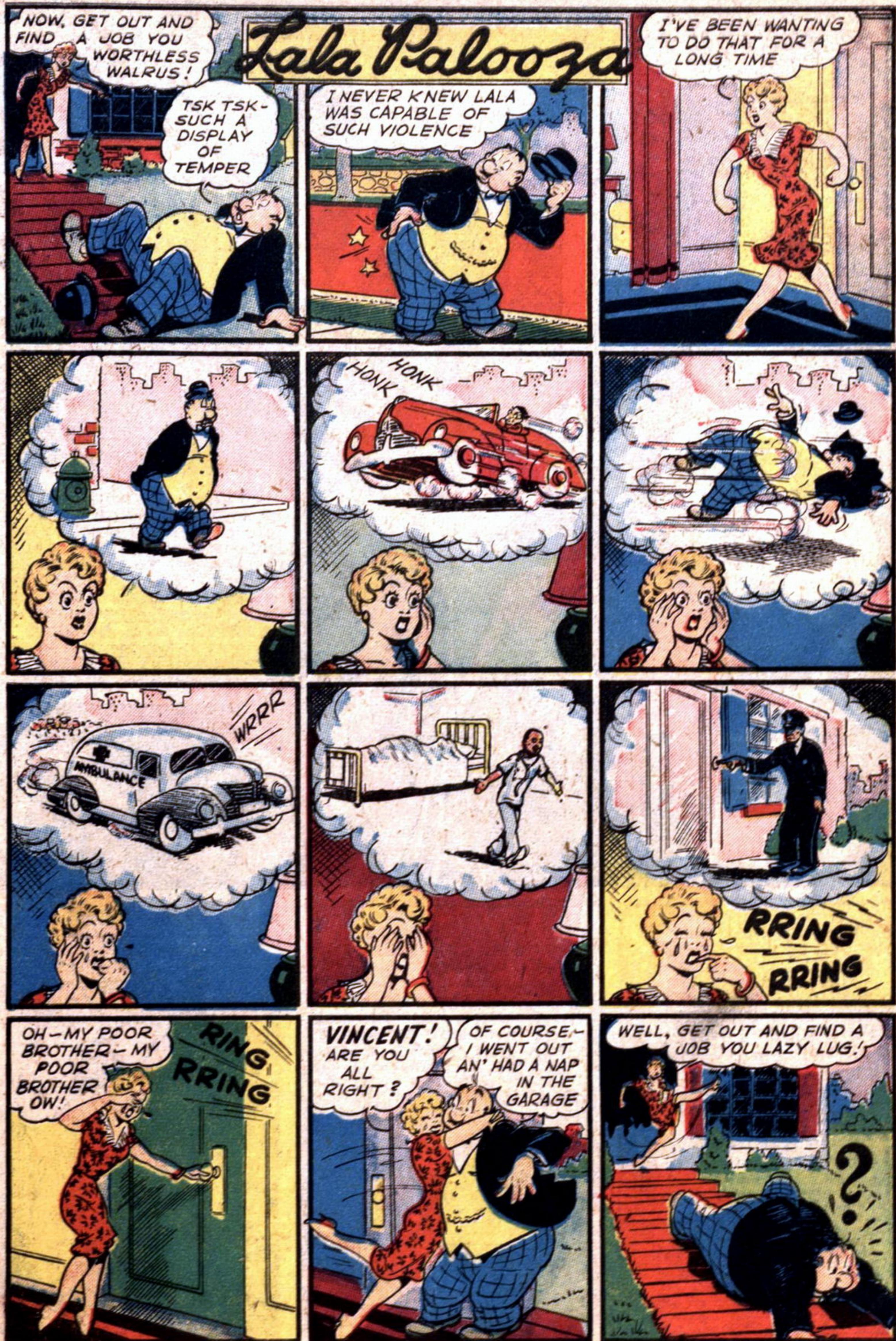


Fargo Kid will thrill you in the January issue of FEATURE COMICS.

# LALAPALOOZA

## BURGLARS

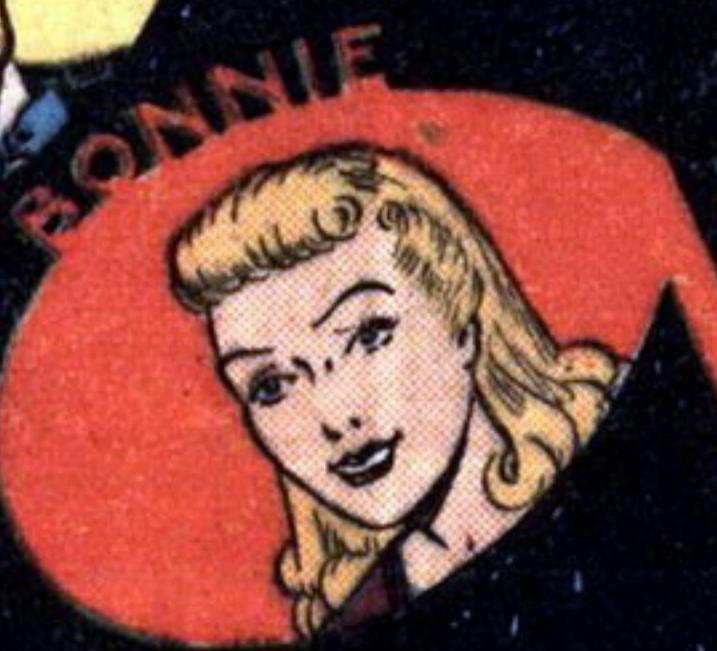




\* Lala Palooza and Vincent come to you again in the January issue.

# Swing Sisson

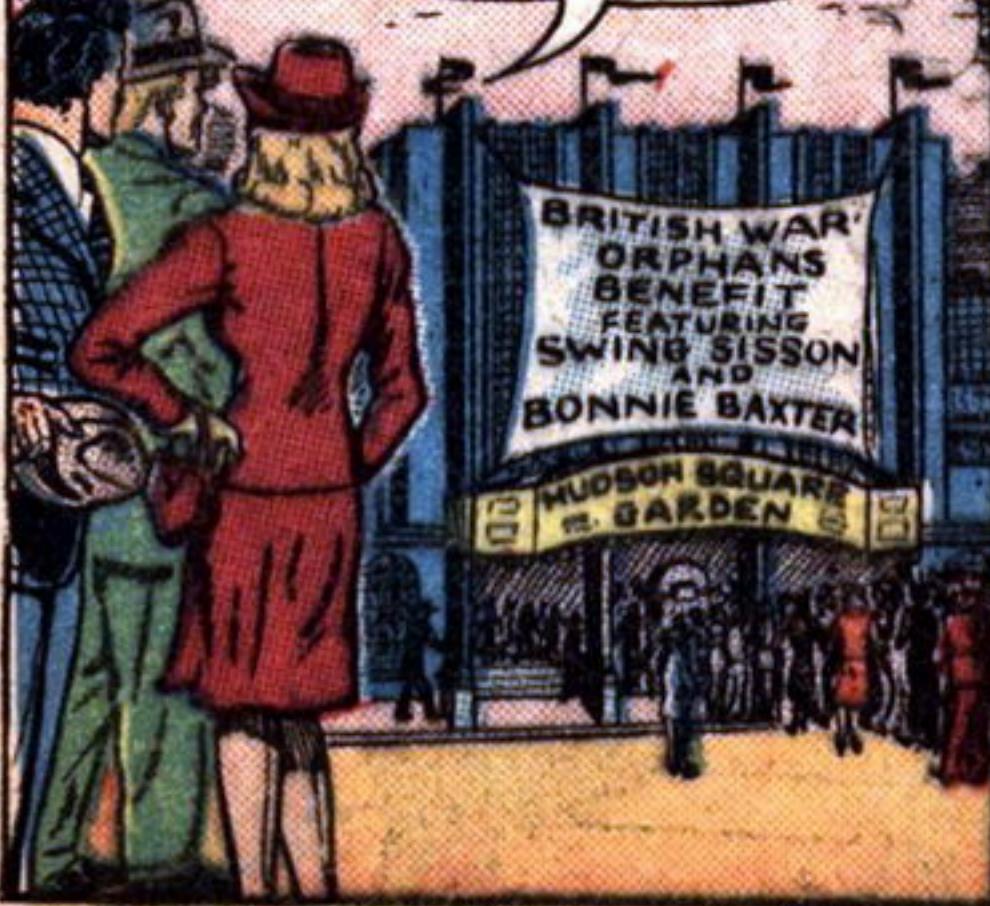
by PHIL MARTIN



SWING SISSON, LEADER OF NEW YORK'S ACE DANCE BAND PLAYING AT THE SWANK CLOVER CLUB, LEADS A LIFE OF THRILLS AND EXCITEMENT. SHARING IN SWING'S ADVENTURES AT ALL TIMES ARE BONNIE BAXTER, THE BAND'S PRETTY VOCALIST, AND TOBY TUCKER, HAPPY-GO-LUCKY SAX PLAYER.

THIS IS ONE BENEFIT I DON'T MIND PLAYING. IT SURE IS FOR A GOOD CAUSE!

LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE IS GOING TO BE JAMMED!



HEY, SWING, THEY'VE GOT YOU AND BONNIE ON THERE...BUT THEY FORGOT ME!

WHY, TOBY, YOU KNOW YOU'RE TOO MODEST TO WANT ANYTHING LIKE THAT!



IN A NEARBY HOTEL ROOM...

WELL, BOYS, GUESS WHAT'S ON THE BOOKS FOR TONIGHT? YOU TELL US, BLACKIE!

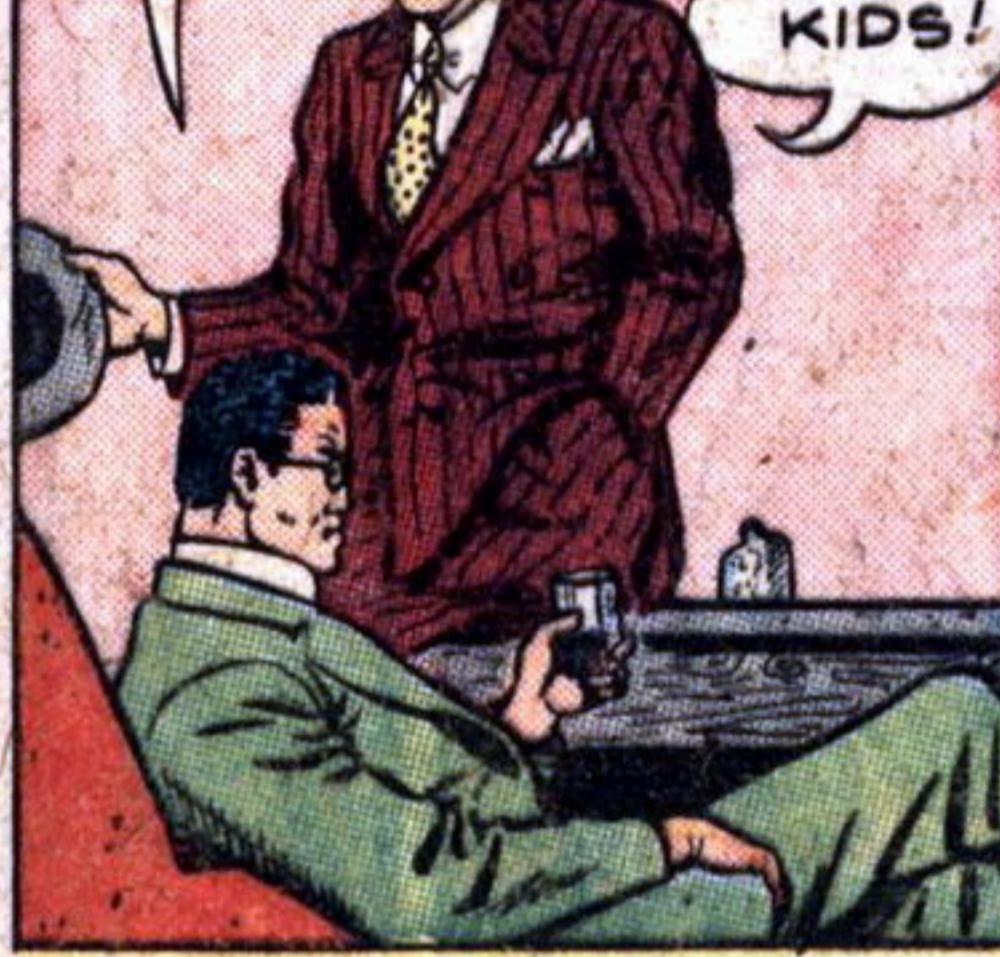


THERE'S A LITTLE BENEFIT BEING HELD OVER AT THE GARDEN, FOR THE POOR LITTLE ENGLISH KIDDIES. THEY EXPECT 10,000 PEOPLE THERE...AT FIVE BUCKS A HEAD...



FIFTY THOUSAND SMACKERS IN THE BOX OFFICE! WOW!

BUT I KNOW A POOR LITTLE ORPHAN BOY WHO NEEDS THAT MOOLA EVEN MORE THAN THE LIMEY KIDS!



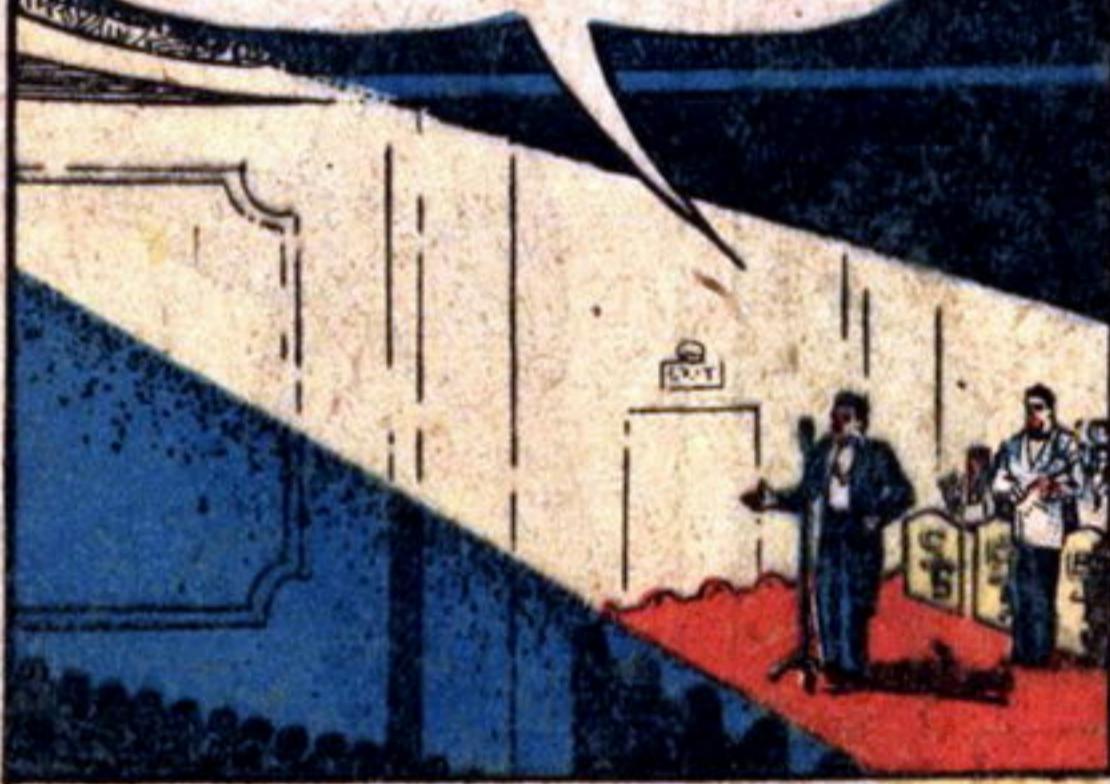
WHO'S THAT? I MEAN ME! POOR LITTLE BLACKIE BOYLE! LET'S GO, YOU TRAMPS!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

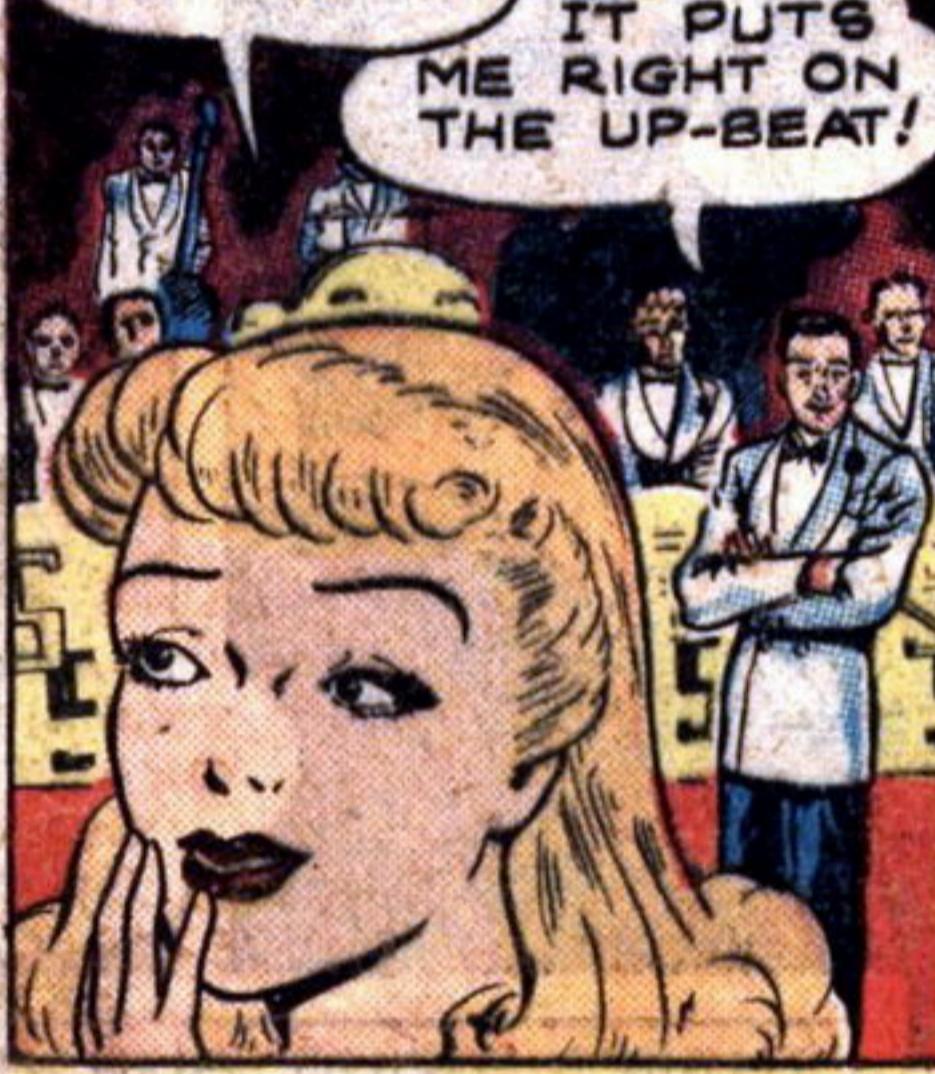


MEANWHILE, AT HUDSON SQUARE GARDEN...

...AND I WANT TO THANK EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU FOR COMING HERE TONIGHT. THE PROCEEDS OF THIS BENEFIT WILL BUY FOOD AND CLOTHING FOR MANY A POOR, PARENTLESS CHILD...



GEE, SWING, IT MAKES ME FEEL GOOD ALL OVER TO THINK OF THE PLEASURE THAT MONEY IS GOING TO BRING!



IT PUTS ME RIGHT ON THE UP-BEAT!

A FEW MINUTES LATER.

...GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO INTRODUCE SWING SISSON, FAMOUS YOUNG KING OF BOOGIE-WOOGIE! SEND IT OUT, SWING!



FOR SEVERAL SOLID NUMBERS THE BAND GIVES OUT, HOLDING THE HUGE AUDIENCE SPELLBOUND!



WHITE OUT AT THE BOX OFFICE...

I'M GLAD THOSE POLICEMEN ARE HERE. FIFTY THOUSAND CASH IS A LOT OF MONEY!



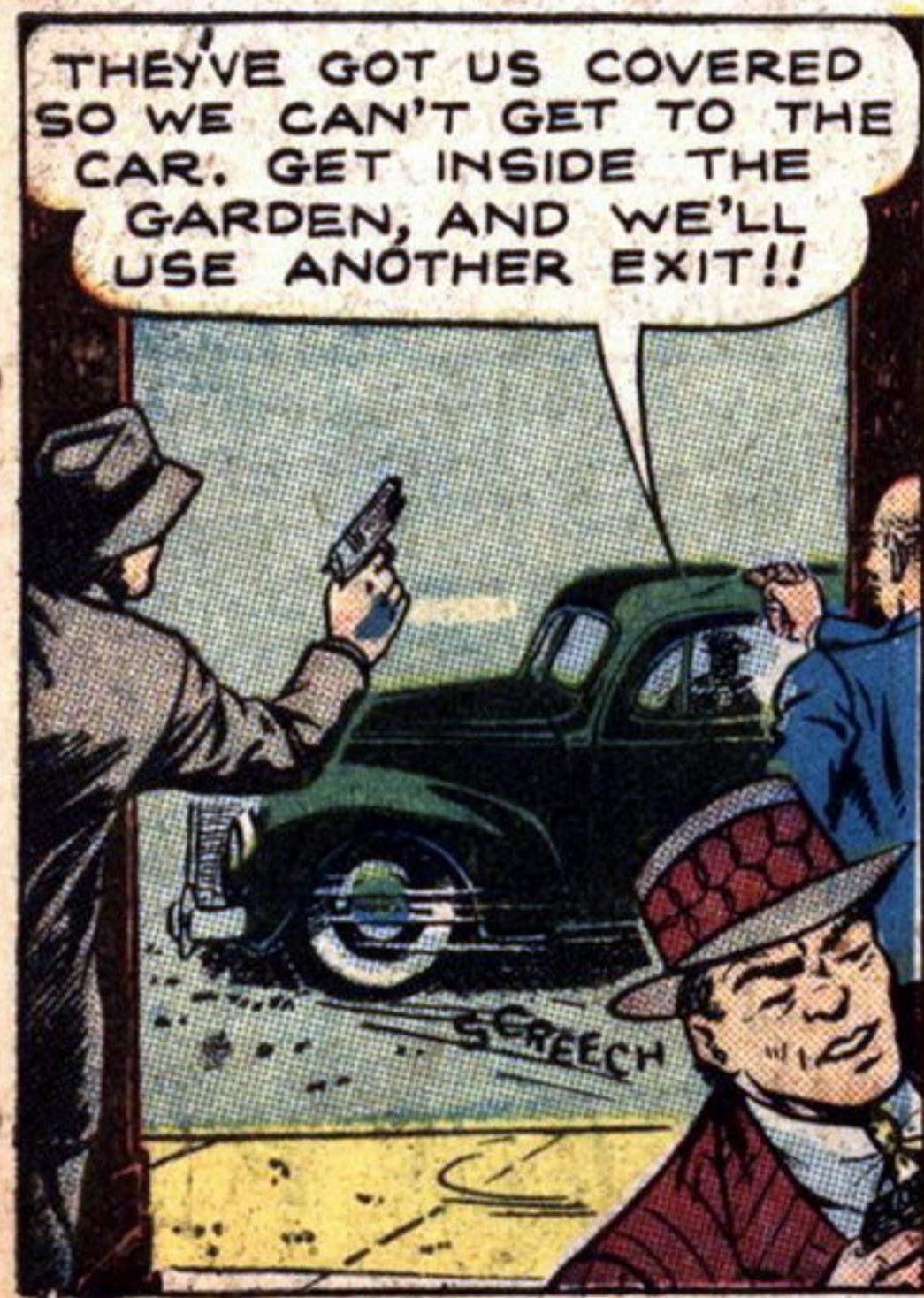
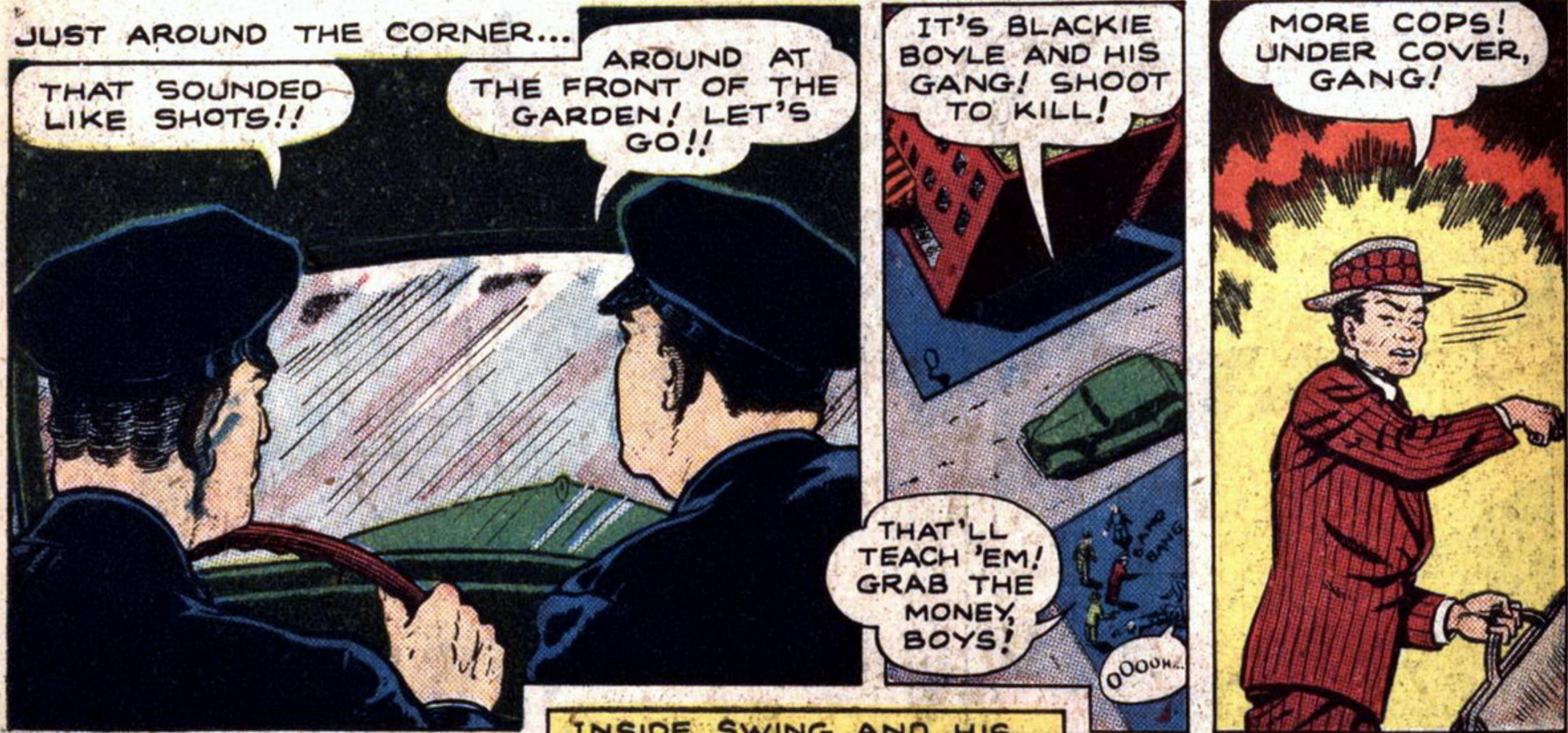
LET'S HURRY AND GET IT TO THE NIGHT DEPOSIT BOX!

IN THEIR CAR THE THUGS WATCH THE CASHIER, TWO POLICEMEN, AND THE MANAGER AS THEY EMERGE FROM THE GARDEN'S MAIN DOOR...

HERE THEY COME. GET RID OF THOSE TWO BULLS FIRST!



THIS IS GOING TO BE TOO EASY!



AS THE CROOKS RUSH TOWARD ANOTHER EXIT...

HOLD IT! THREE COPS AT THIS EXIT!



THEY TRY SEVERAL OTHER EXITS, BUT FIND THEM ALL BLOCKED. THEN...



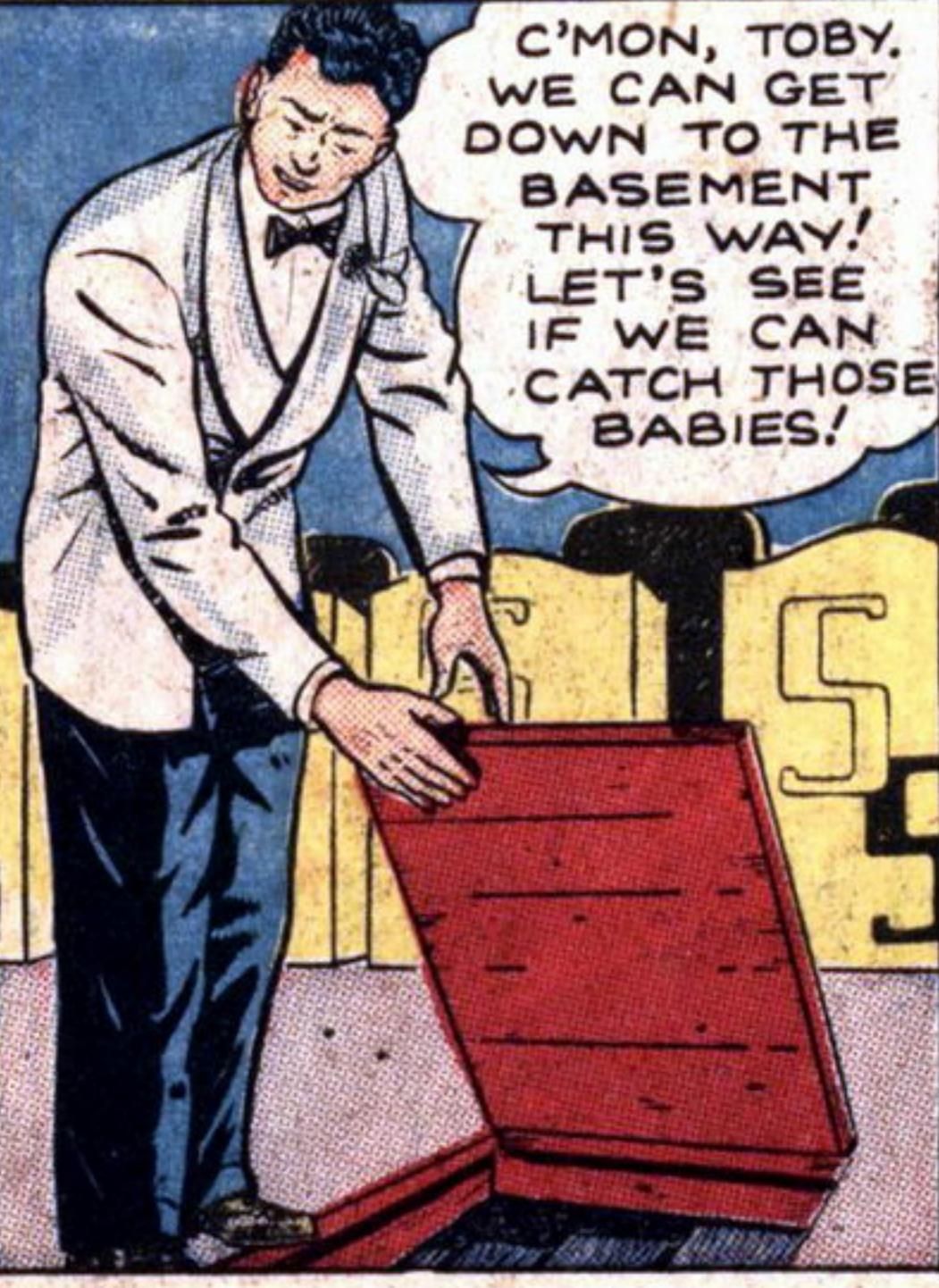
SWING, THEY GOT ALL THE MONEY BELONGING TO THE WAR ORPHANS!

I'LL BE DARNED IF I'M DONATING MY SERVICES TO LET CROOKS GET THE MONEY!



THEN THE POLICE BURST IN...

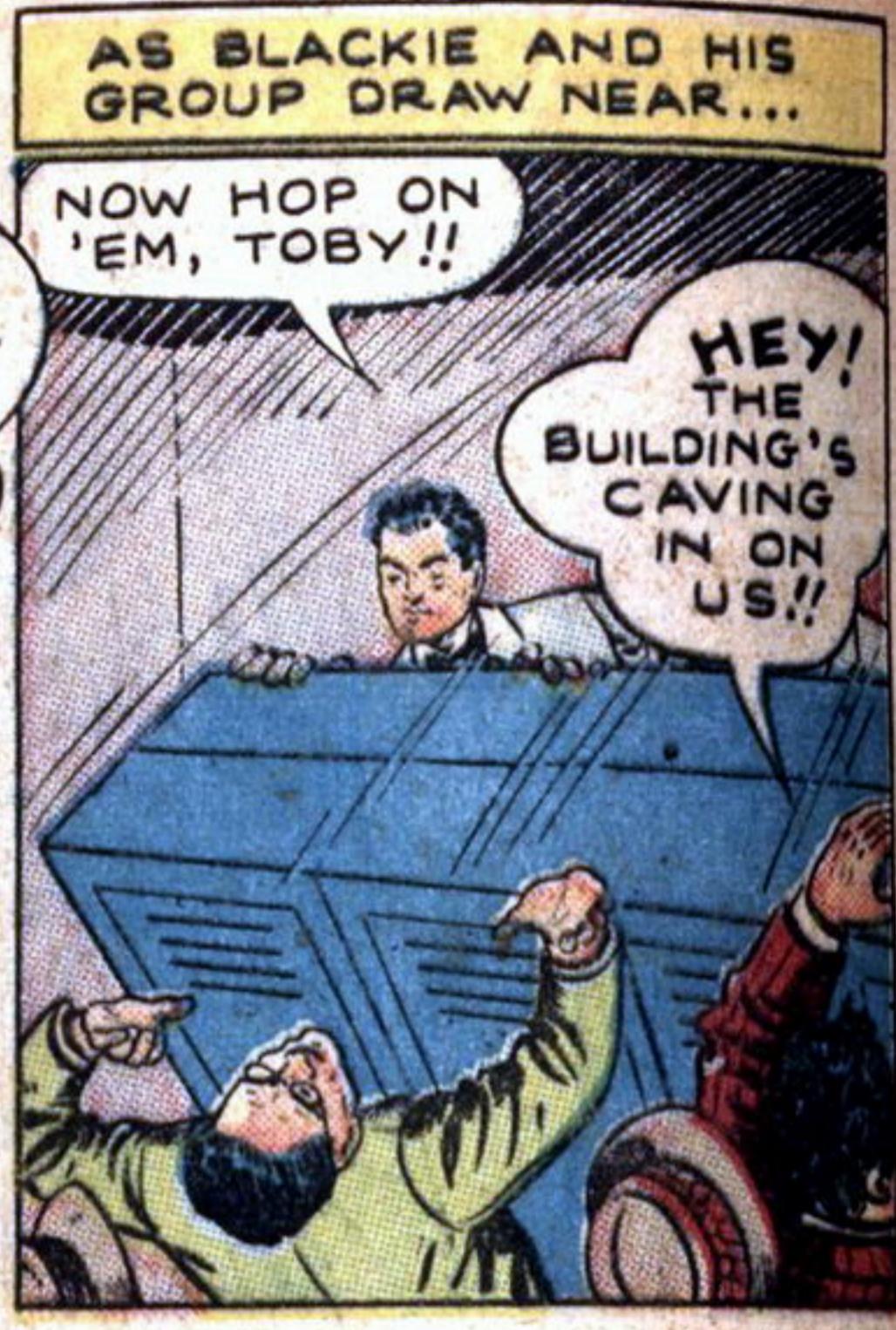
EVERYBODY STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE. WE'VE GOT BLACKIE BOYLE AND HIS GANG, WHO JUST ROBBED THE BOX OFFICE, TRAPPED HERE IN THE GARDEN!



SWING..UH...W-WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO IF WE DO CORNER BLACKIE AND HIS GANG? THEY'RE THE TOUGHEST KILLERS IN THE COUNTRY!

WE'LL FIGURE THAT OUT WHEN THE TIME COMES!





BUT ON THE STAIRS LEADING FROM THE BANDSTAND...

IF THEY THINK THEY'RE GOING TO CHEAT ME OUT OF EXCITEMENT, THEY'RE CRAZY!

SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING'S GOING ON OVER TOWARD THAT BIG LOCKER ROOM!

BLACKIE MENACES SWING AND TOBY...

JUST FOR BEING WISE GUYS, I'M GOING TO GUN YOU TWO BIRDS DOWN RIGHT NOW!

C-C-CAN'T WE T-TALK THIS OVER, MR. BLACKIE?

LOOKS LIKE BONNIE COMES TO THE RESCUE AFTER ALL!

IT'S JUST LITTLE BONNIE, BOYS!

JGH!

OOF! WHAT A SOCK!"

SAY, MISS... WOULD YOU CONSIDER AN OFFER TO PLAY PRO FOOTBALL?

THE POLICE ARRIVE....

WE'LL GIVE YOU THE HONOR OF RETURNING THIS MONEY TO THE COMMITTEE, MISS. YOU AND YOUR PALS SURE SAVED THE DAY!

I WISH I HAD THE CHANCE EVERYDAY TO DO SOMETHING FOR THOSE POOR, BRAVE KIDS IN THE WAR!

ON THE WAY BACK TO THE CLOVER CLUB...

MAYBE YOU BOYS WON'T TRY TO LEAVE ME OUT OF THINGS AFTER THIS!

AWW, THIS IS A RECORD THAT WE'LL HEAR TILL THE DAY WE DIE!

COME ALONG JIVE'S HAPPY TRAIL WITH SWING SISSON IN NEXT MONTH'S FEATURE COMICS

Another gripping episode of Swing Sisson in the January issue.

# REYNOLDS

OF THE MOUNTED

ART  
PINIAN

A STRANGE AND EXCITING ADVENTURE BEFALLS SERGEANT REYNOLDS AS HE SETS OUT TO SEARCH FOR BLACK BEARD, BUT MEETS AN OLD FRIEND.....



THE HOME OF NORA REYNOLDS,  
THE SERGEANT'S SISTER.....

REYNOLDS READS ON-SUDDENLY

AND NOW, TIM...UNCLE JIM WILL READ YOU A STORY OF PIRATES AND TREASURE.. IT'S CALLED "TREASURE ISLAND" -

GOSH-

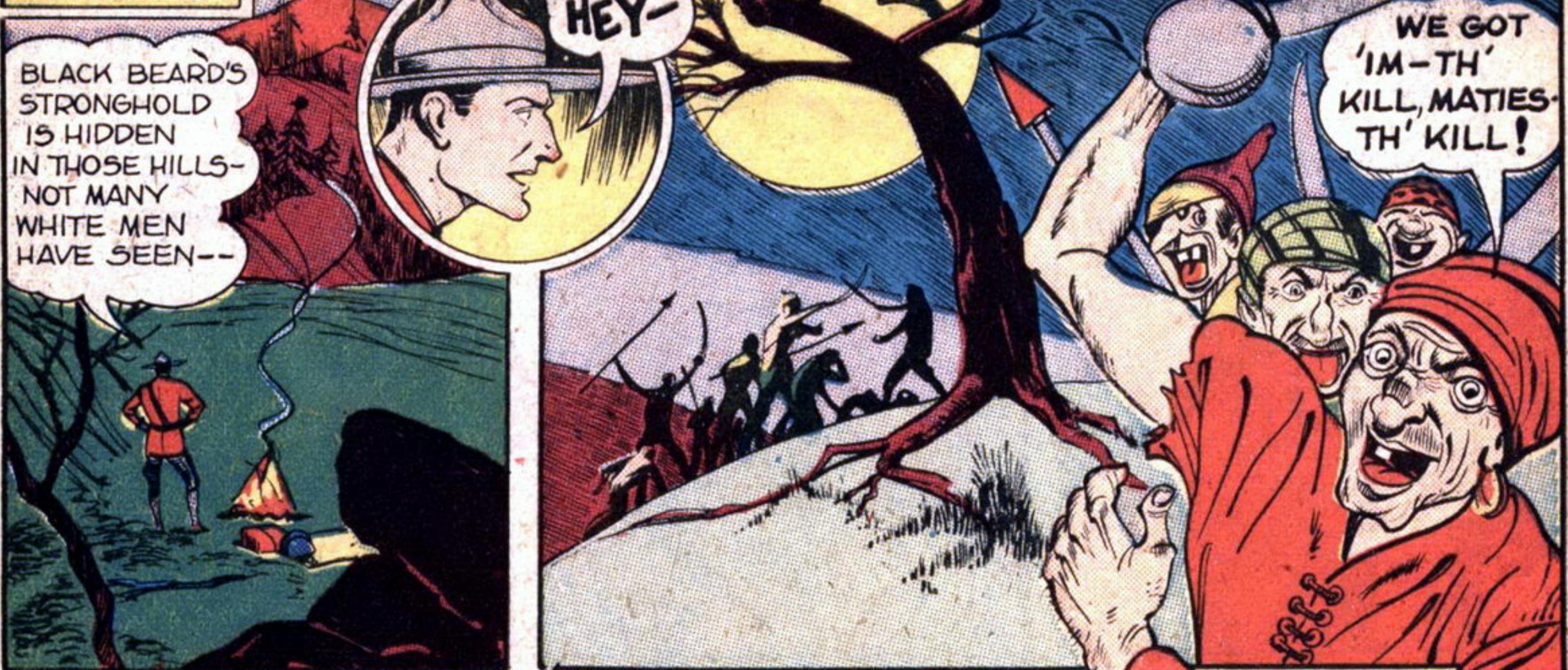
CONSTABLE-  
WHAT'S UP??

INSPECTOR  
WANTS YOU  
RIGHT AWAY,  
JIM -

SERGEANT-BLACK BEARD  
IS ON THE LOOSE...  
WE'VE JUST RECEIVED  
WORD HE'S UP TO SOME  
SCHEME TO PLUNDER  
THE VILLAGERS-  
YOU'VE GOT TO  
STOP HIM!!

YES  
SIR-  
I'LL  
LEAVE  
AT ONCE!

DAYS LATER...



SUDDENLY A SHOT RINGS OUT...

AS THEY DISAPPEAR OVER THE HILL...

THAT DID IT-GREAT SCOTT- IT'S JIM HAWKINS!

THANK YOU, SIR- YOU SURE ROUTED BLACK BEARD'S MEN IN THE NICK OF TIME---

BLACK BEARD'S MEN? THEN HIS HIDEOUT IS NEAR HERE--

YES- HE'S CAPTURED A FRIEND OF MINE WHO I MEAN TO RESCUE... IT'S EITHER BLACK BEARD'S HEAD OR MINE....

WOT WUZ DAT! SHIVER ME TIMBERS!- A MOUNTIE- RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!



AS AN OLD PIRATE HANDLER, JIM, YOU'RE THE ONE TO DO IT- I'VE GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH HIM MYSELF- LET'S TEAM UP EH?? I'M SERGEANT REYNOLDS!!

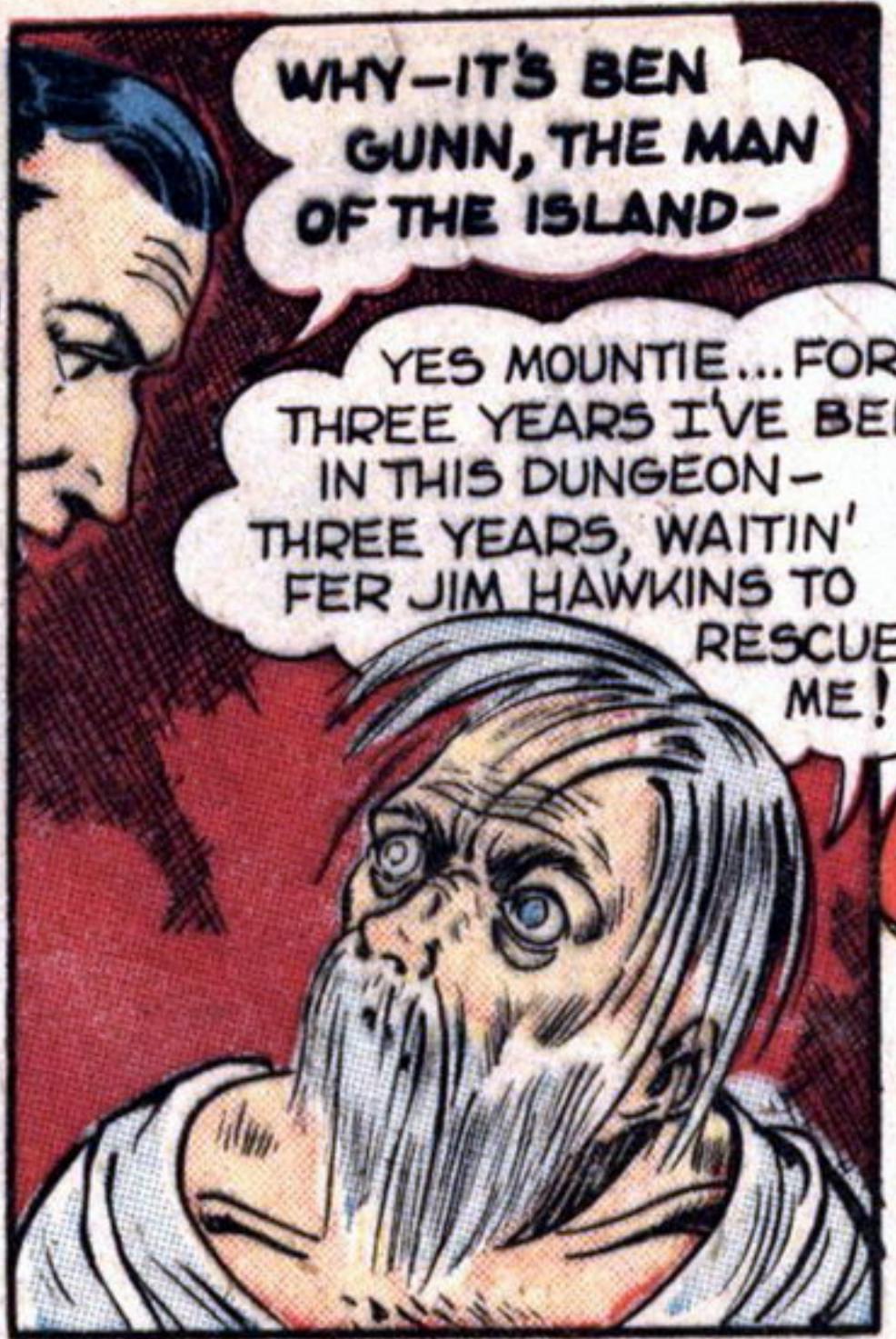
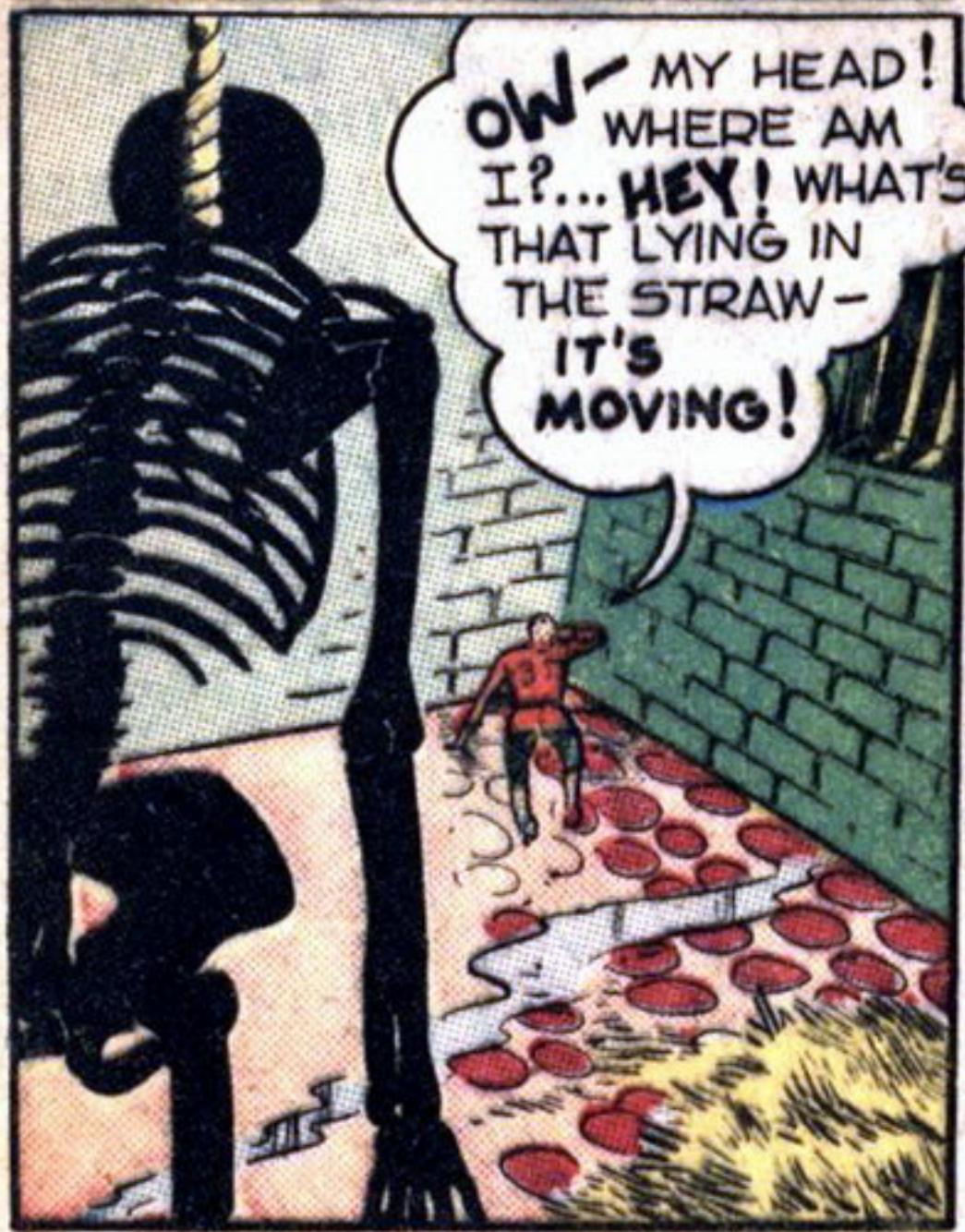
SWELL- LET'S GO- SERGEANT!

SO THAT'S IT! FUNNY, I DIDN'T NOTICE IT BEFORE- WE MUST FIND A WAY TO GET IN!

BUT NEITHER HAS HEARD THE FOOTSTEPS AROUND HIM.....



WHEN REYNOLDS COMES TO.....



LATER -

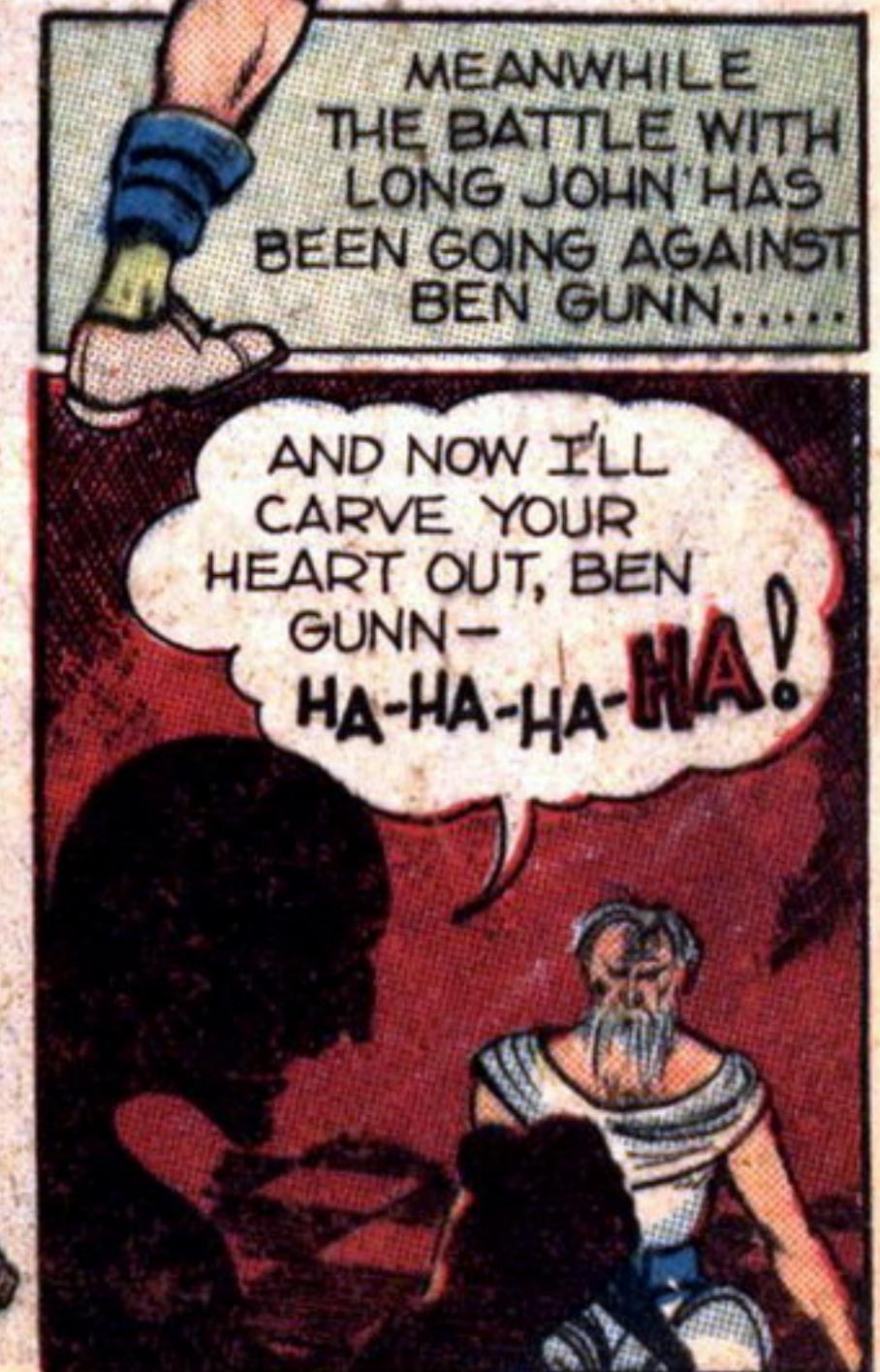
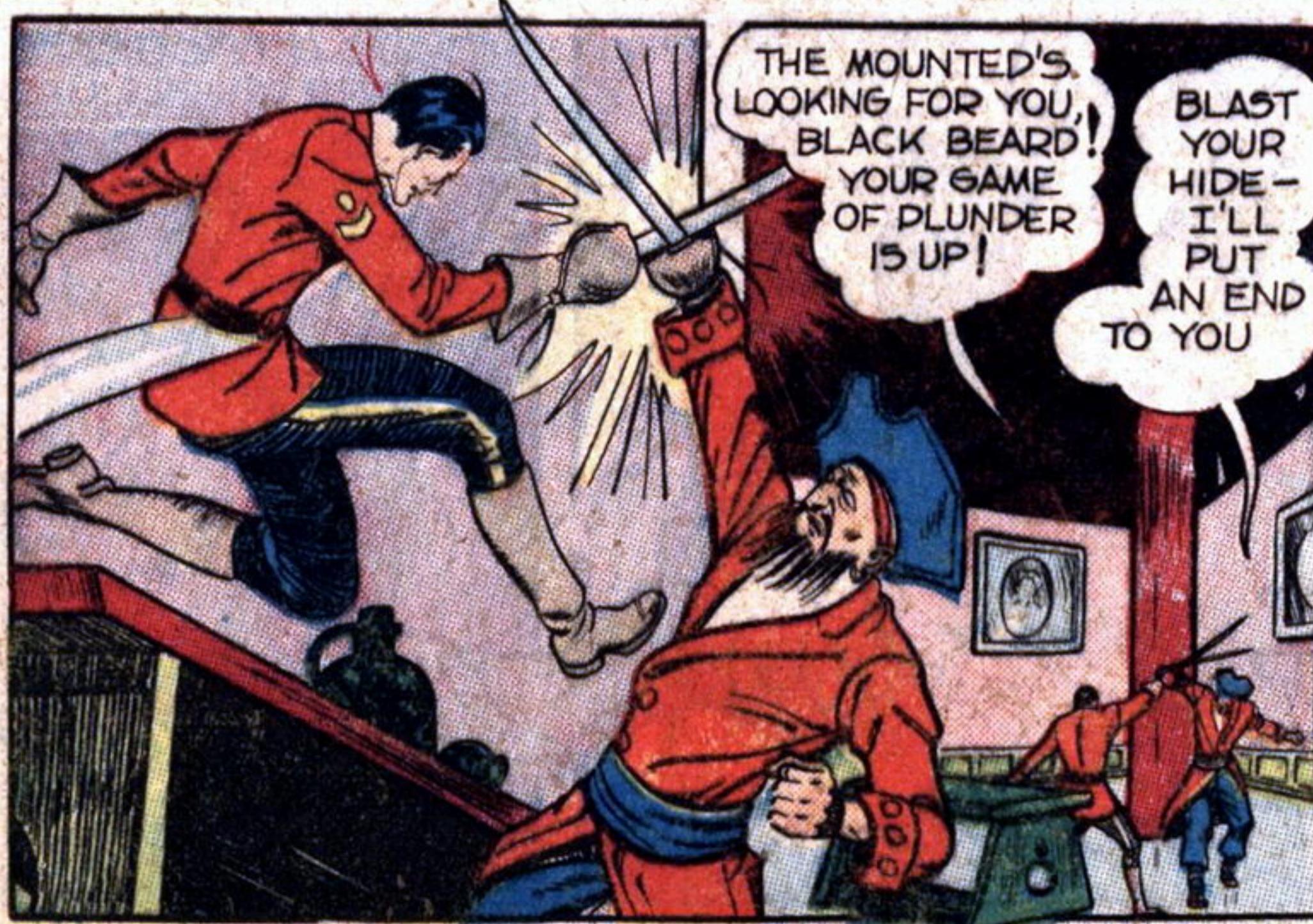
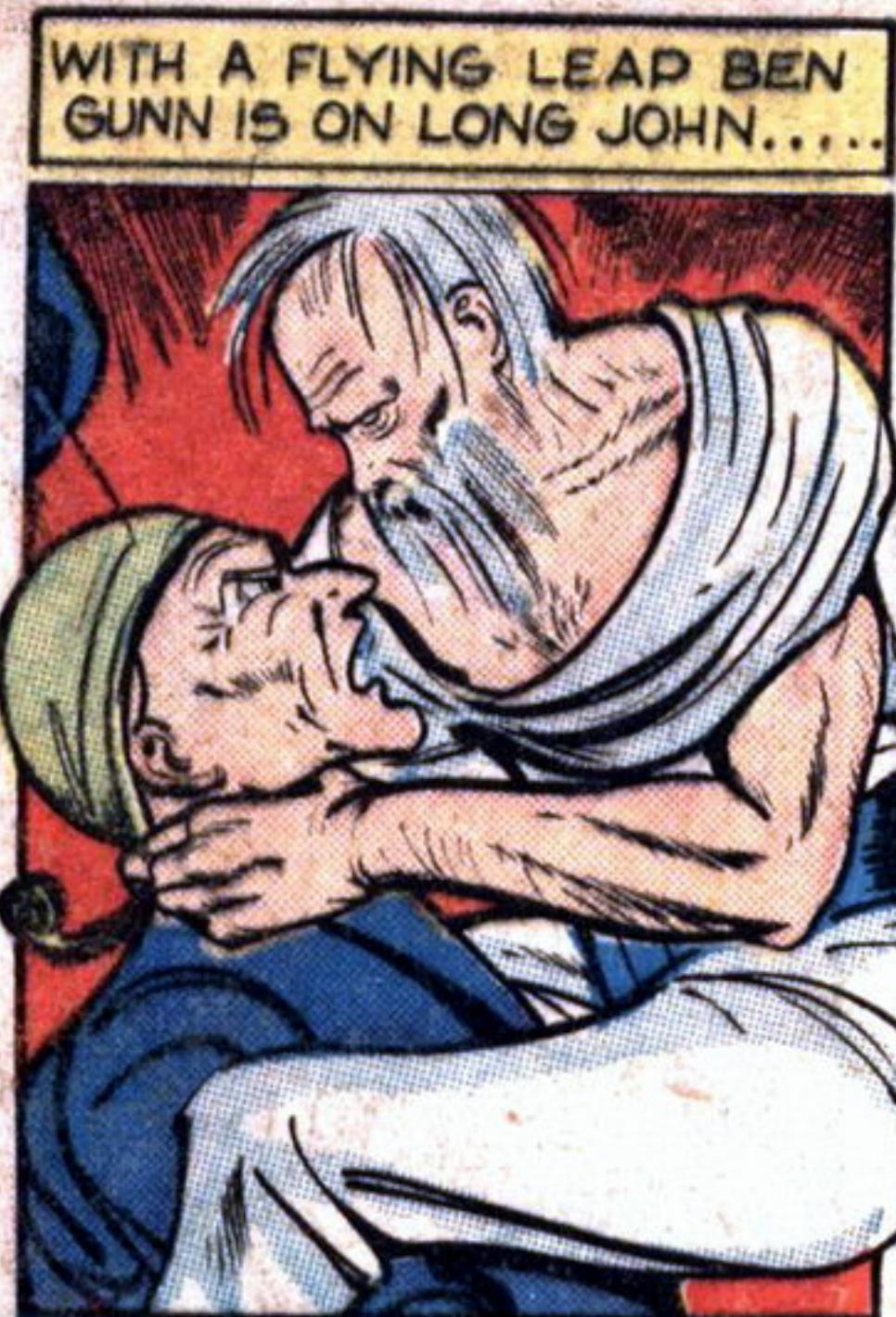
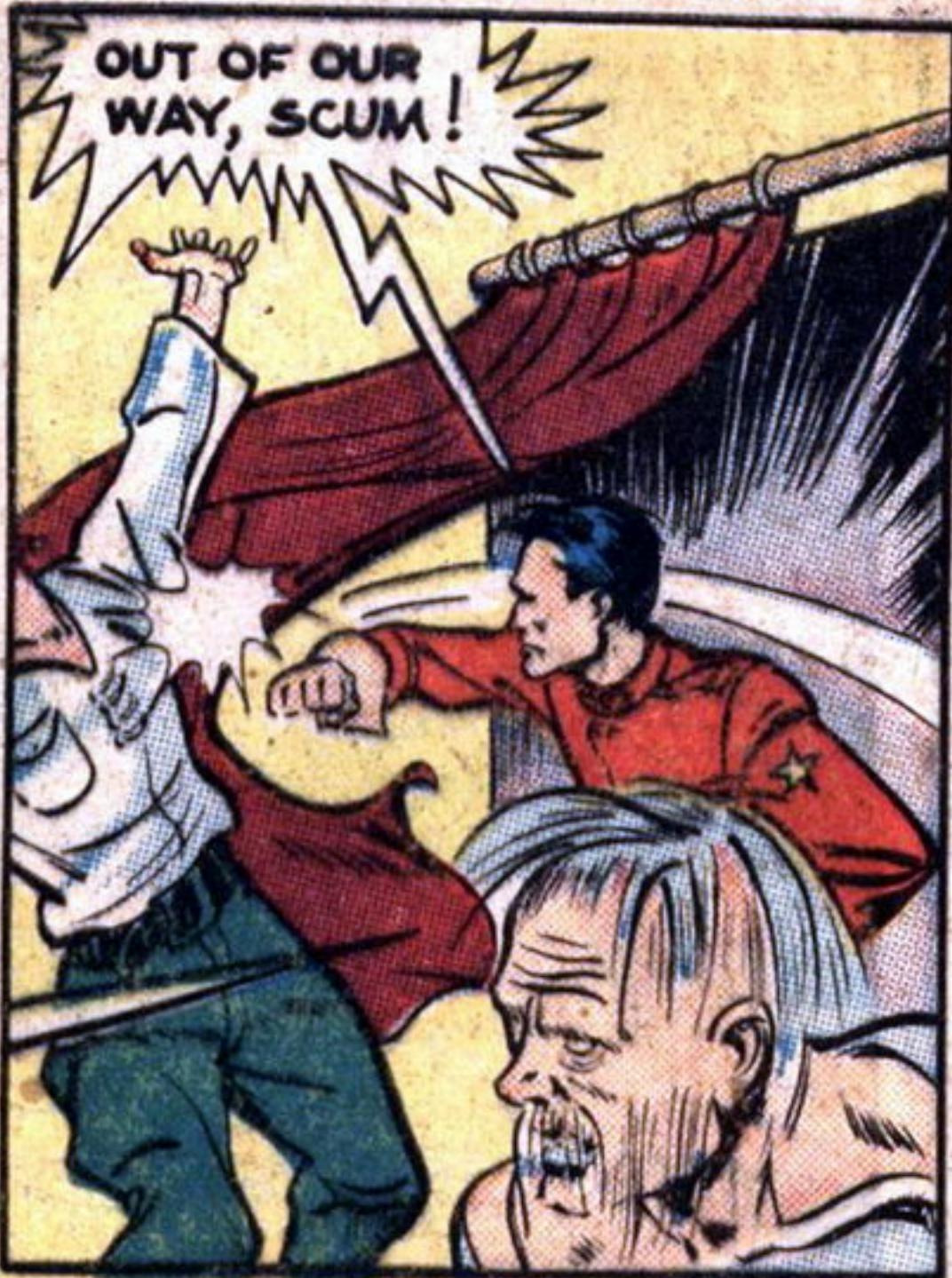


IN THE QUIET OF THE MASSIVE WALLS TWO FIGURES MAKE THEIR WAY...



AND IN THE DEN OF THE BLACK BEARDED TIGER....





BUT JIM HAWKINS COMES TO OLD  
GUNN'S AID....

SUDDENLY SCREAMING PIRATES  
SWARM INTO THE ROOM.....

TH' CANNON,  
BEN-IT'S OUR  
ONLY CHANCE!

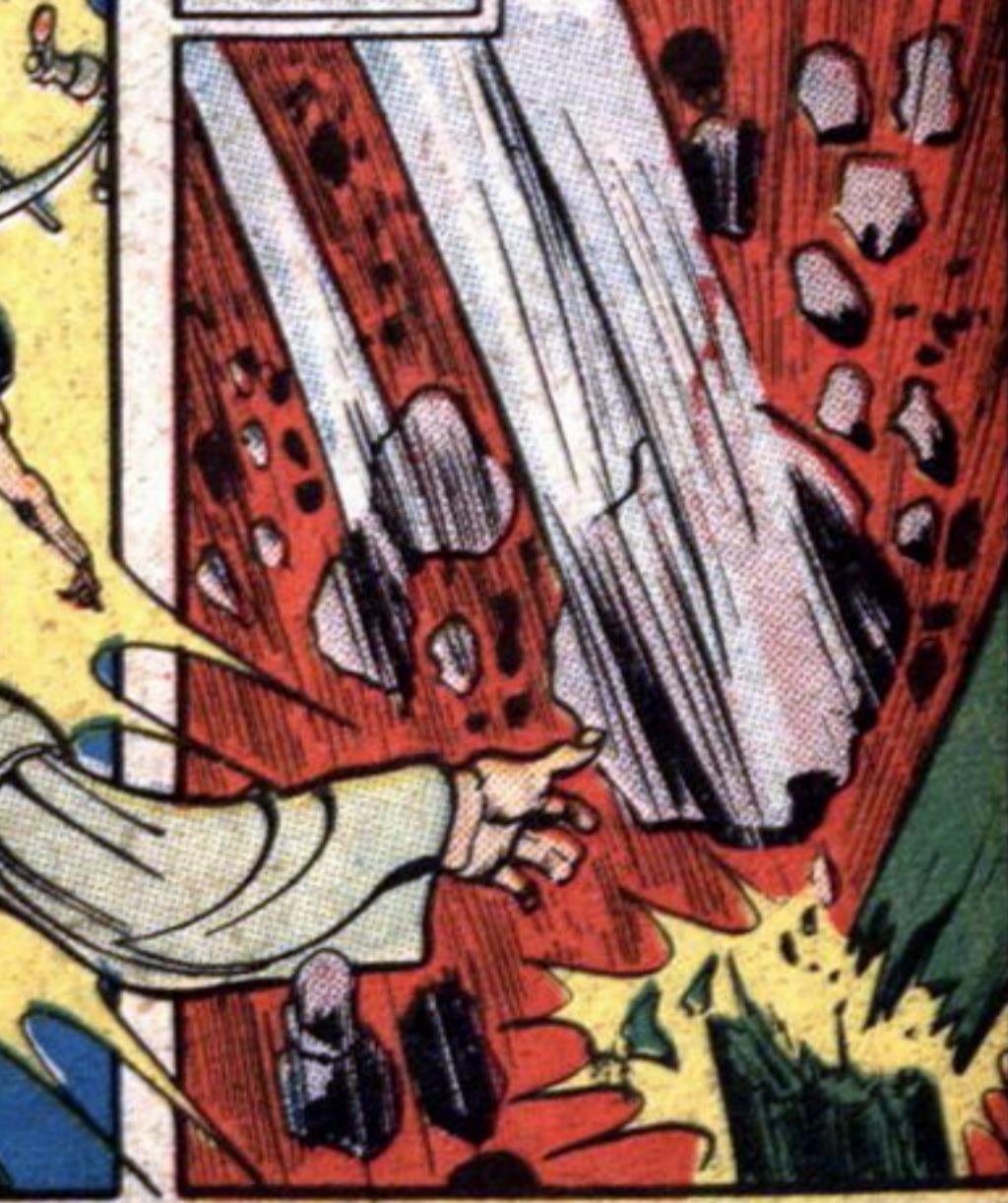
IF THE  
SERGEANT  
CAN HOLD  
'EM OFF  
AWHILE  
WE'LL GIVE  
'EM A WARM  
WELCOME!



WITH MINUTES TO SPARE THEY  
HANDLE THE CANNON LIKE  
VETERANS...



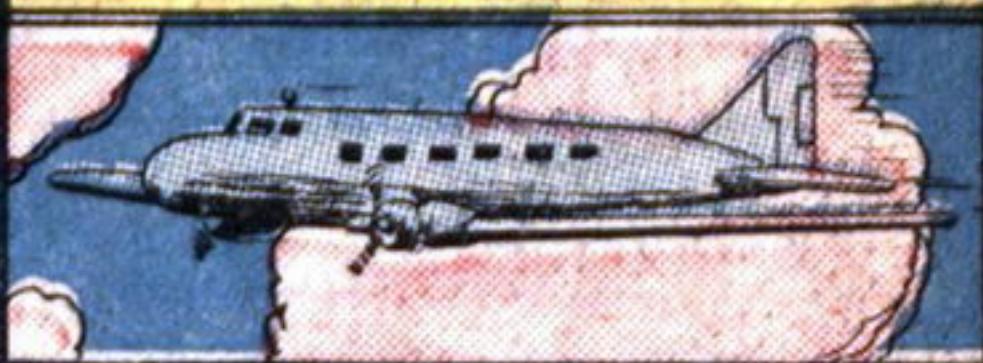
THE WALLS OF BLACK BEARD'S  
STRONGHOLD CRUMBLE LIKE  
PAPER...



Follow Reynolds of The Mounted in the January issue of FEATURE COMICS.

Captain BRUCE  
**BLACKBURN**  
COUNTERSPY  
by HARRY FRANCIS CAMPBELL  
in THWARTED ASSASSINS

CAPTAIN BRUCE BLACKBURN, ACE OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE, IS REALLY 2 PEOPLE; HIMSELF AND HIS DOUBLE, LIEUT. JACKSON. NOW, THE PRESIDENT'S LIFE IS IN DANGER, AND BRUCE IS FLYING TO NEW YORK TO PROTECT HIM!



THAT NIGHT IN NEW YORK

I THOUGHT SONYA WAS BEHIND THIS! I'LL JUST FOLLOW THAT BEAUTIFUL SUPER-SPY!



THE LADY? SHE GOT OFF AT THE TOP FLOOR!



AFTER AN HOURS FUTILE SEARCH-

EITHER THAT ELEVATOR MAN LIED-OR SONYA DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR!

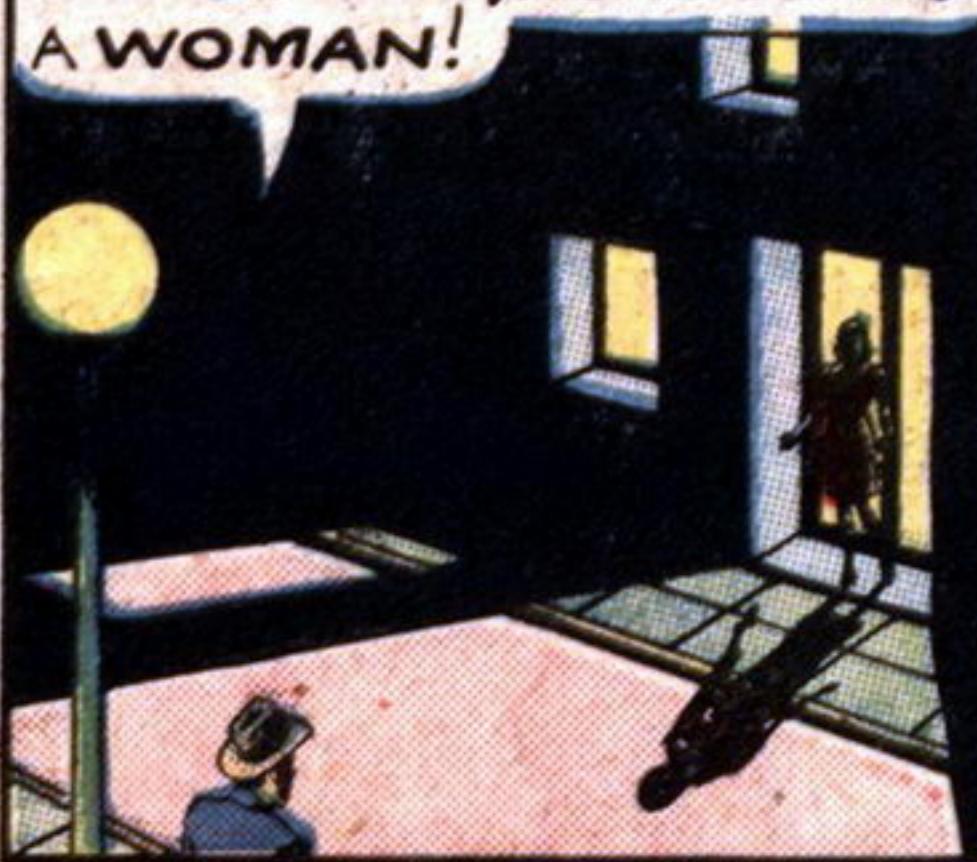


IN THE ROOM OF JACK-SON, BRUCE'S DOUBLE.

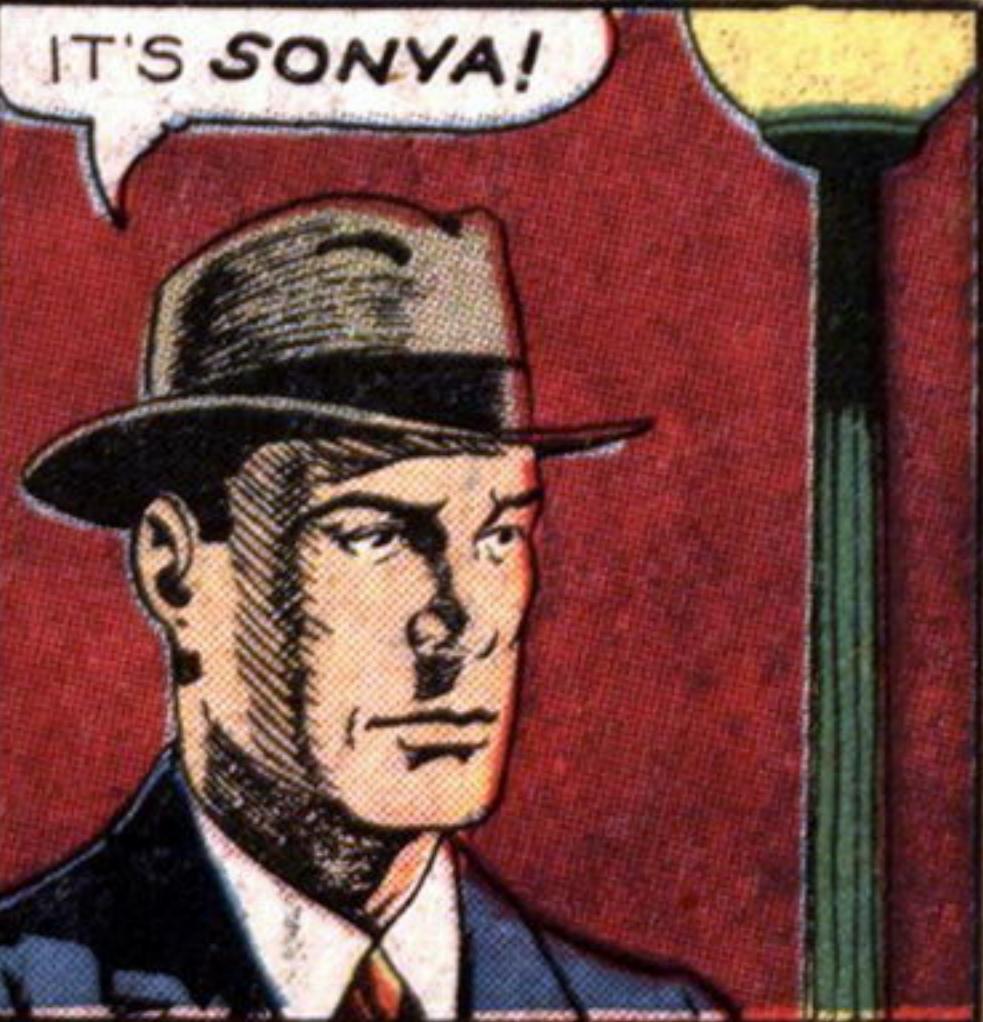
WATCH THE ACME BUILDING FOR SONYA, AND FOLLOW HER.



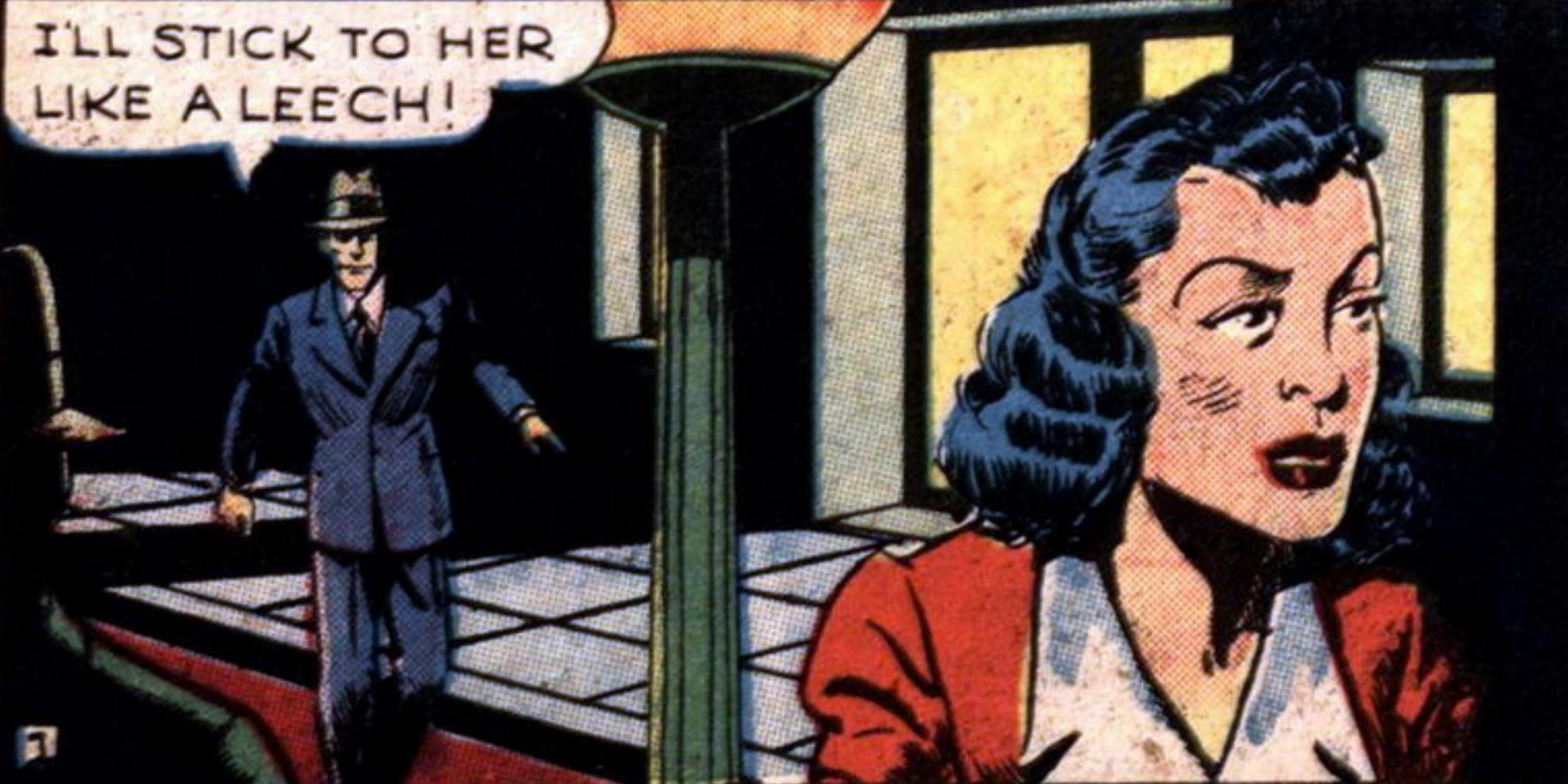
BRUCE HAD A BUM STEER, I'LL BET. NO, HERE COMES A WOMAN!



IT'S SONYA!



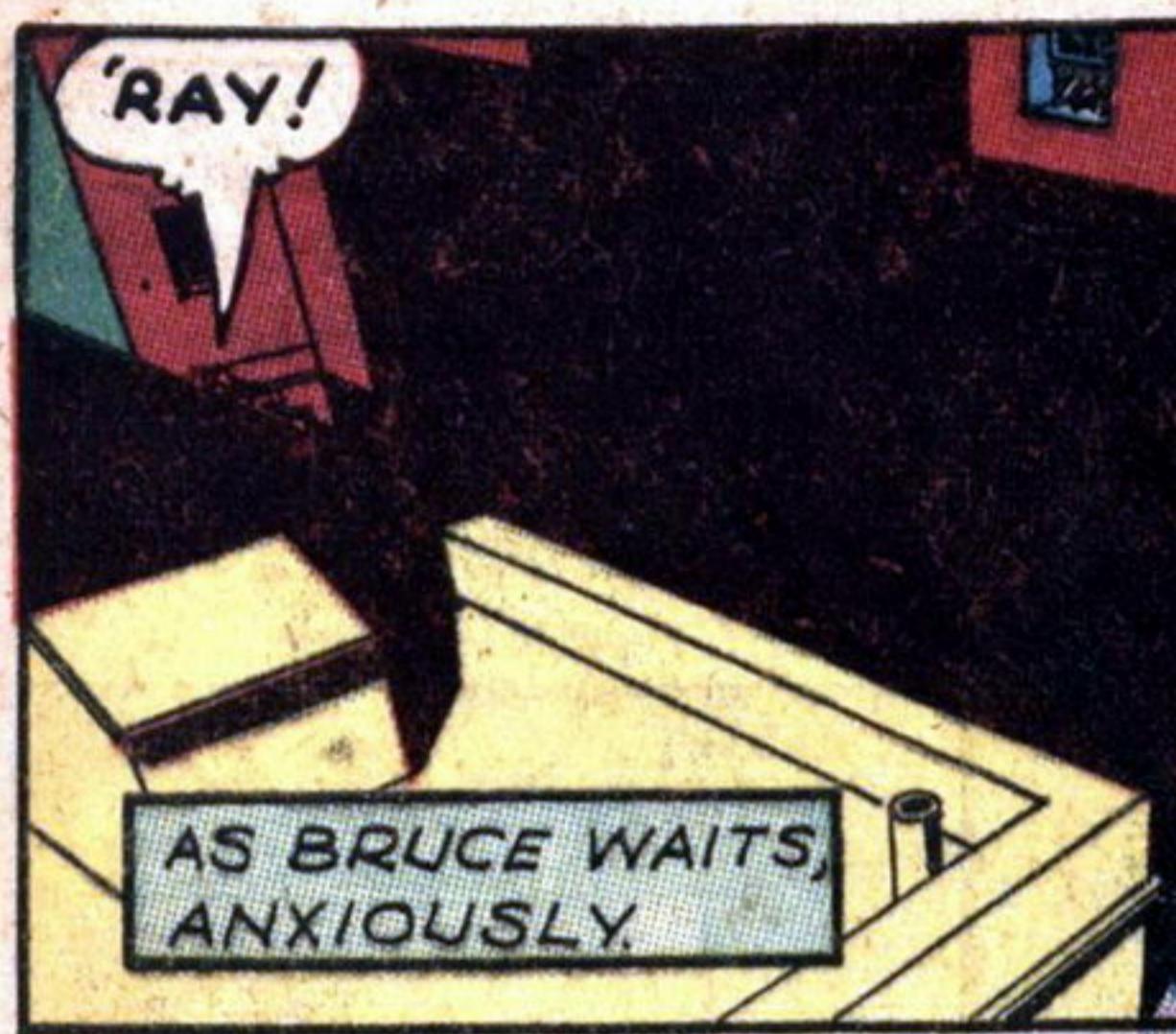
I'LL STICK TO HER LIKE A LEECH!



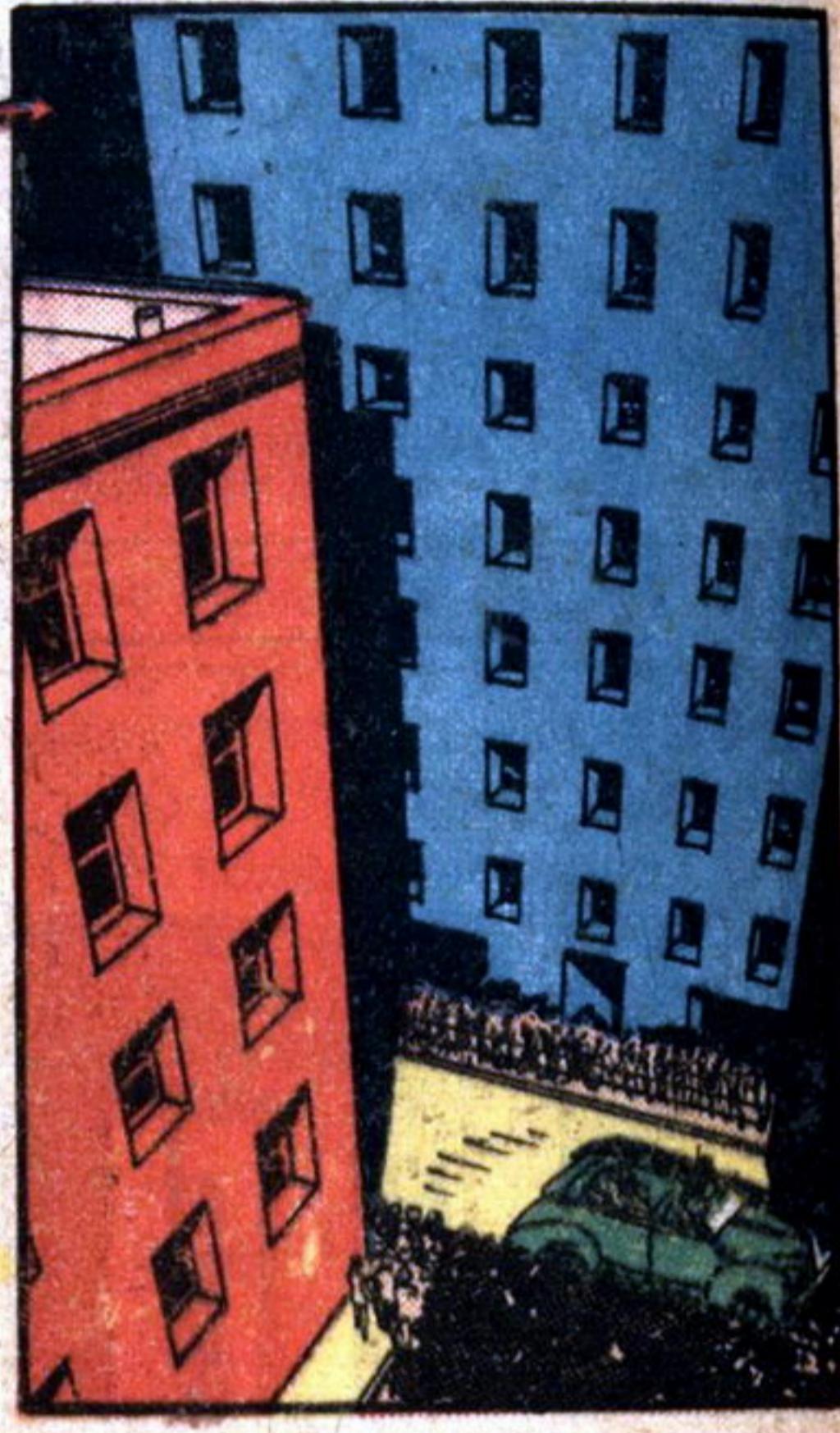
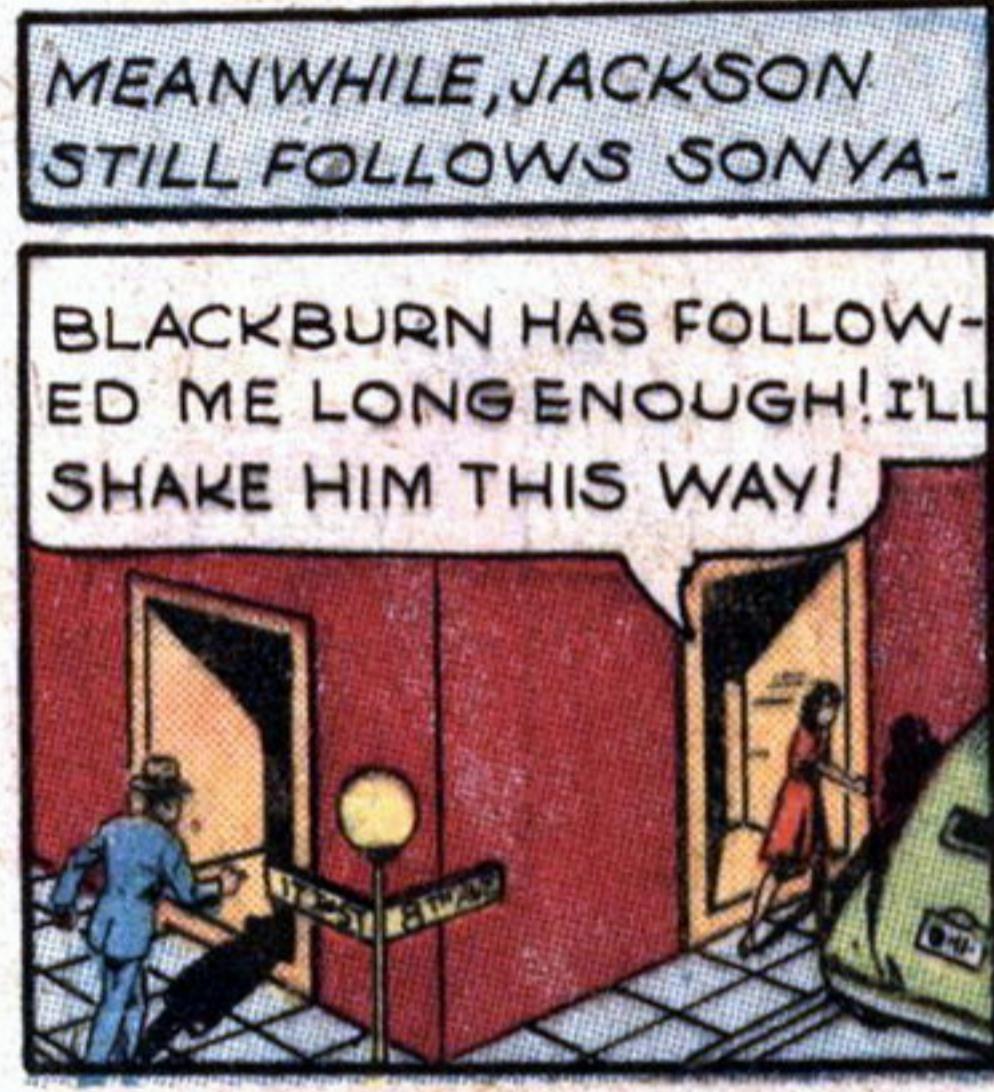
NEXT DAY, BRUCE WATCHES THE ROUTE OF THE PARADE IN WHICH THE PRESIDENT WILL RIDE.

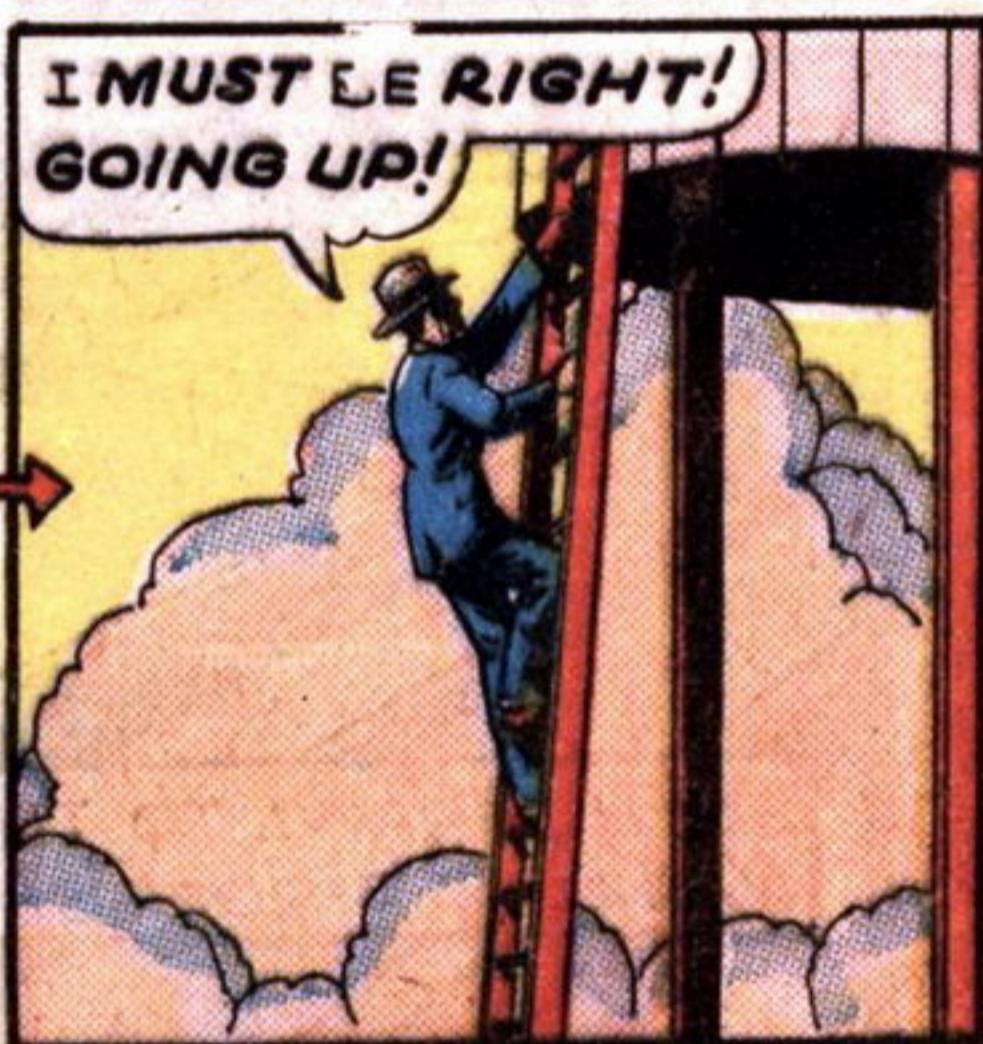
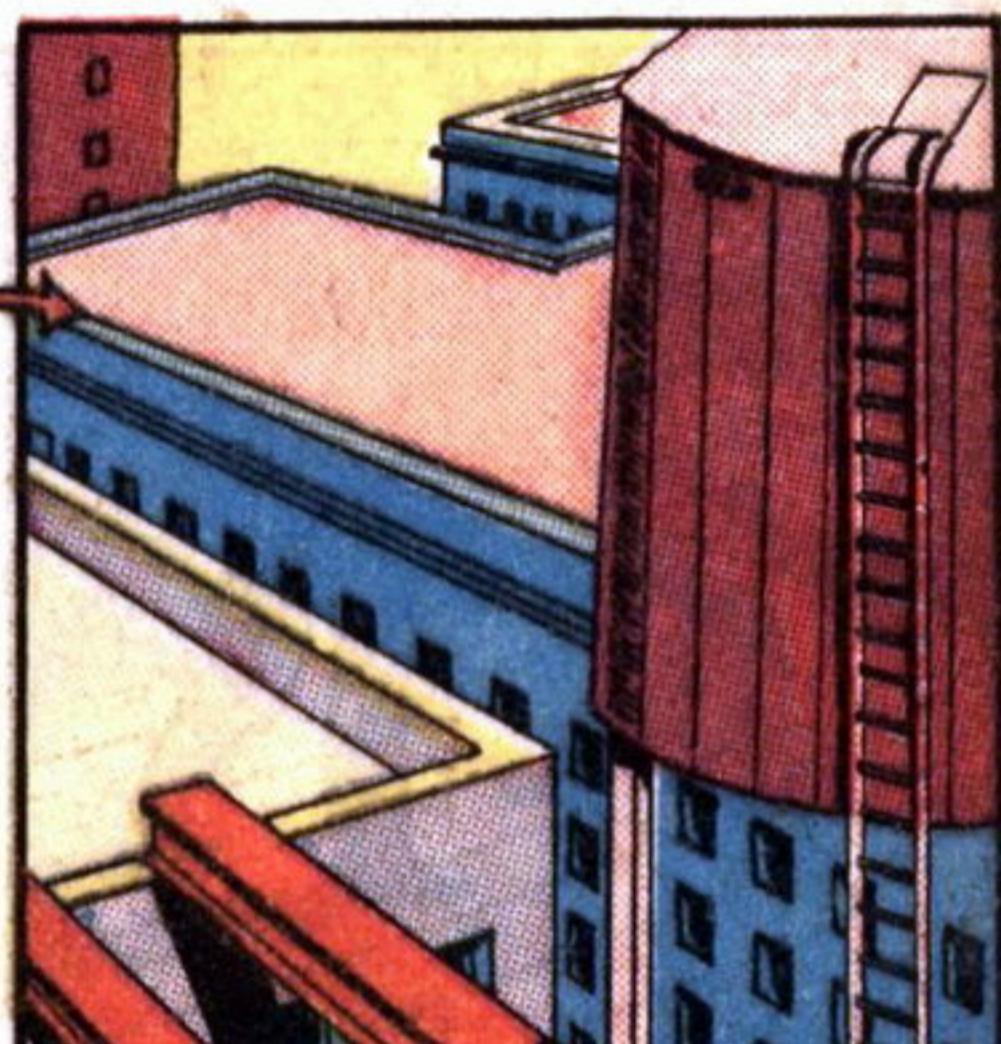
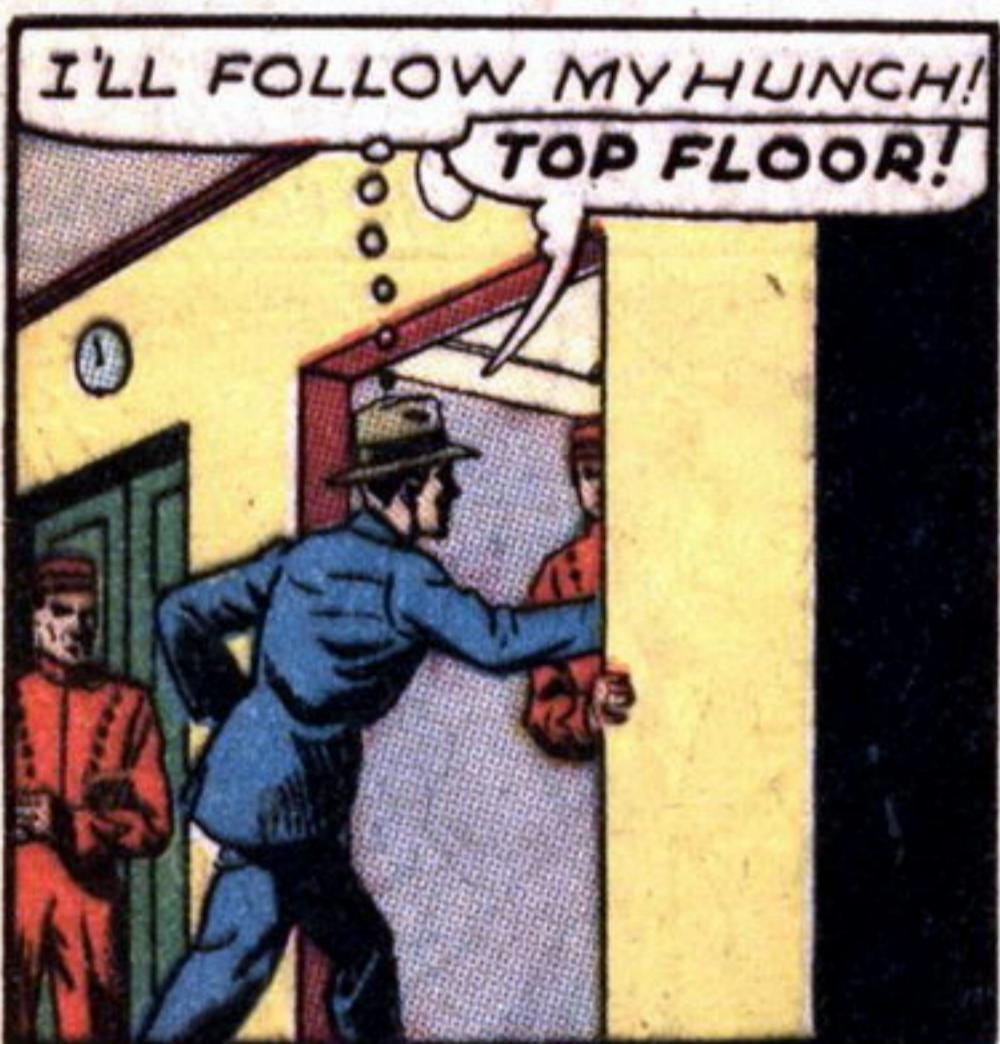
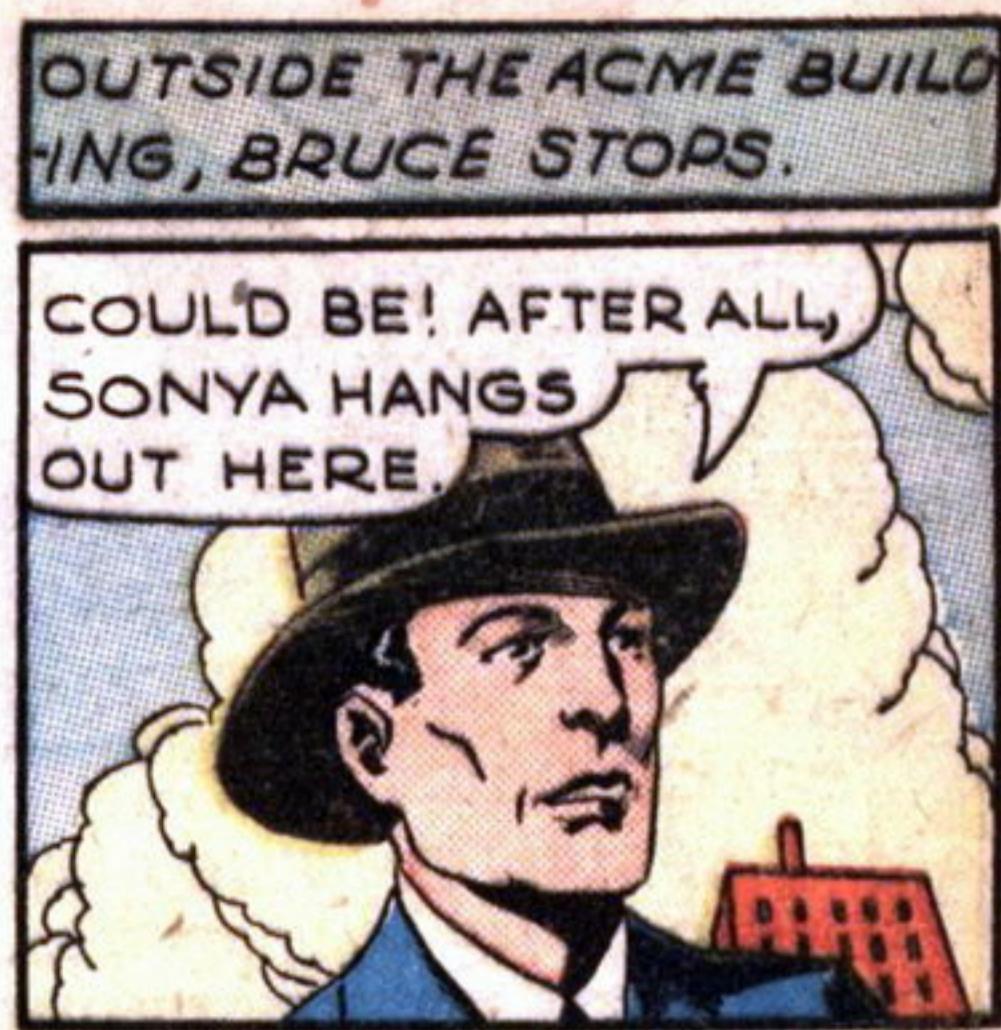
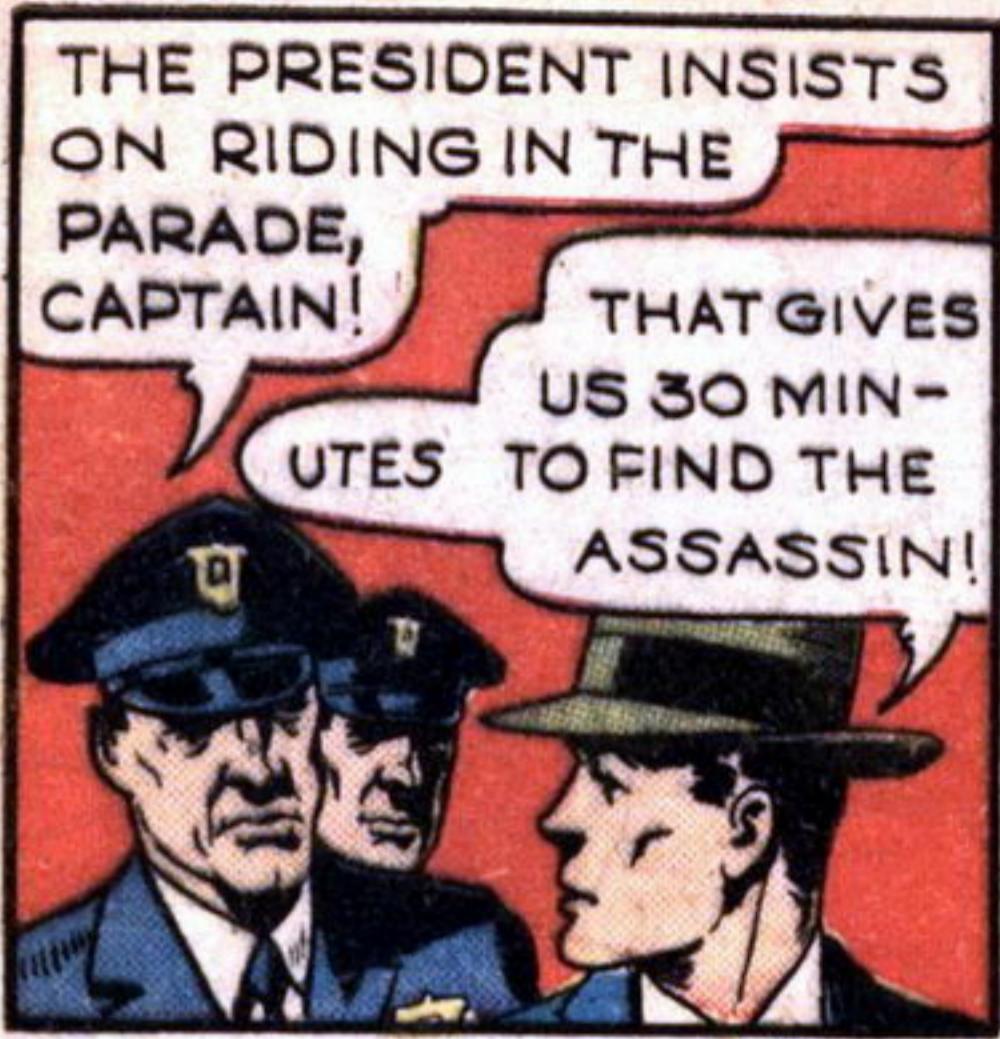
EVERYTHING SEEMS QUIET-

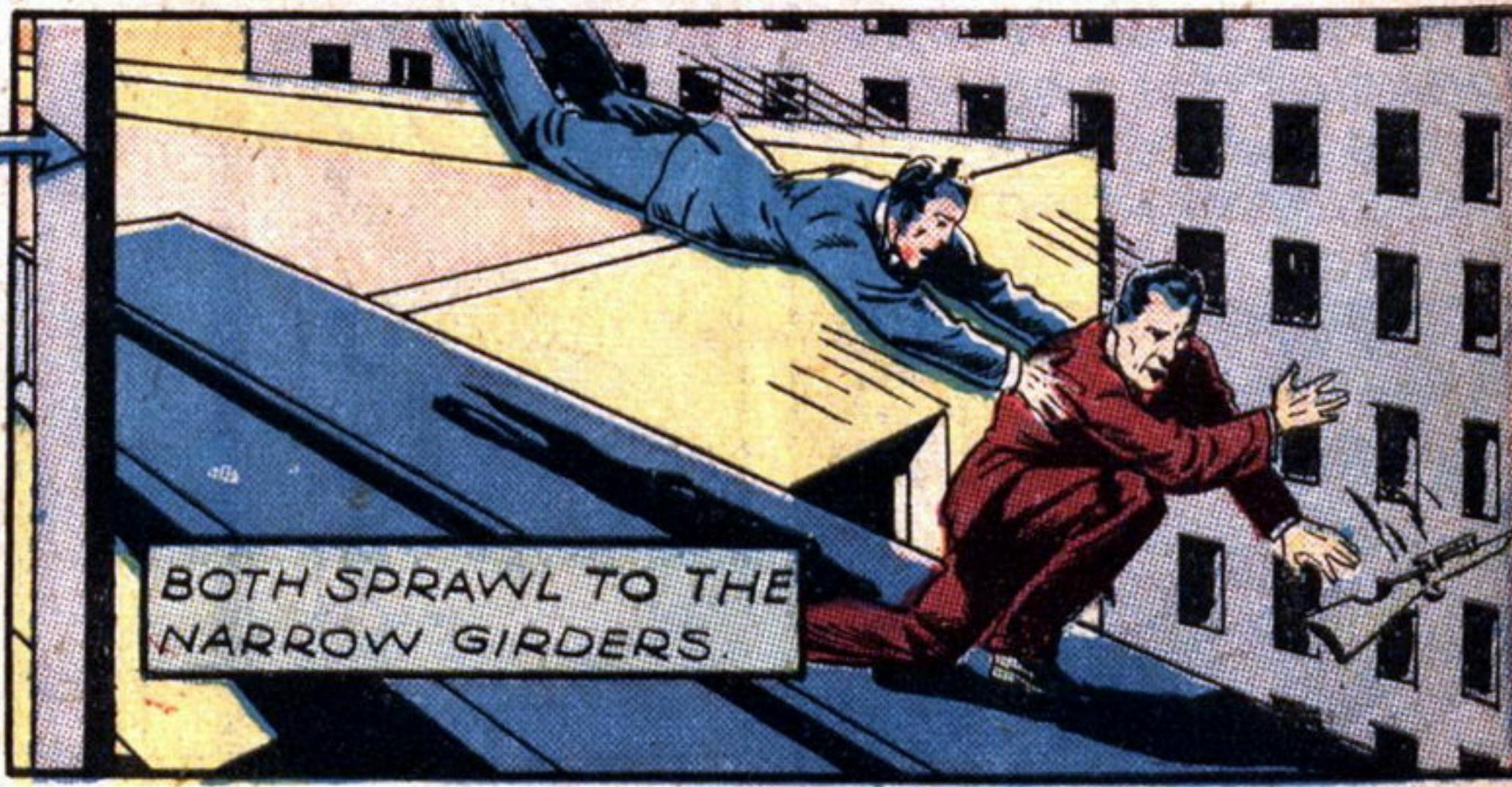
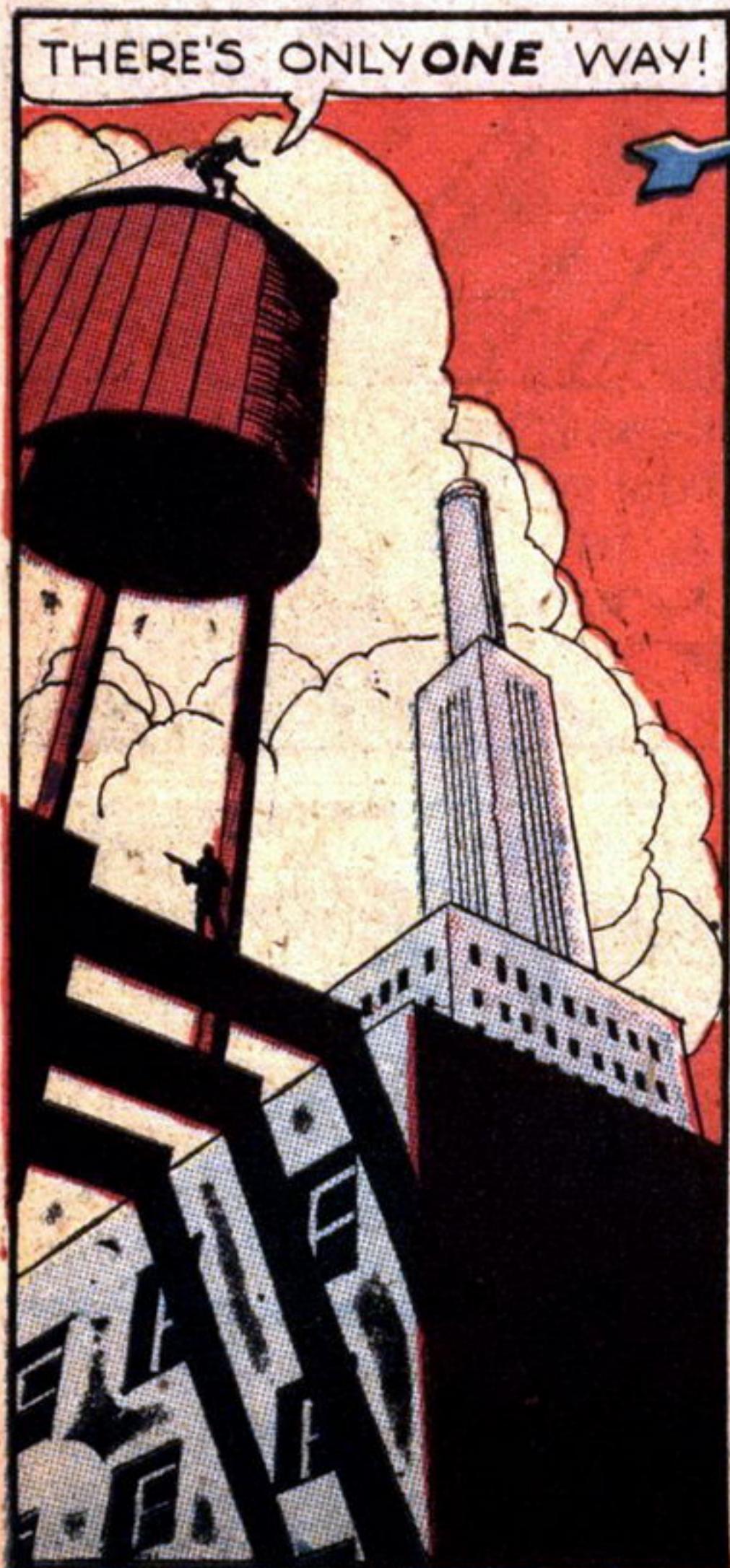
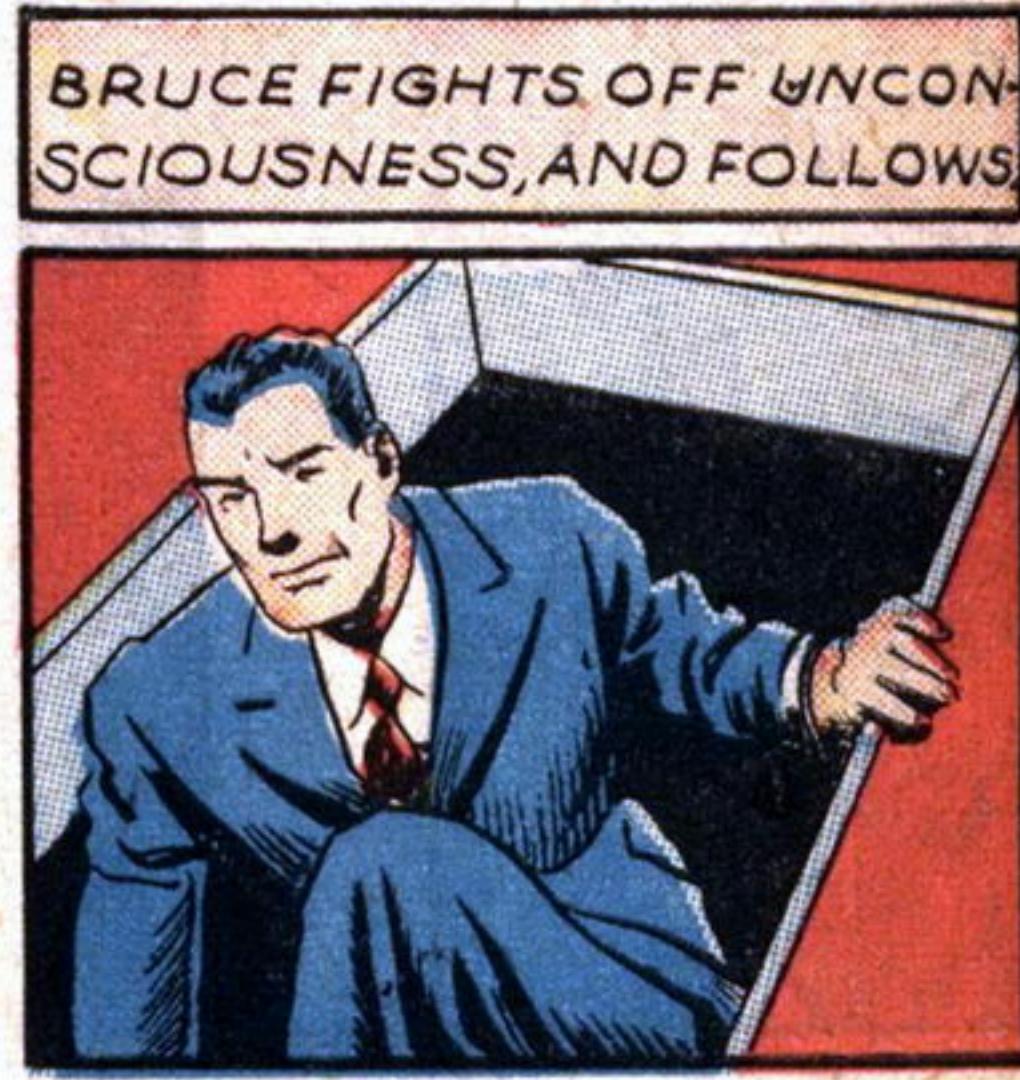
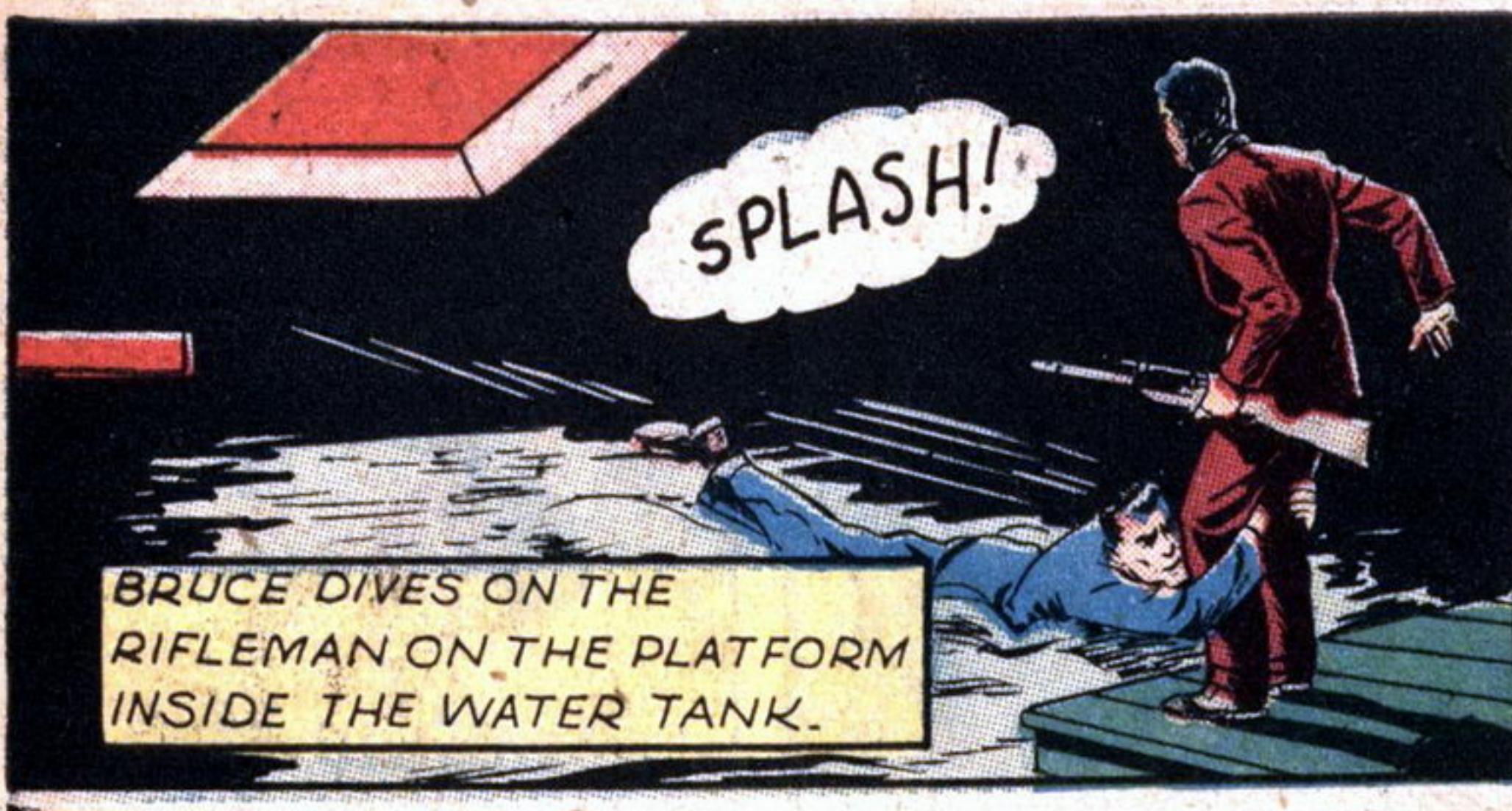


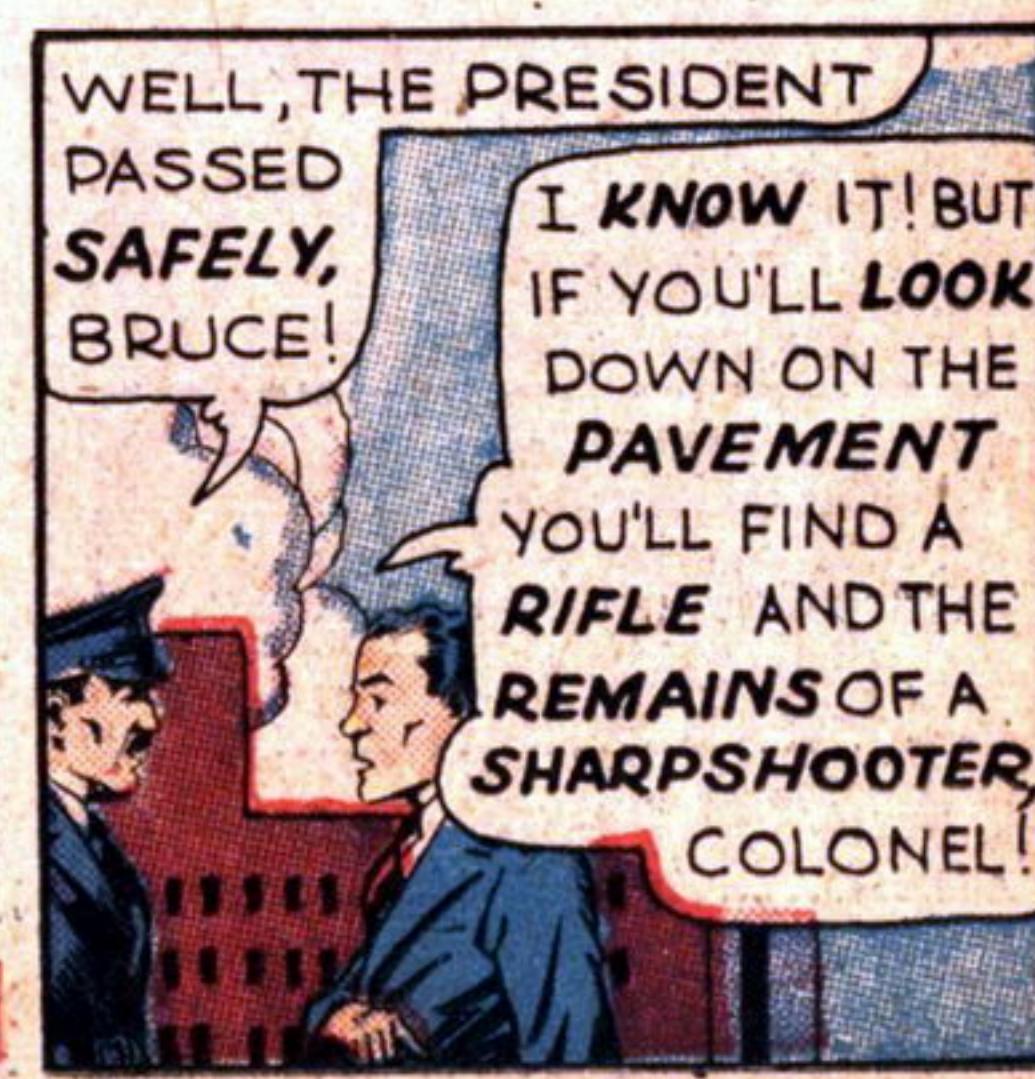
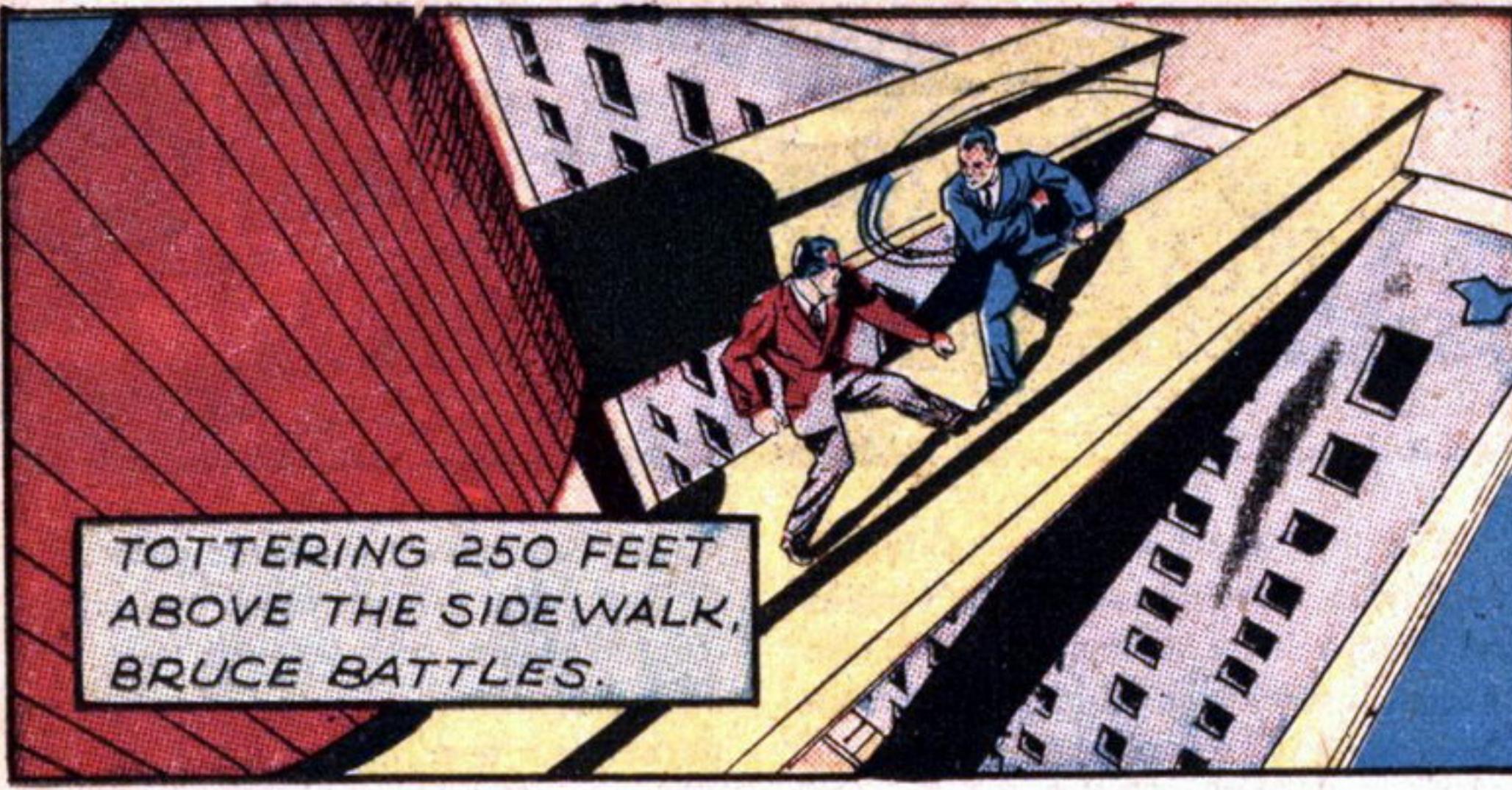


IT IS ONE GENERAL BANKS  
EN ROUTE TO HIS COMM-  
AND AND IN A HURRY.....  
SUDDENLY HE SLUMPS  
DOWN-

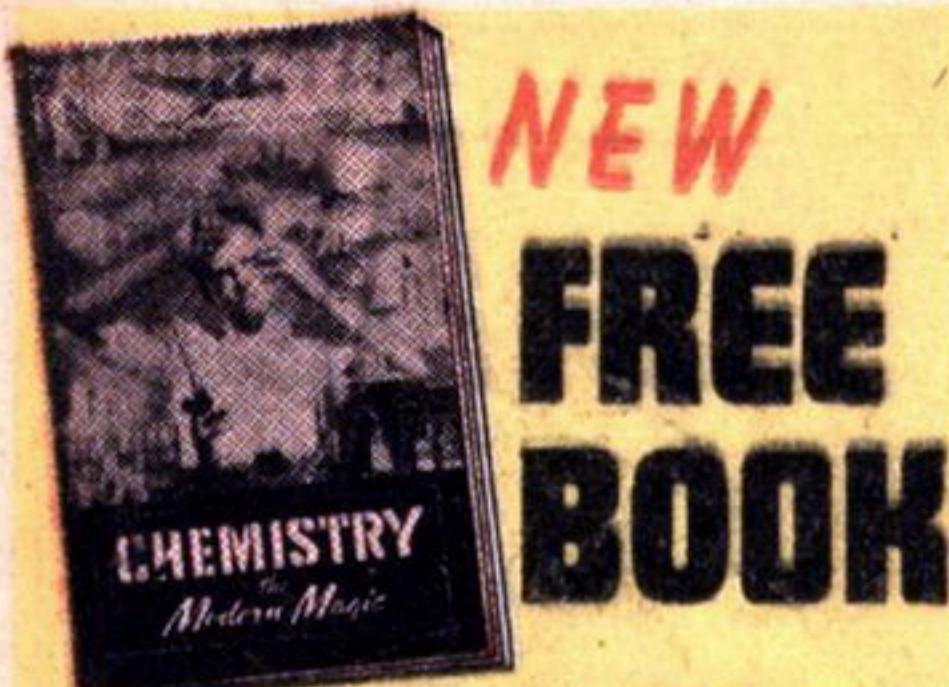








Read Bruce Blackburn, Counterspy, each month in FEATURE COMICS.



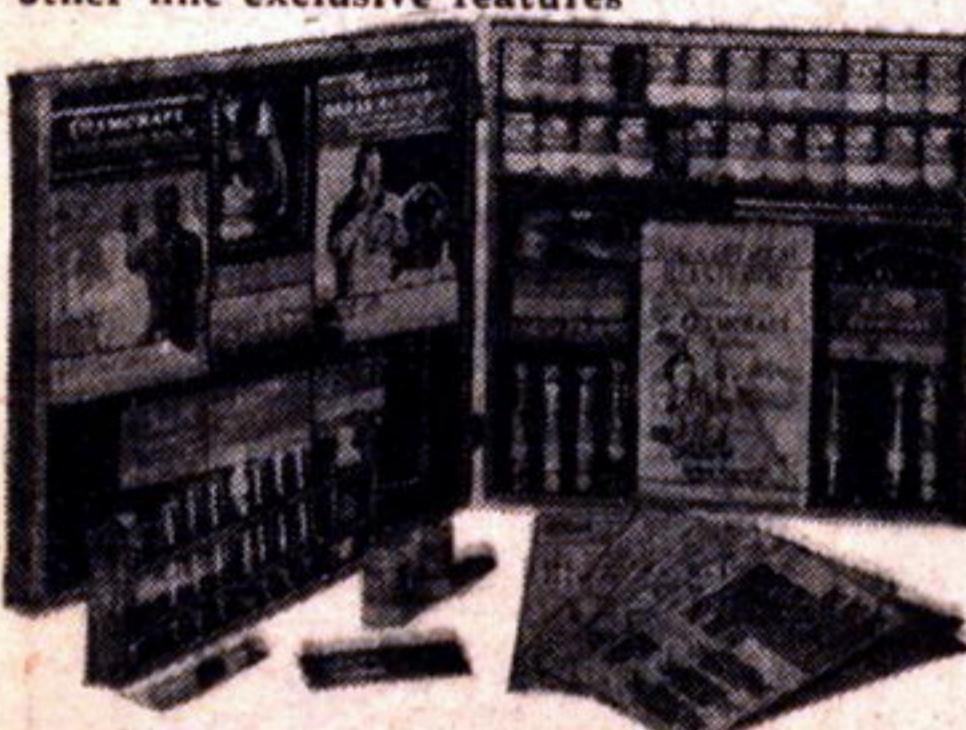
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## Fires of St. Elmo

The ship burned with a strange flickering fire. Its four masts and its full complement of sail were engulfed in bluish flames. It sailed along through the velvet-black night; then suddenly it disappeared. Had it sunk? Its disappearance was too abrupt for that. Then—what had happened to it?

The fishermen, hardy descendants of the early French Voyageurs, paddled furiously for shore. It had come again, the ghost ship! It had sailed down the broad St. Lawrence in flames, and vanished. Many times before it had come, and always there had been a death.

In the homes of the French fishermen there were many candles burnt that night, in clusters of five on the wide mantels. Prayers were said. For who knew who was to be the doomed one?

Perry Scott, on a commission for the Canadian Navy, maneuvered his fast cruiser into a little cove and dropped anchor. Here in the ancient village of Mingan they would put up for the night. It would be a relief from the long voyage in the small cruiser.

It was in the little tavern of the Cross-eyed Bull that Perry heard about the ghost ship making its appearance—and disappearance. The old Norman innkeeper, wringing his hands, told them how, just before they docked, the flaming ship had vanished a mile below the village. He pointed to the candelabra and their guttering tapers.

"Tis best we pray, mes amies," he said reverently, "lest we be overtaken by the curse."

"What curse?" asked Perry.

"The curse of the ghost ship, mon ami! Have you not heard?"

The tale was a long one, but Perry and his two assistants listened in polite silence.

"Whew!" said Perry when the story had come to an end. "I'd like to see your flaming ghost ship!"

The innkeeper crossed himself. "Sacre, do not say so, my son!"

But Perry meant to see the ghost ship, if such a ship existed, which he doubted. Legend spawns such fantastic tales. And the superstitious are wont to exaggerate them in the re-telling.

"Where there's smoke there's fire," Ted Shane, one of Perry's assistants reminded gently. "Mebbe they have something there!"

"Blah!" snorted Greg Laird, the second assistant.

Next morning, Perry and his two companions concluded their business, finishing by noon.

"We have a free night, fellows," said Perry. "What say we go see the ghost ship?"

The others were for it. However, they were convinced that it was nothing but a will-o'-the-wisp.

They took the cruiser out of the cove just after seven. It was growing dark, and a light wind had sprung up, scraping the fog from the river's surface. They sailed down the St. Lawrence almost to Quebec, but nary a ghost ship, or any other kind, did they see. They returned to the inn at midnight.

They should have been off the next day for Labrador, but Perry was subtly intrigued by the story of the ghost ship. He announced, "We'll try again tonight."

The fog came again that night, and when their boat poked its nose west about seven-thirty, they were forced to sail by instruments. It was Greg Laird who yelled suddenly:

"Look! The ghost ship!"

It had appeared magically directly across their bow, not a quarter-mile away, a flaming four-master. It seemed to hover in one spot, moving slowly, almost imperceptibly, toward the south.

"Let's go!" shouted Perry. He gave the signal for full speed ahead. The craft sped away like something alive.

They bore down upon the uncanny ship, and Perry swung the cruiser around

it when they were only two hundred yards off its stern. They slid past. Then abruptly the blazing ship vanished! It was there one moment, then it was gone!

"Say, what's this?" Perry exclaimed.

"Mebbe disappeared in the soup," Ted hazarded.

Greg shook his head. "Couldn't vanish like that."

"I've got an idea, fellows," said Perry. "You recall it was foggy night before last—when that ghost ship was seen. It's foggy tonight. Does that suggest anything to you Einsteins?"

Perry circled back. Then Greg let out a yell. "There she is!"

She was. But her rigging was gone. Only the deck smoldered with flames, and then it too was gone, engulfed in the smother of waves rising with the wind. The ship vanished completely.

"She went down," said Ted. "My gosh, we ought to do something—"

Perry laughed. "We're going to do something, lads. Tomorrow we're going to tell the world all about this ghost ship business!"

Perry spent an hour in the ship's dark room. He took many pictures and often

did that, so there was no question about what he was doing this time.

The next day, Perry visited the village library. Luckily, he found what he wanted: a list of old ships which had gone down in the St. Lawrence in days gone by. He found the one he wanted at last: In 1703, the brig *St. Mibiel*, out of Calais, had gone down with all hands. It lay in forty fathoms. Further, this region was noted for appearances of that phenomenon St. Elmo's Fire—a strange refulgence that gleams sometimes on rotting logs, old ships, wires, icy buildings. The *St. Mibiel* was coated with the strange St. Elmo's Fire. And the entire ship, according to the photos Perry produced of the fog bank, was being reflected against the fog—just like a mirror.

"It's the fog that does it," said Perry. "Because you see, I checked back and found out that the ship has never been seen except on foggy nights."

So that ended the mystery of the ghost ship!

MORE ADVENTURES OF  
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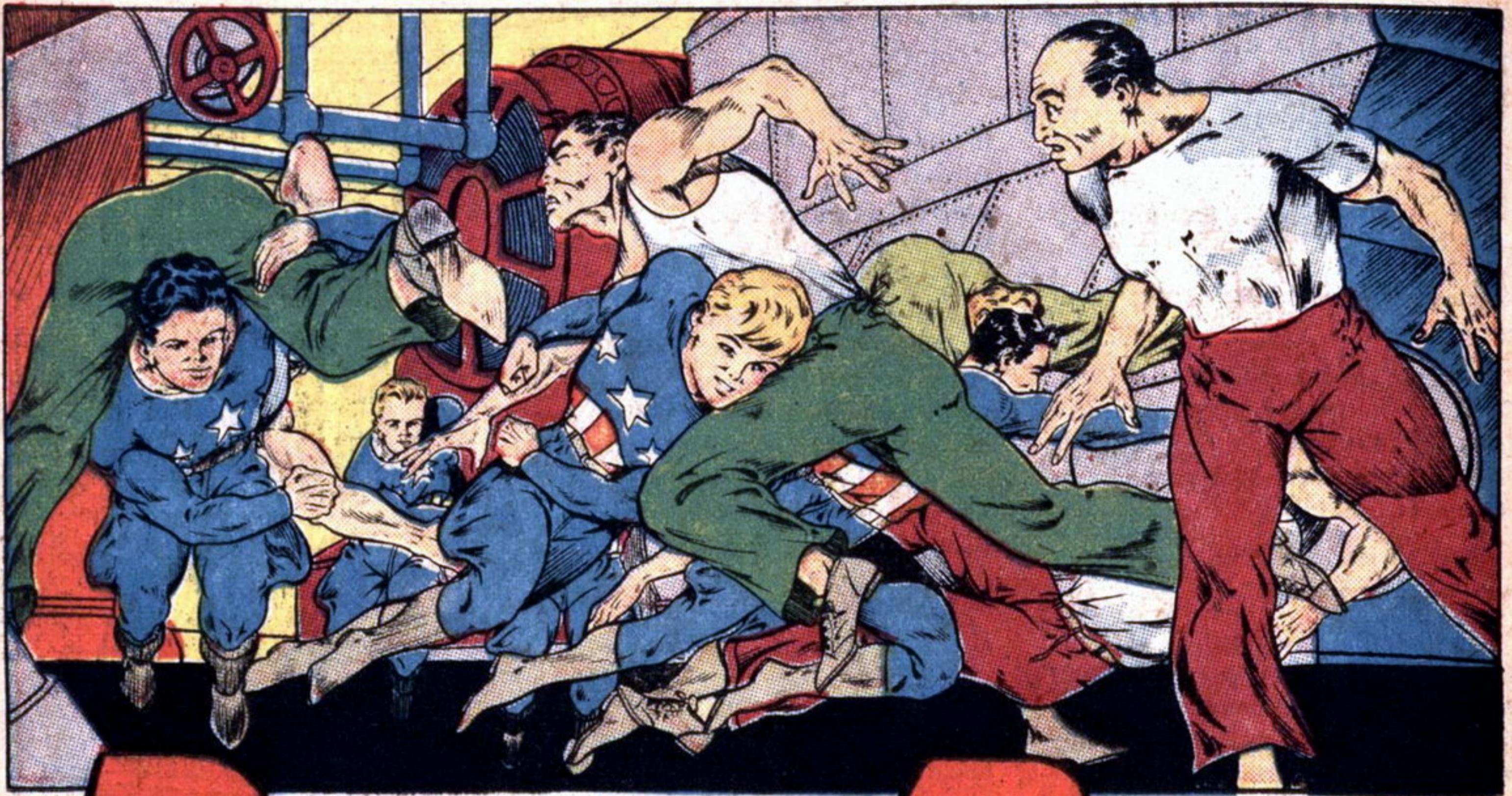
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YOU'RE A GENIUS, RUSTY!

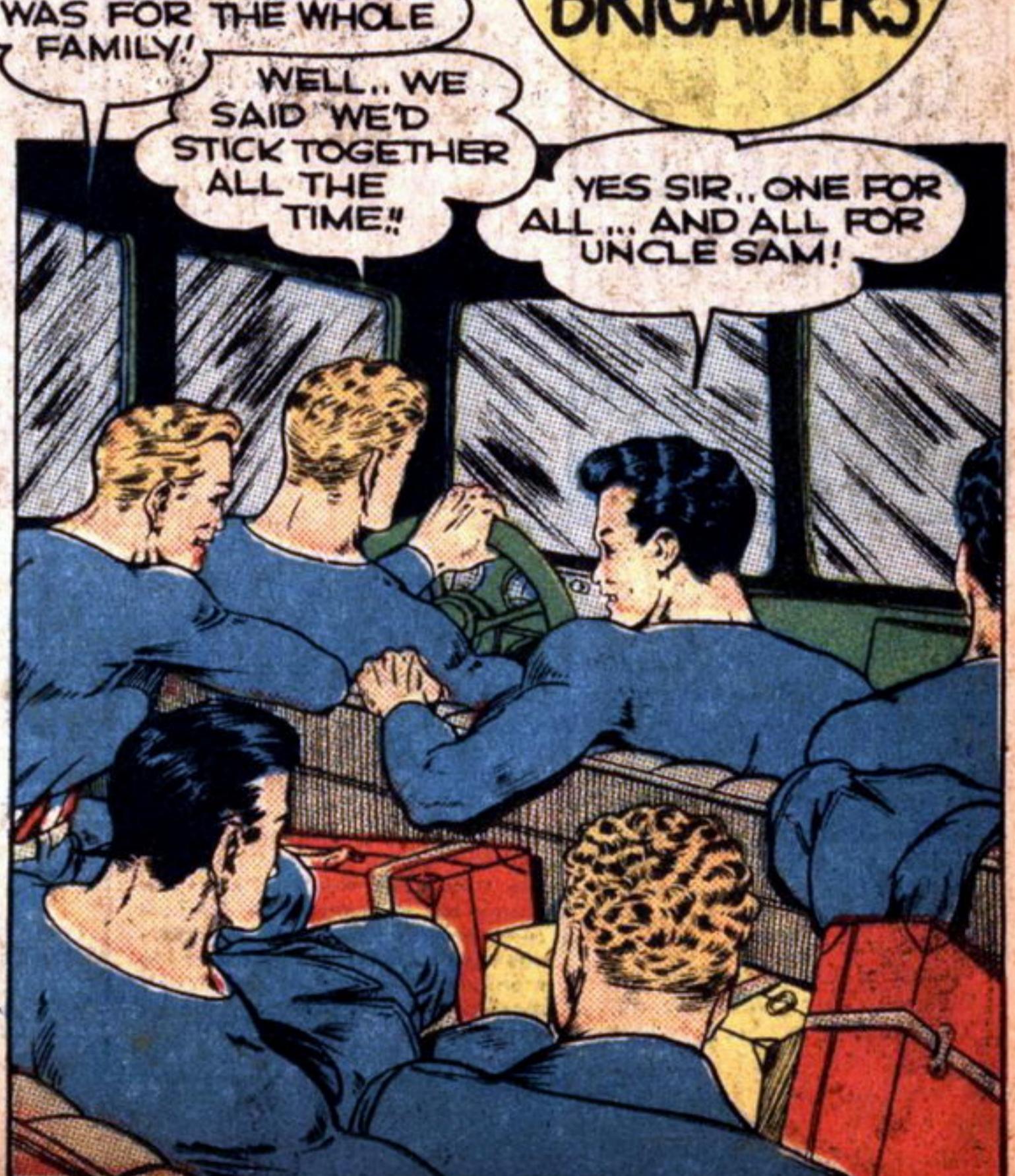
BALONEY! IT WAS JUST LUCK THAT I WON THAT ESSAY CONTEST ON AMERICANISM! ALL I DID WAS WRITE WHAT I THOUGHT- NOTHING FANCY!

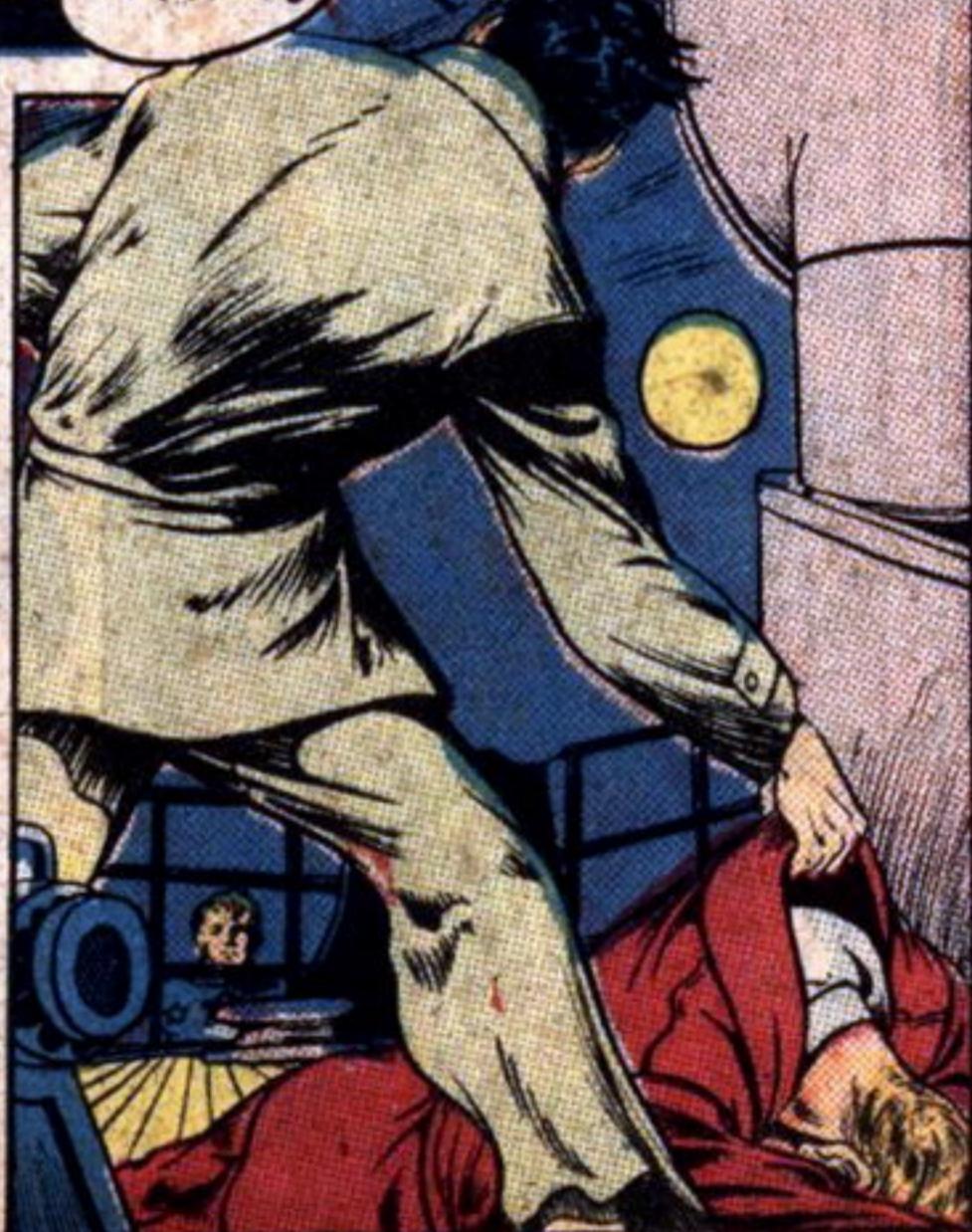
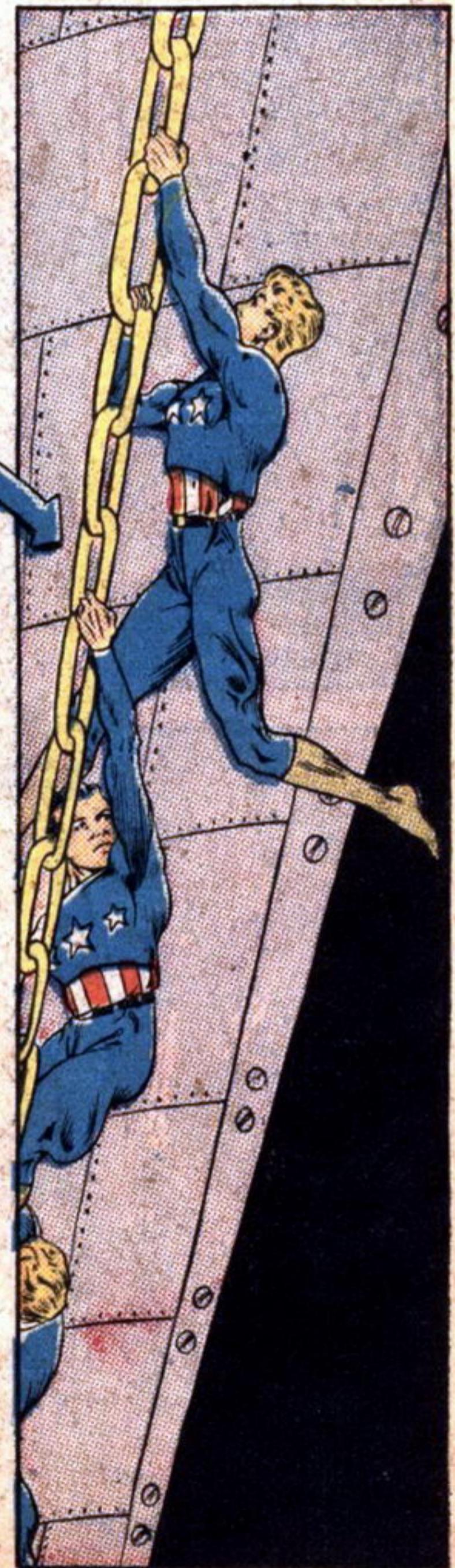
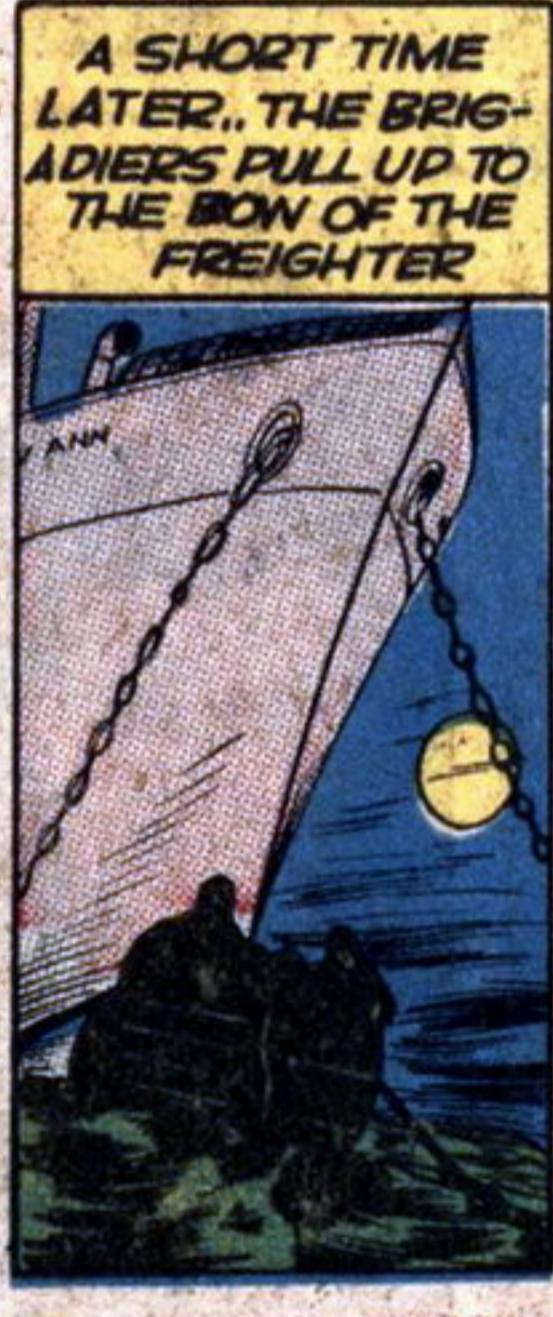
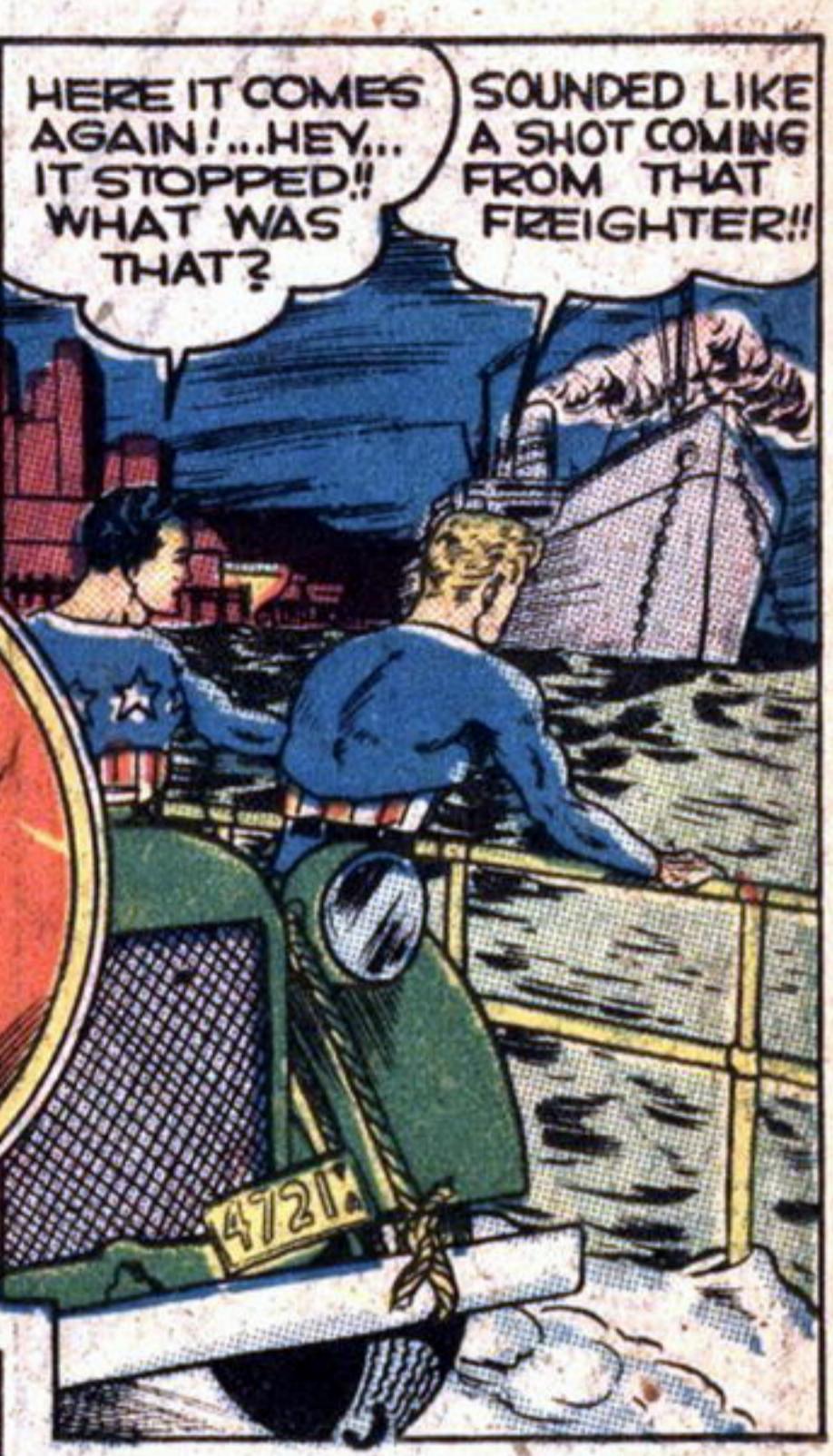
YES... BUT YOU WERE A GENIUS TO THINK OF THE BRIGADIERS WHEN THEY SAID IT WAS FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY!

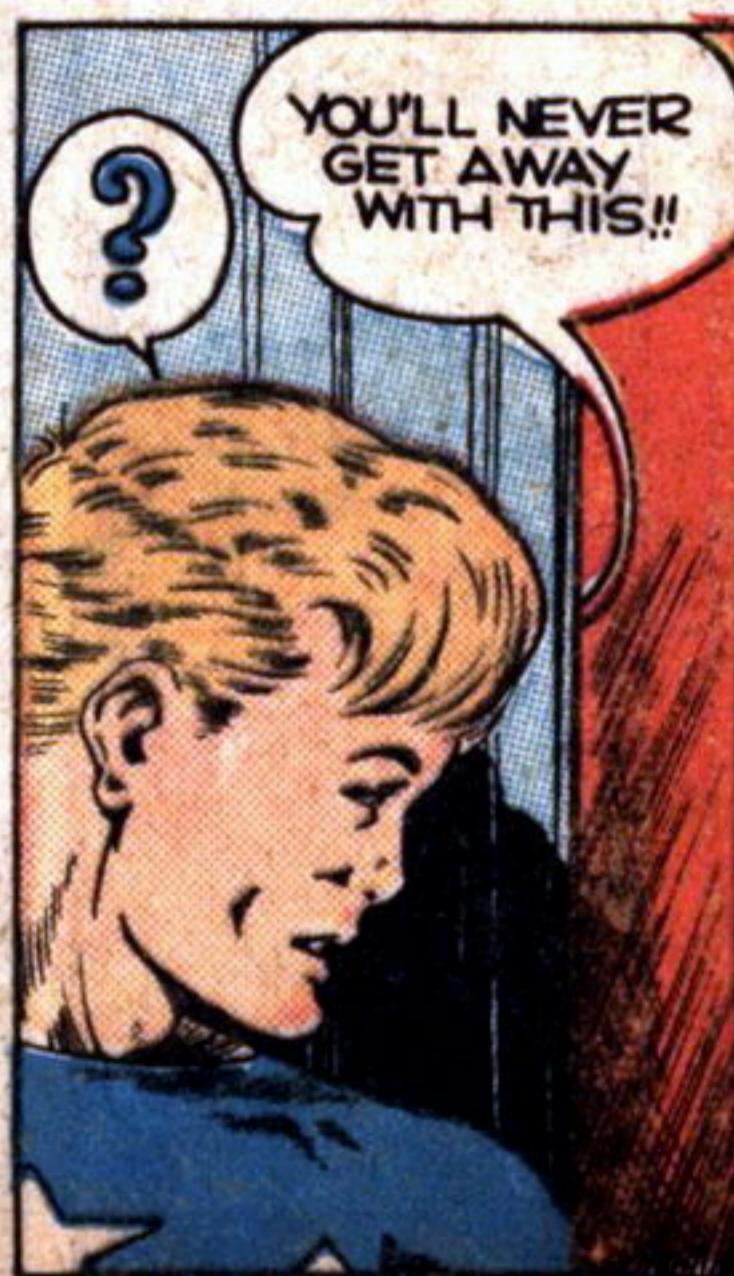
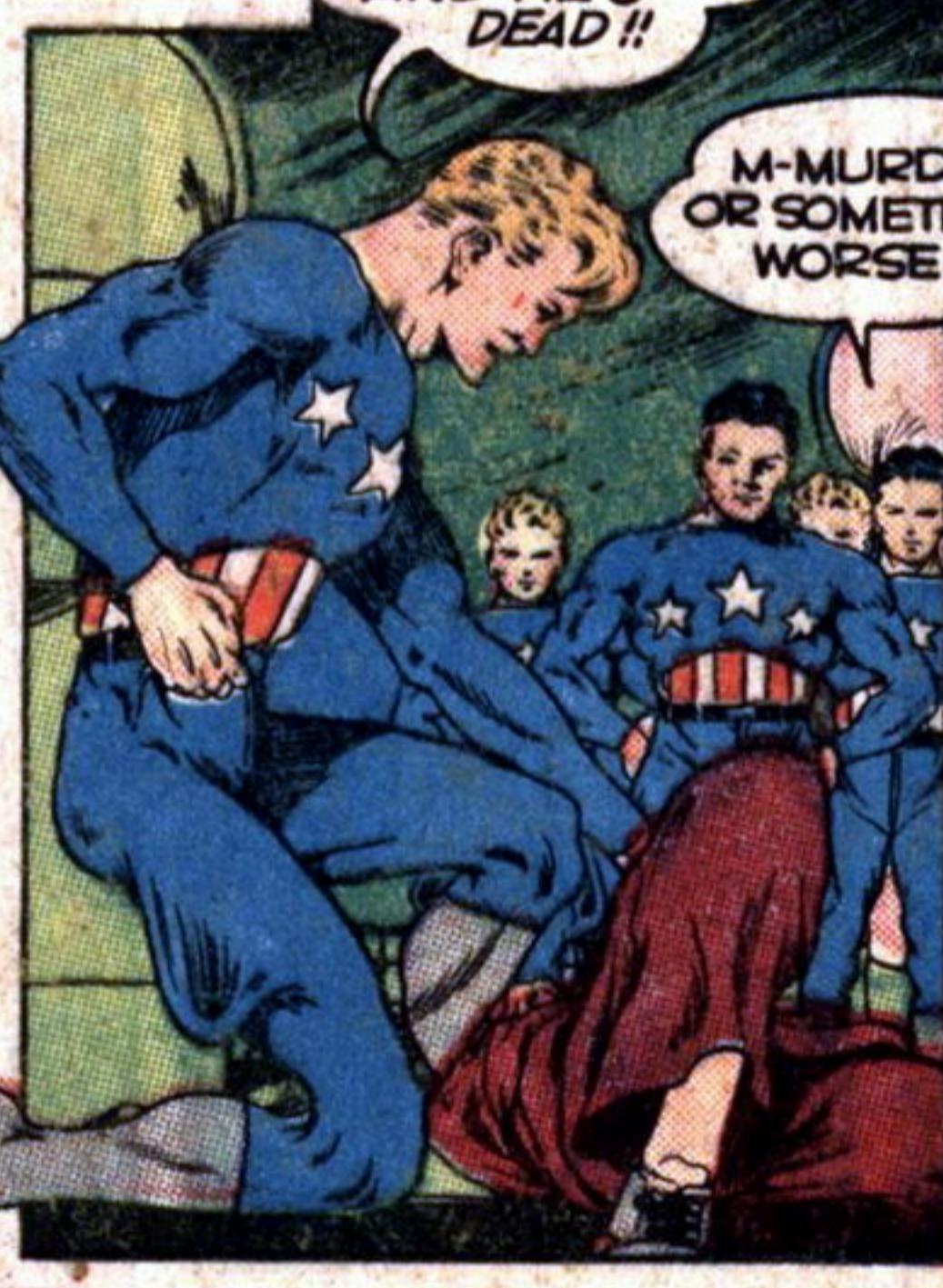
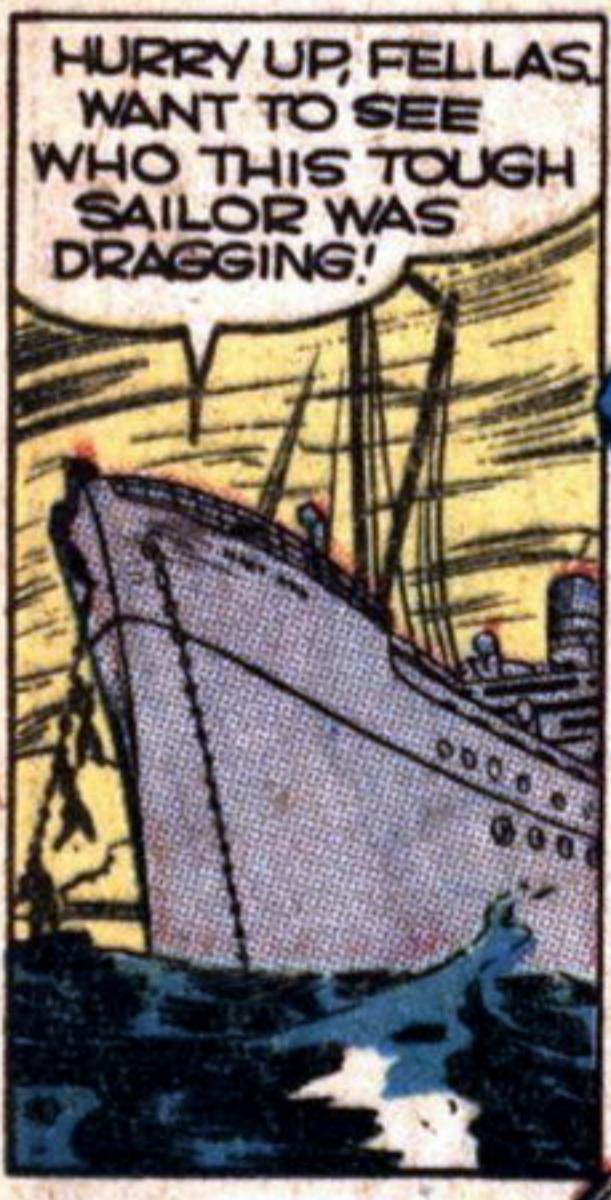
WELL.. WE SAID WE'D STICK TOGETHER ALL THE TIME!!

YES SIR.. ONE FOR ALL ... AND ALL FOR UNCLE SAM!

AND THE  
BOYVILLE  
BRIGADIERS







YOU'VE GOT ME  
NO MATTER HOW  
I TURN! OKAY,  
RAT, YOU WIN..  
I'LL SEE THAT  
YOU REACH THE  
ATLANTIC  
SAFELY!!

BUT ONCE YOU'RE  
THERE, I HOPE  
ONE OF YOUR  
SUBS SPOTS US  
AND BLOWS US  
TO BITS!!

HA-HA - I HAVE  
TAKEN CARE OF  
THAT ALSO... EVERY  
U-BOAT ON THE  
SEAS HAS ORDERS  
TO LET THIS SHIP  
PASS!

MY FRIEND.. THE  
FEUHRER OVERLOOKS  
NOTHING!

WOW!!  
NAZIS HIJACKING  
THIS BOAT!  
SO THAT'S  
IT!

C'MON, FELLAS.. WE HAVE  
TO FIND THE REAL CREW!  
- ULP! -

THERE'S NO NEED  
OF LOOKING... WE WILL  
TAKE YOU TO THEM!

AT THE POINT OF GUNS,  
THE BRIGADIERS ARE  
TAKEN INTO THE HOLD  
OF THE SHIP...

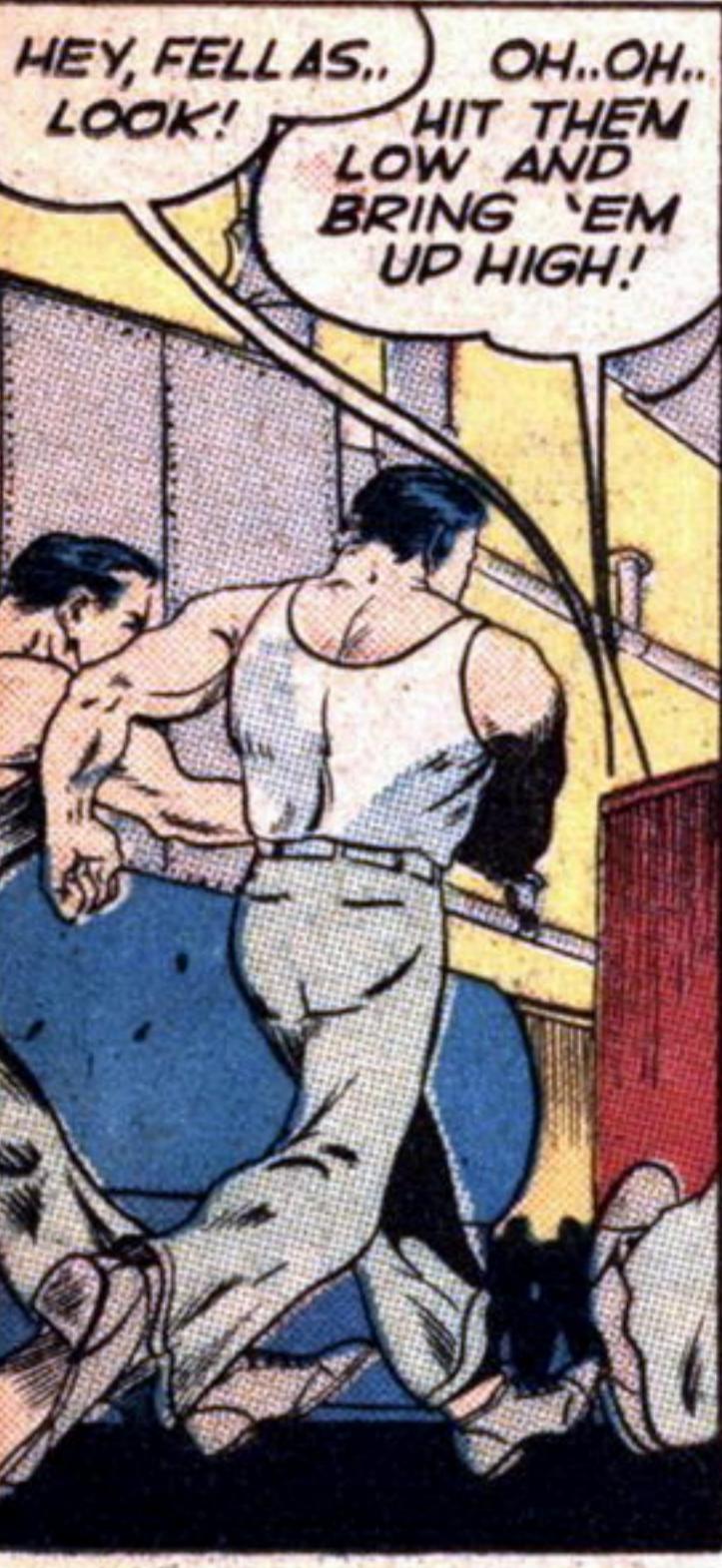
WE GOTTA  
GET OUTA  
THIS!

RIGHT.. SO GET  
SET FOR ANYTHING  
"

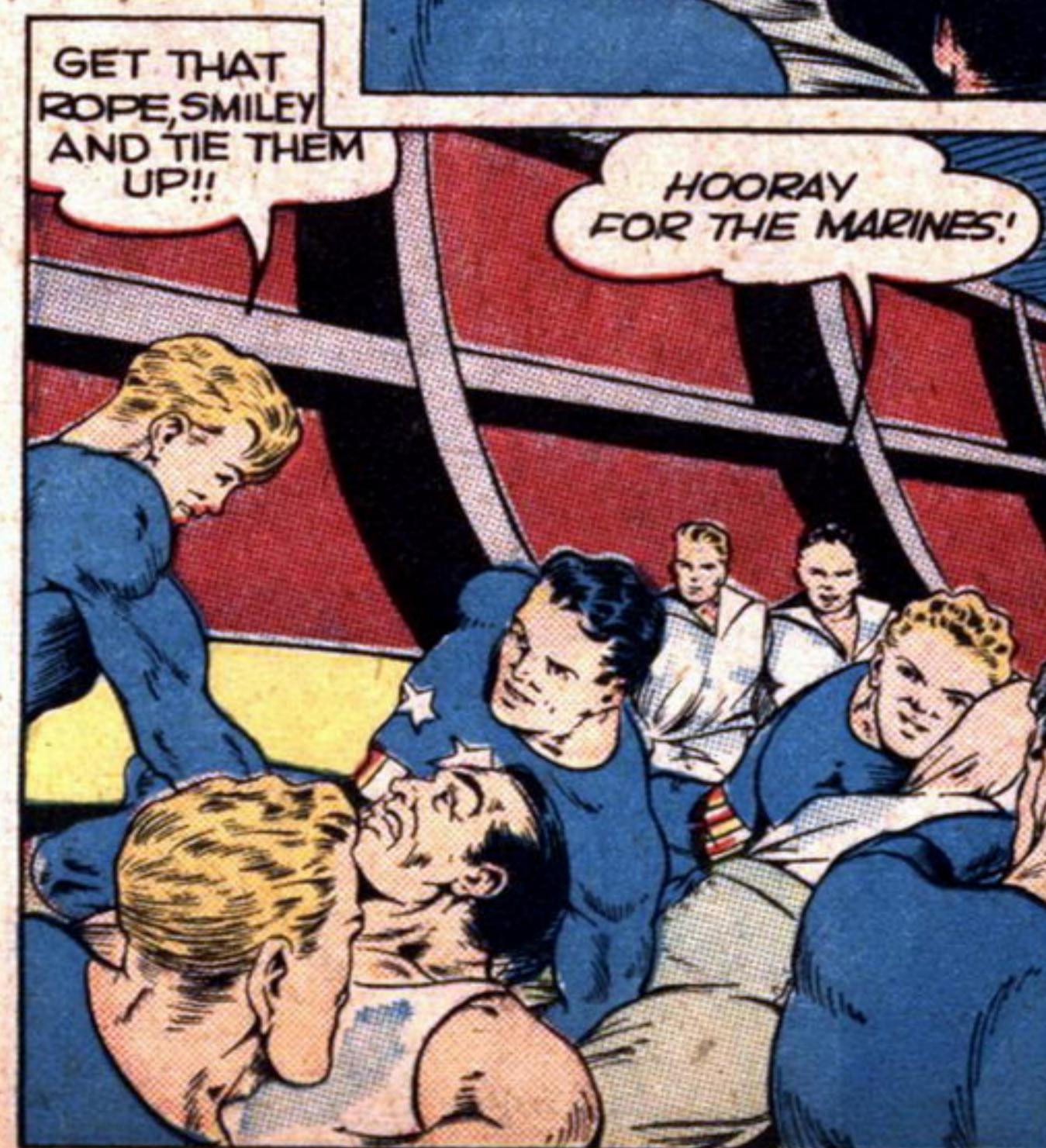
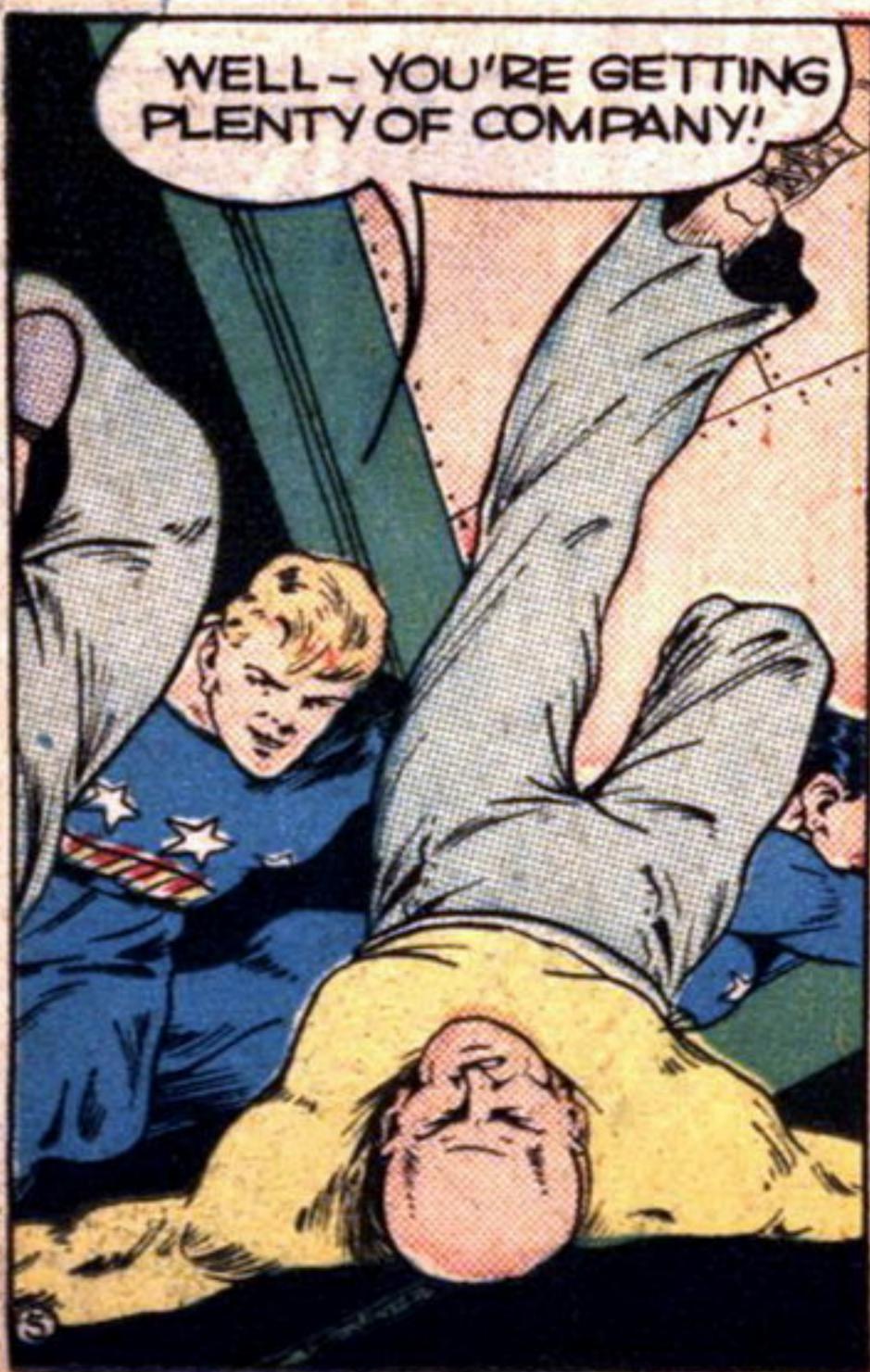
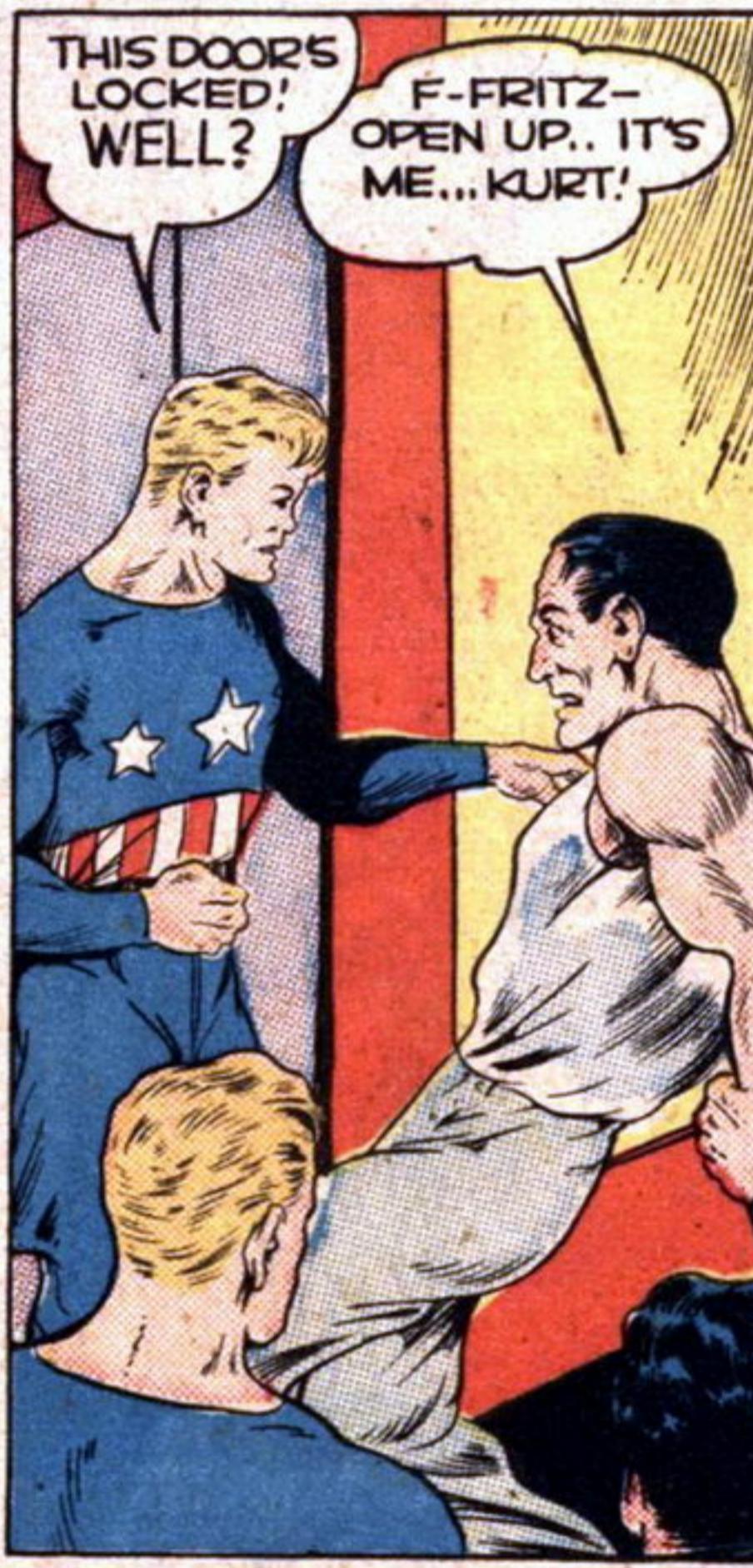
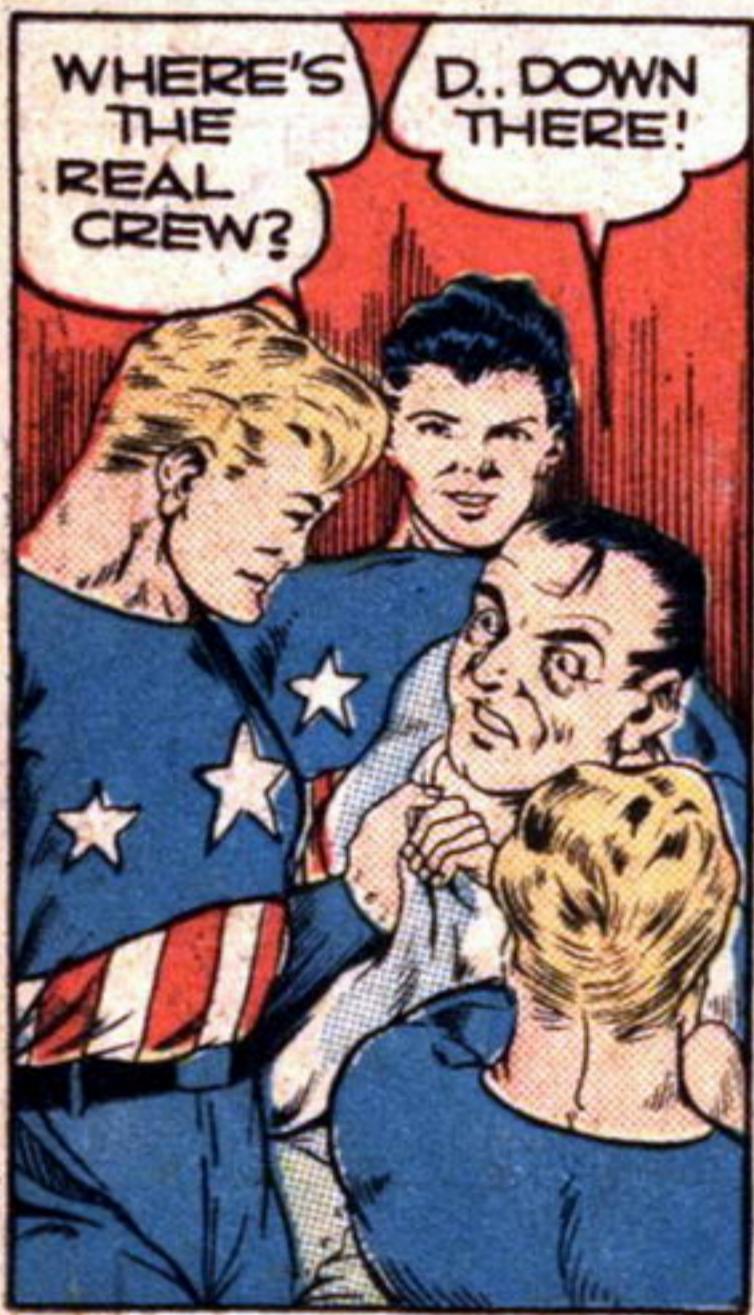
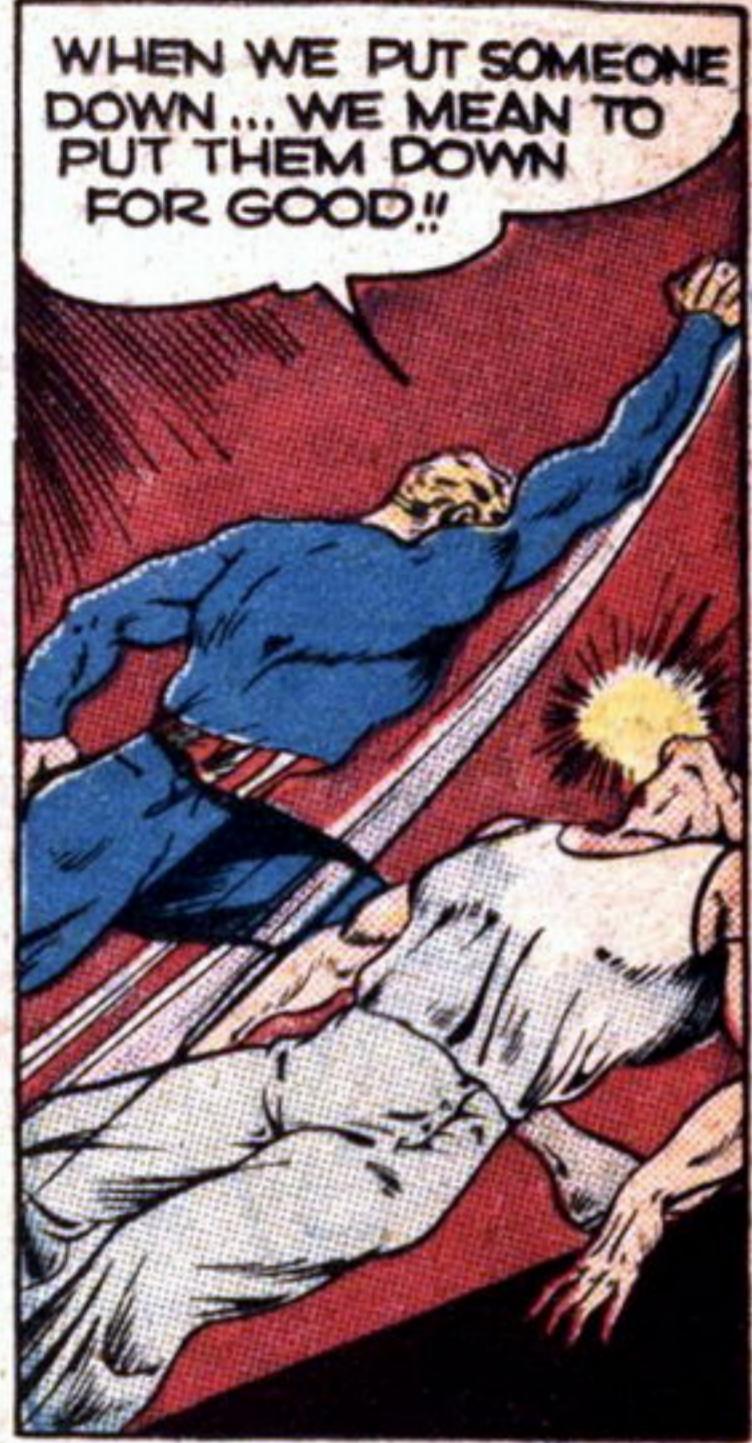
OVER THE PIPE,  
RUSTY SWINGS....

AND DOWN UPON THE  
DUMBFOUNDED  
ARMED NAZIS!!

HEY



AGAINST GOOD OLD AMERICAN FOOTBALL TACTICS,  
THE ON-RUSHING NAZI CREW-MEN ARE KNOCKED FOR  
A LOOP... THINKING THEY WERE HIT BY A TEN-  
TON STEAM ROLLER....



HAVING TIED UP THE NAZI MEN, THE BRIGADIERS FREE THE REAL CREW.

WELL BOYS.. WE'RE FREE... BUT WHAT NOW? WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE OF GETTING CONTROL OF THIS BOAT AGAIN!

WHY NOT?

THEY'VE TAKEN ALL OUR GUNS.. AND EVERYONE OF THOSE RATS IS ARMED TO THE TEETH! ANYWAY.. EVEN IF WE DID WIN, ONE OF THEM WOULD PROBABLY BLOW US TO KINGDOM COME WITH THE DYNAMITE THAT'S PLANTED AROUND HERE!

MAYBE.. BUT I'VE GOT AN IDEA THAT MIGHT WORK! C'MON.. I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT ON THE WAY!

OKAY!

A SHORT TIME LATER RUSTY STEPS OUT BEFORE THE NAZI LEADER, TALKING TO HIS MEN....

EVERYTHING IS SET... WE SAIL IN TEN MINUTES!

VAT?  
LOOK HIM!

YEAH! YOU'RE NOT SAILING ANYWHERE! I LET FREE THE AMERICAN CREW AND SET THIS BOAT AFIRE!! IN NO TIME AT ALL IT WILL BE BLOWN TO BITS... BY THE DYNAMITE YOU YOURSELVES PLANTED!

HEY...  
TH' KID'S TELLING  
THE TRUTH!  
LOOK!

SMOKE!!

LEMME OUTA  
HERE!!

WE'LL  
BE KILLED!

LOOK  
OUT!

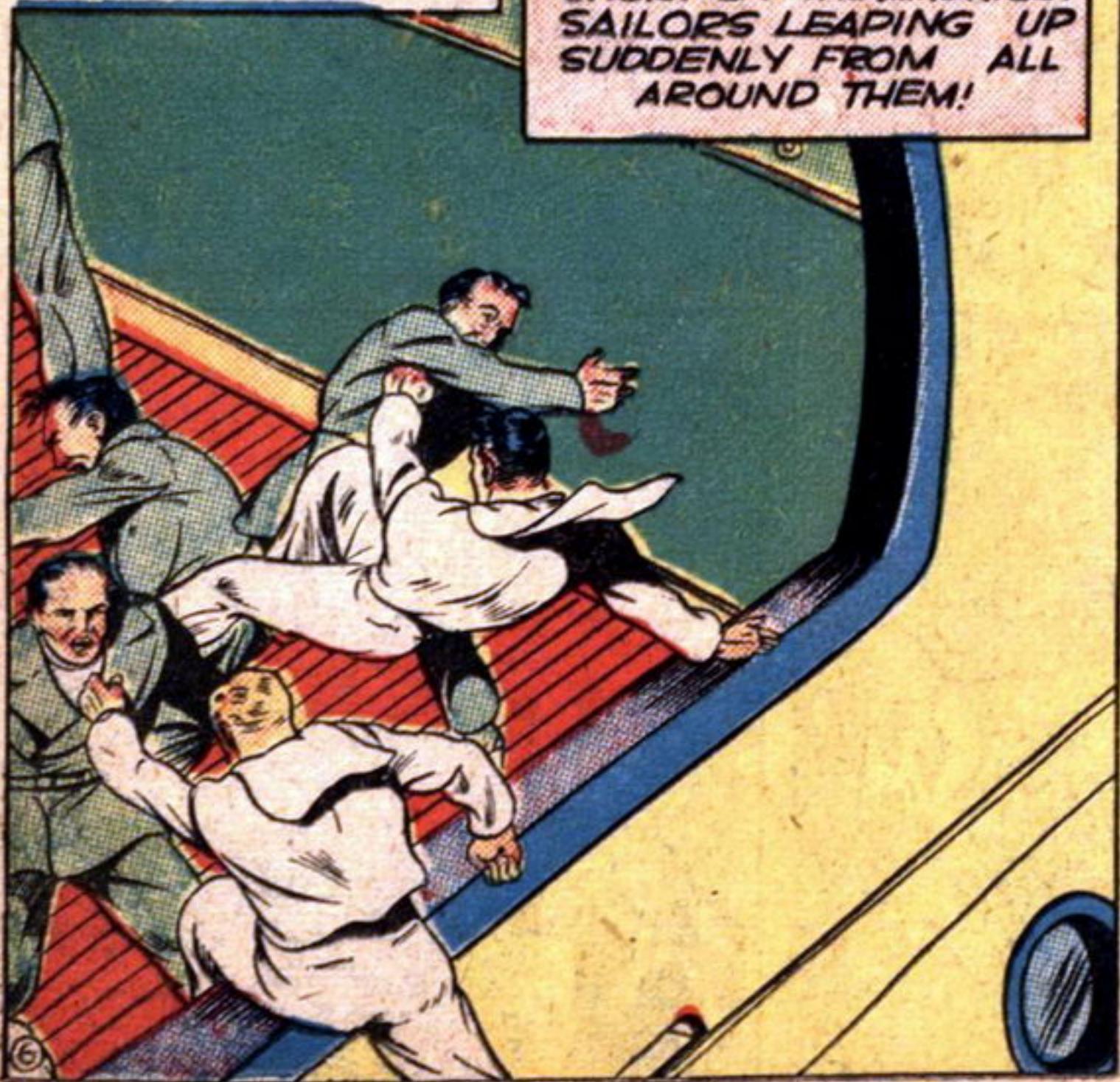
OKAY, GANG!  
HERE THEY  
COME!

AS THE NAZI HIJACKERS REACH THE SIDE OF THE BOAT, THEY ARE STOPPED SHORT BY THE AMERICAN SAILORS LEAPING UP SUDDENLY FROM ALL AROUND THEM!

OKAY, SMILEY...  
YOU CAN PUT OUT THAT FIRE OF OIL-SOAKED RAGS NOW.. I THINK UNCLE SAM IS WINNING..  
NO... HE HAS WON!

BOY-OH-BOY! I WISH THERE WERE MORE KIDS IN THIS COUNTRY LIKE YOU... RISKING YOUR NECKS TO HELP YOUR UNCLE SAM!

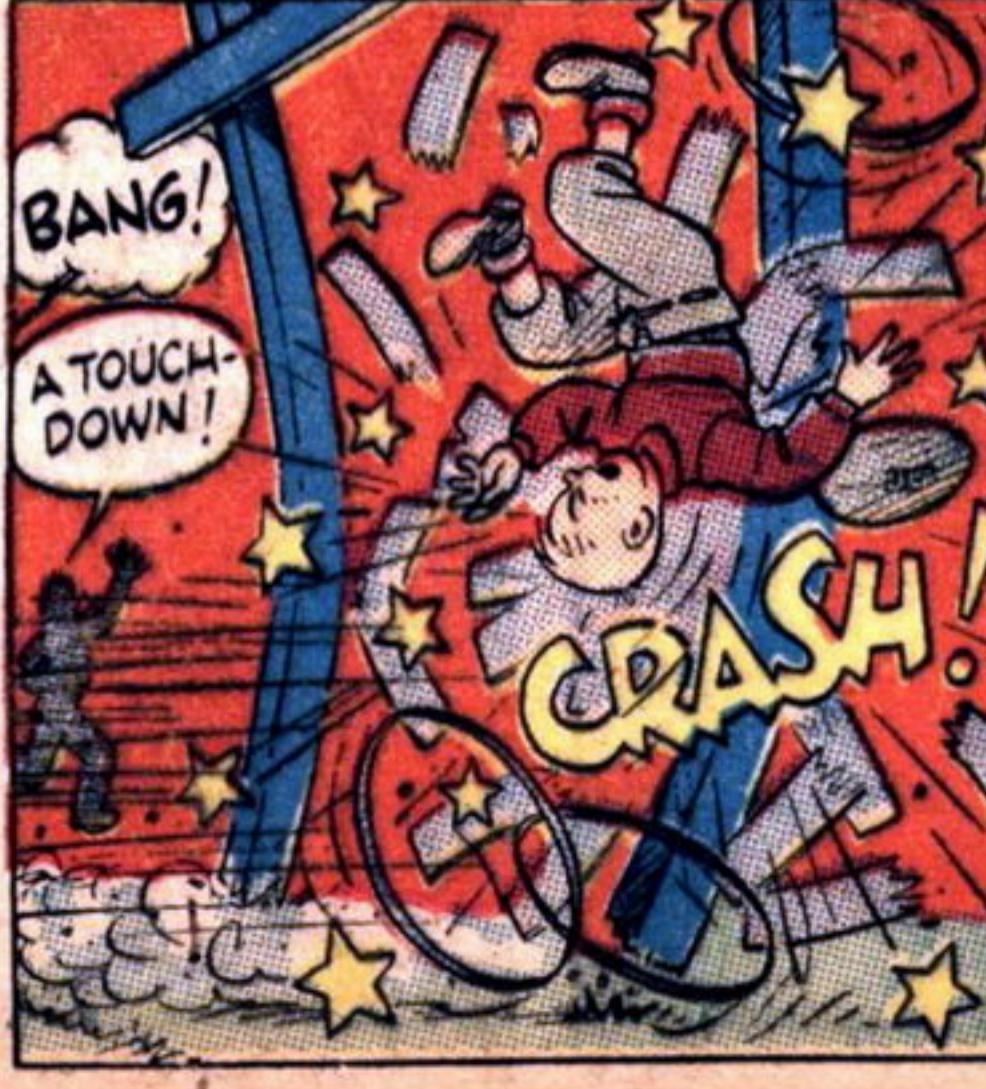
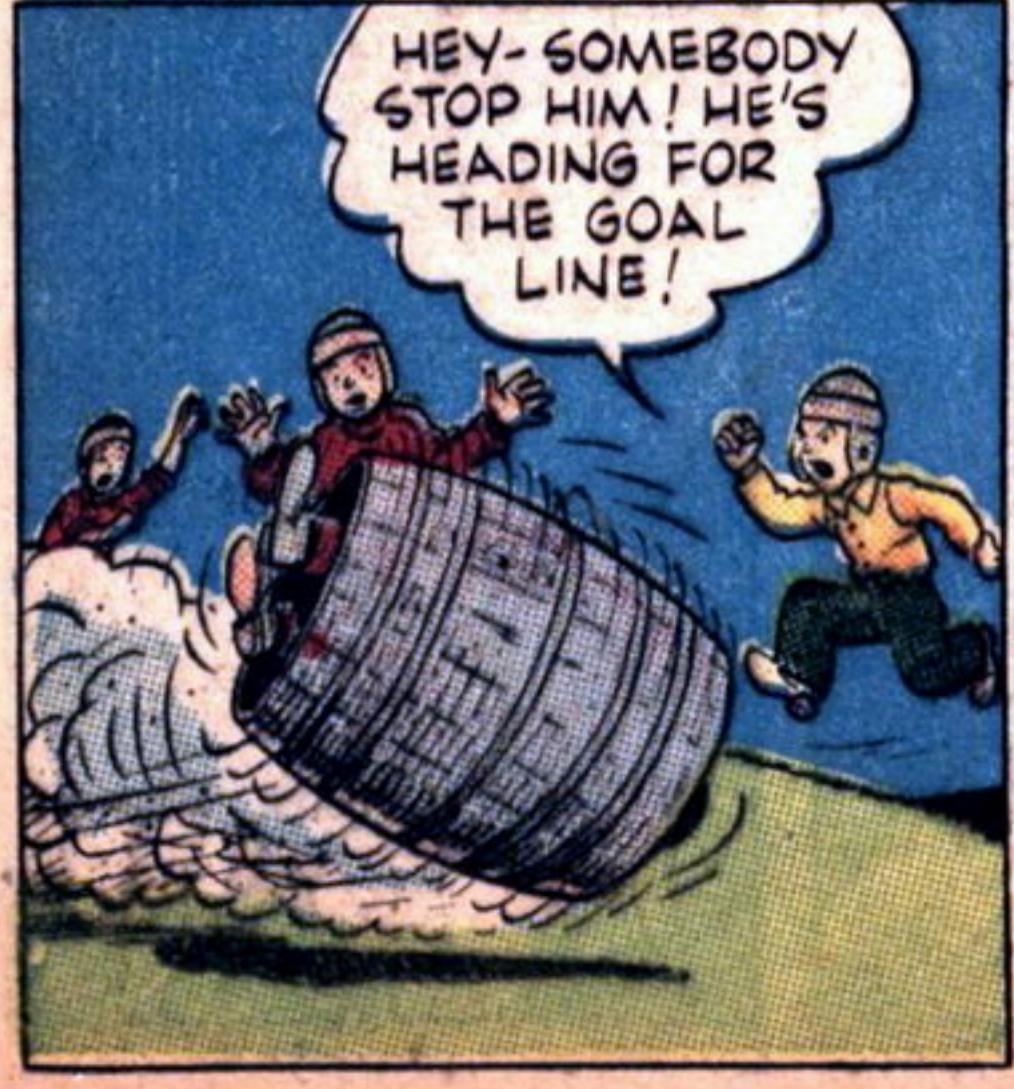
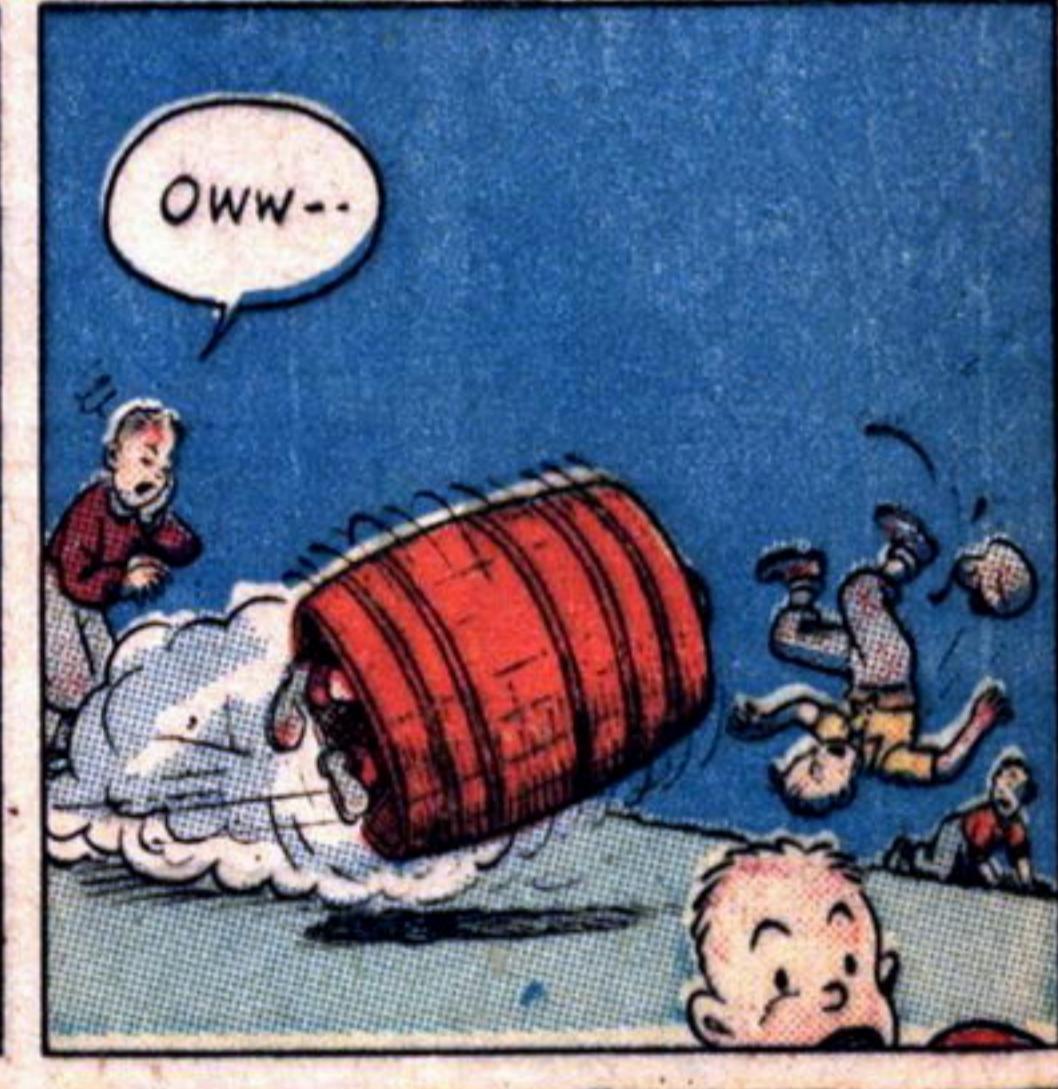
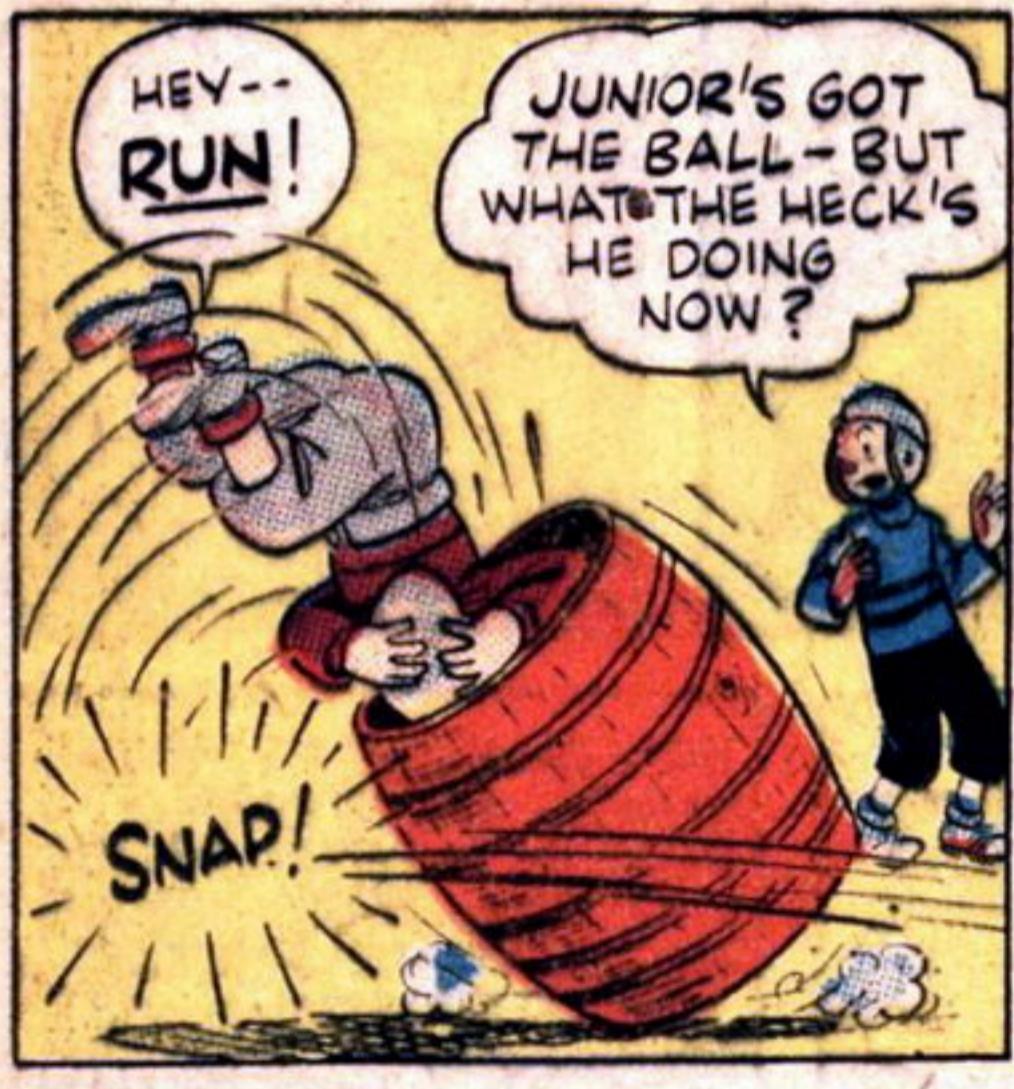
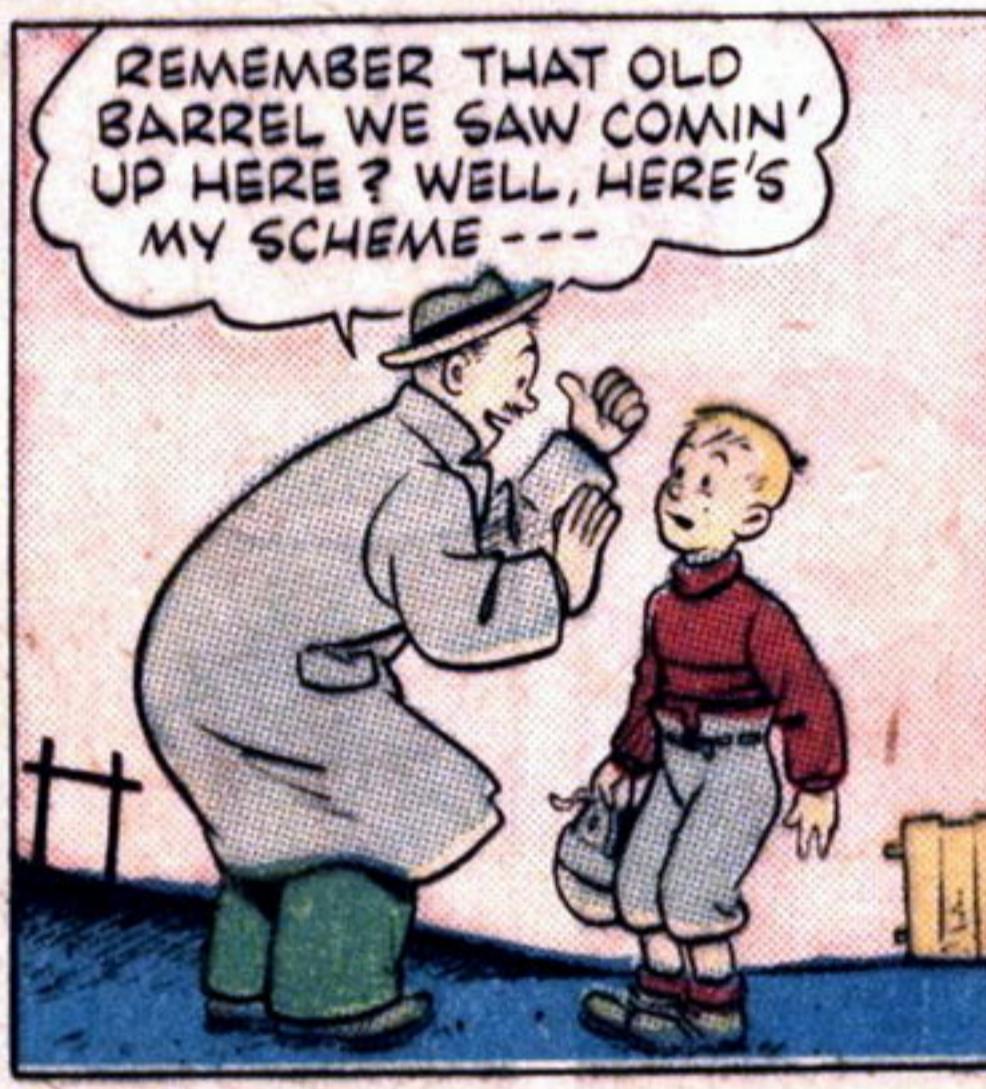
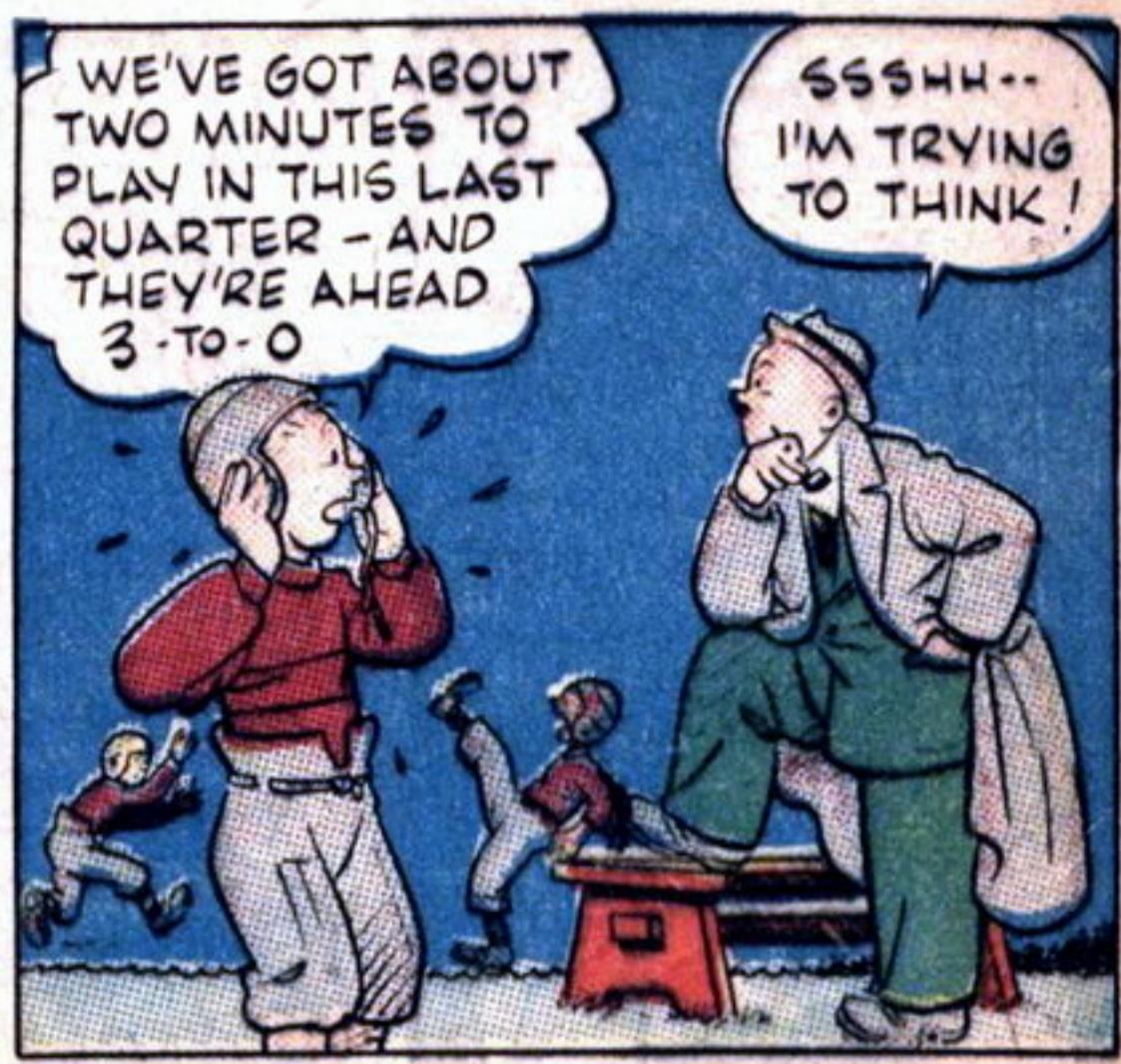
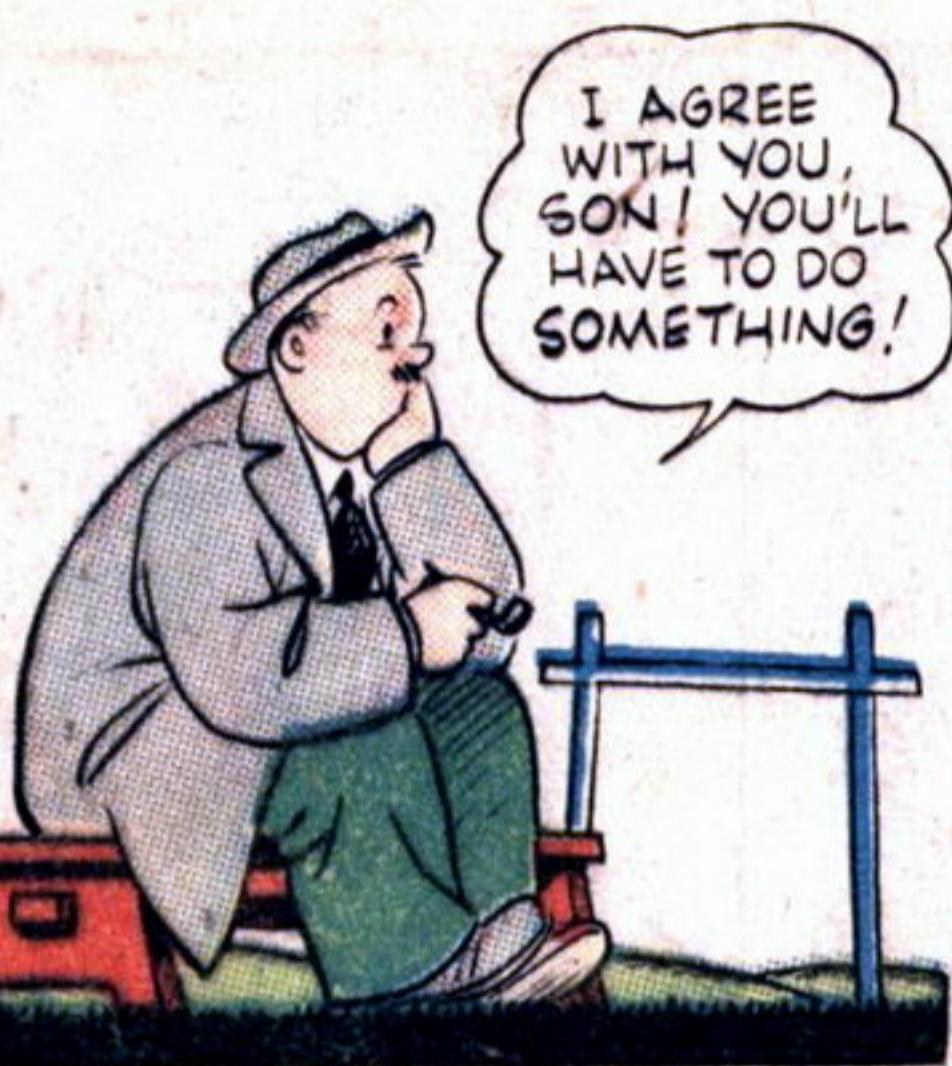
THERE'S  
MORE THAN  
YOU THINK  
CAPTAIN!!



More daring deeds of Rusty Ryan and The Boyville Brigadiers in the December issue.

# HOMER DOODLE - AND SON

by  
ARTHUR BEEMAN



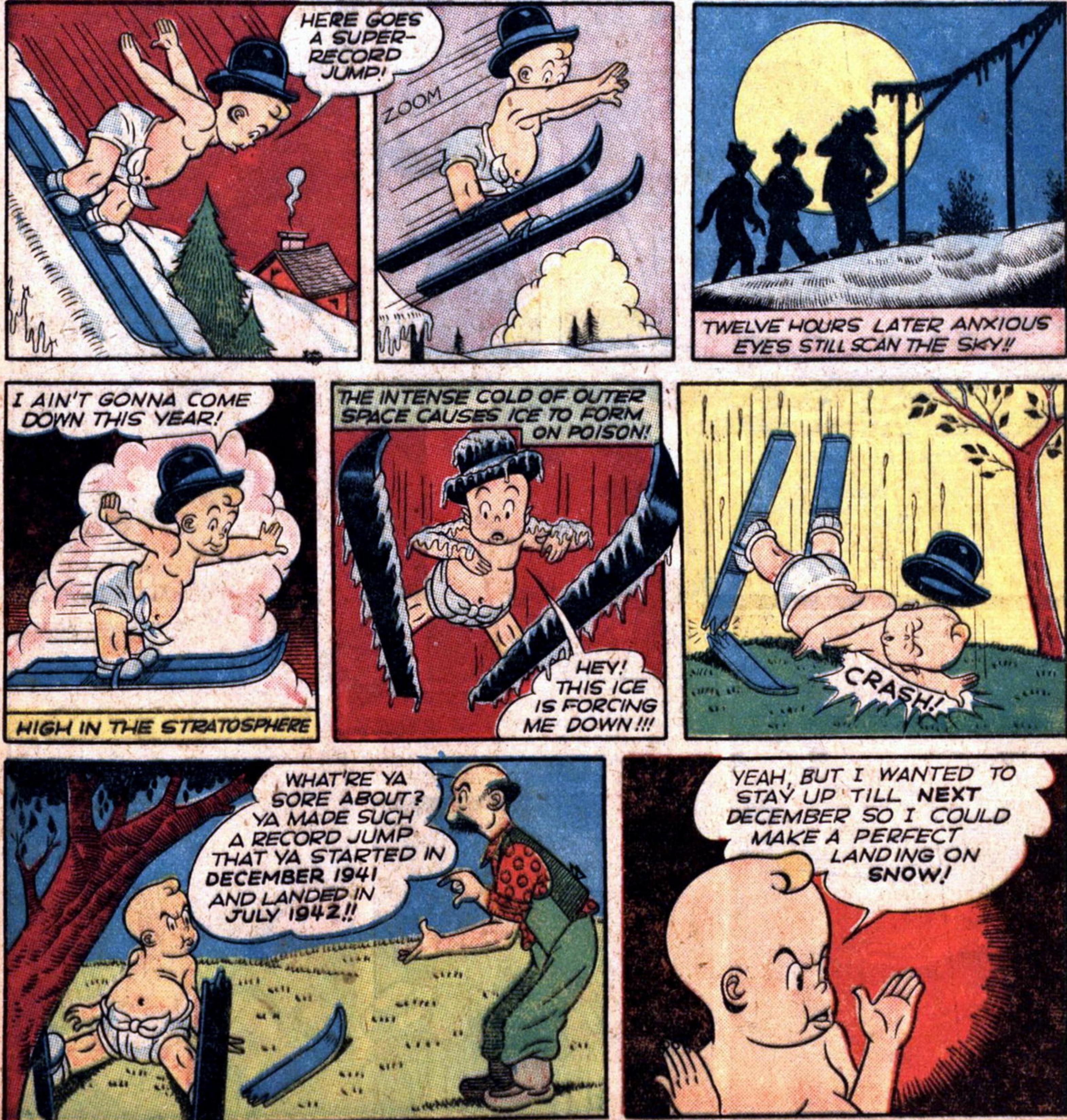
Order your copy of the January issue of FEATURE COMICS from your regular newsdealer now.

# Poison Ivy

THE MIGHTY MITE

BY GILL FOX -

POISON IVY HAS ENTERED IN  
THE GIANT SKI  
JUMP CONTEST!  
THERE HE GOES  
DOWN THE RUN-  
WAY NOW!!

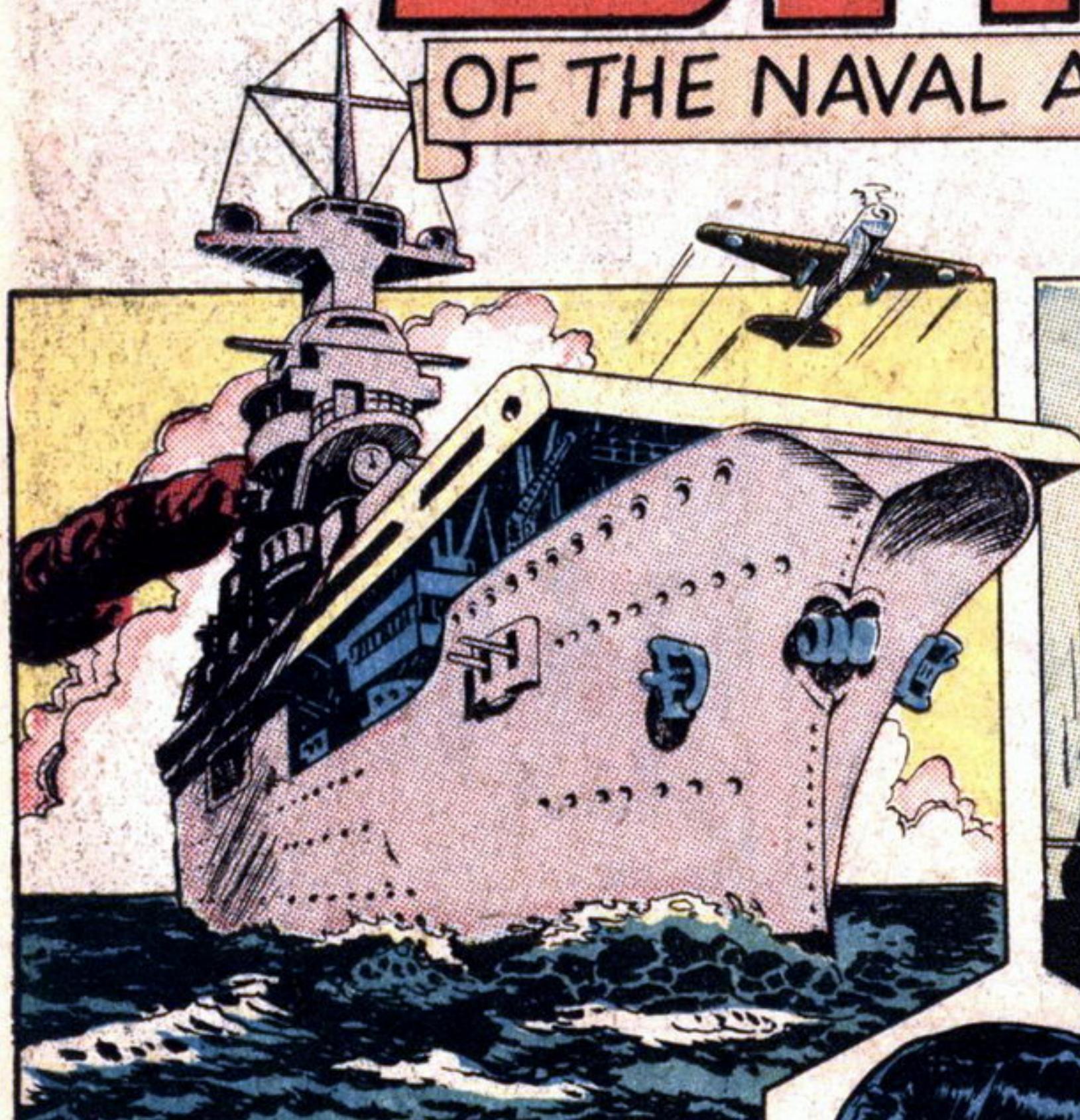


Poison Ivy will amuse you in the January issue of FEATURE COMICS.

# SPIN SHAW

OF THE NAVAL AIR CORPS

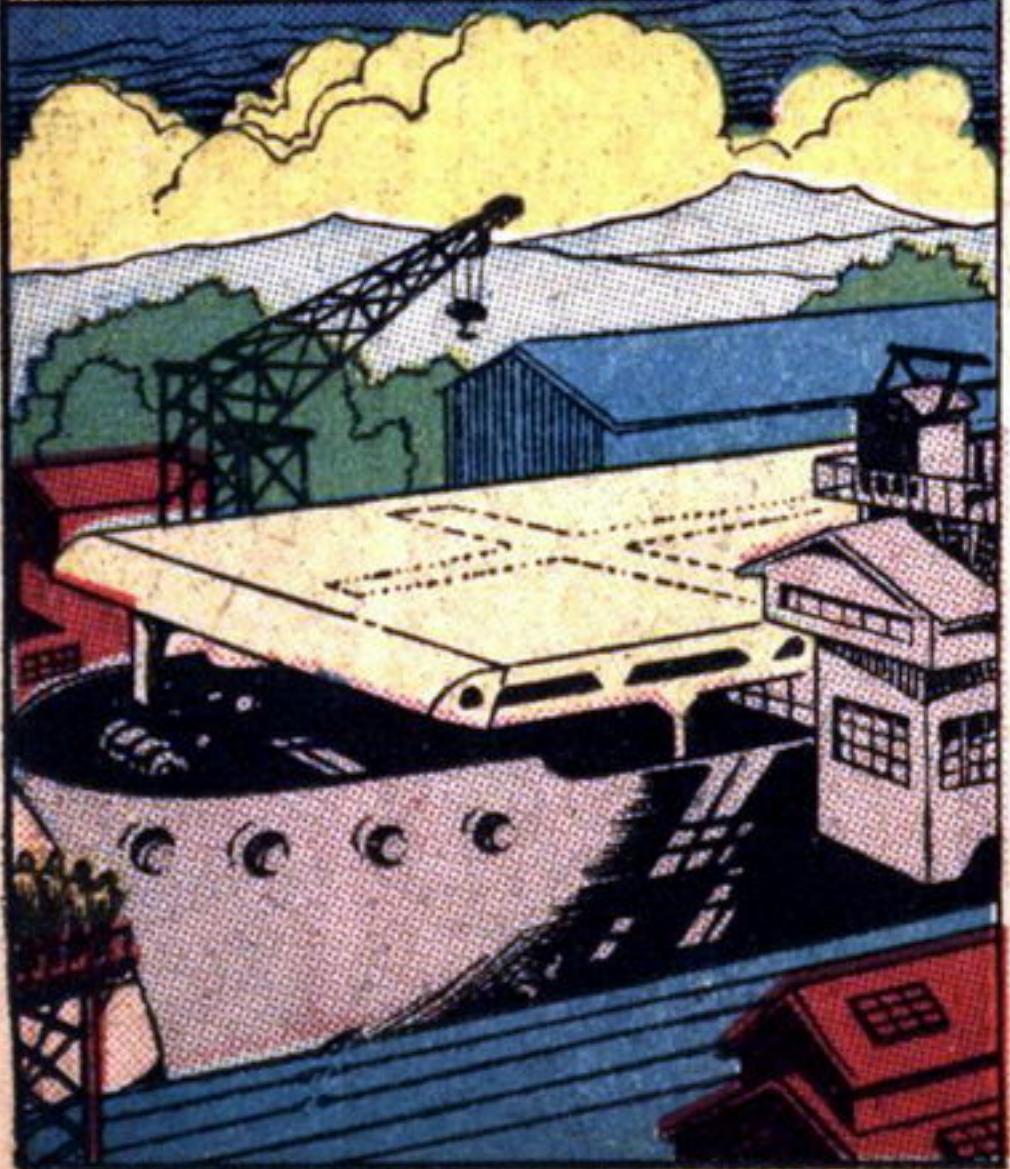
BY  
REX SMITH



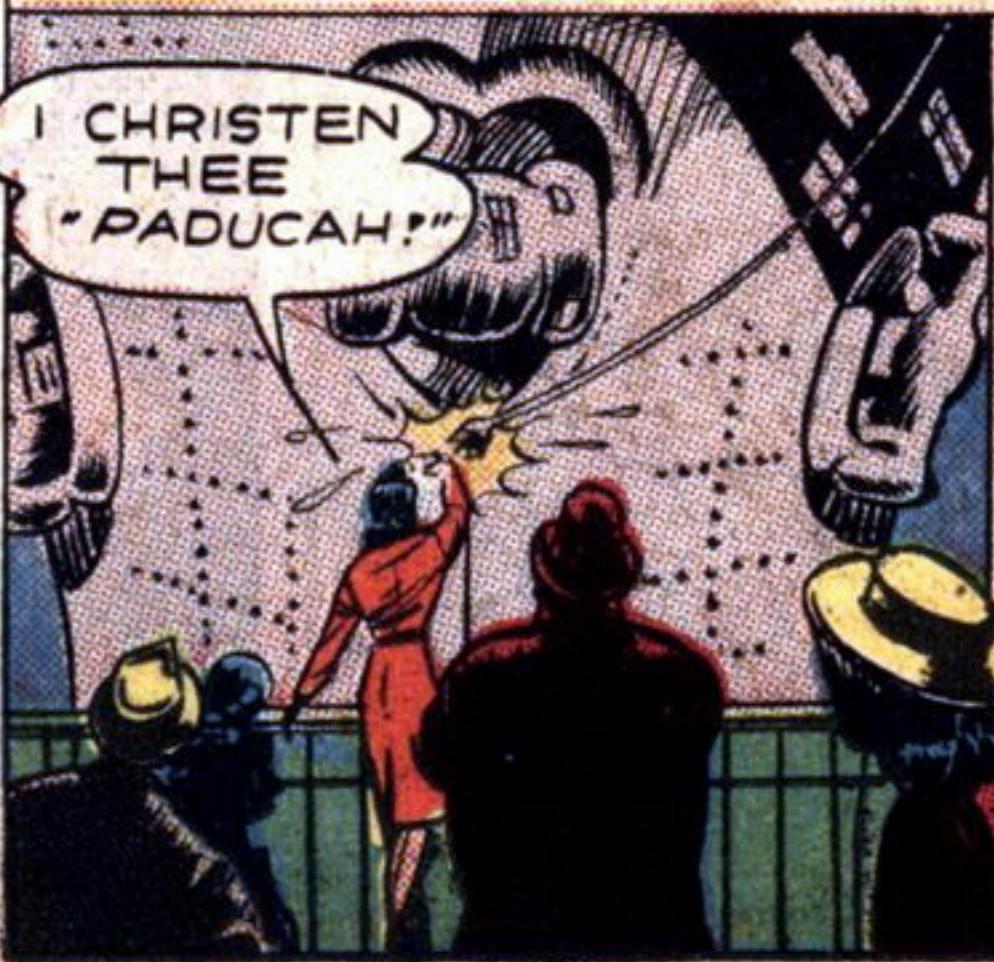
WHILE DEFENSE KEEPS EVERY SHIPYARD AND FACTORY IN THE NATION BOOMING, INSIDIOUS FORCES DOMINATED BY FOREIGN INTERESTS UNDERMINE UNCLE SAM'S NEPHEWS... UNTIL SPIN SHAW STEPS IN....



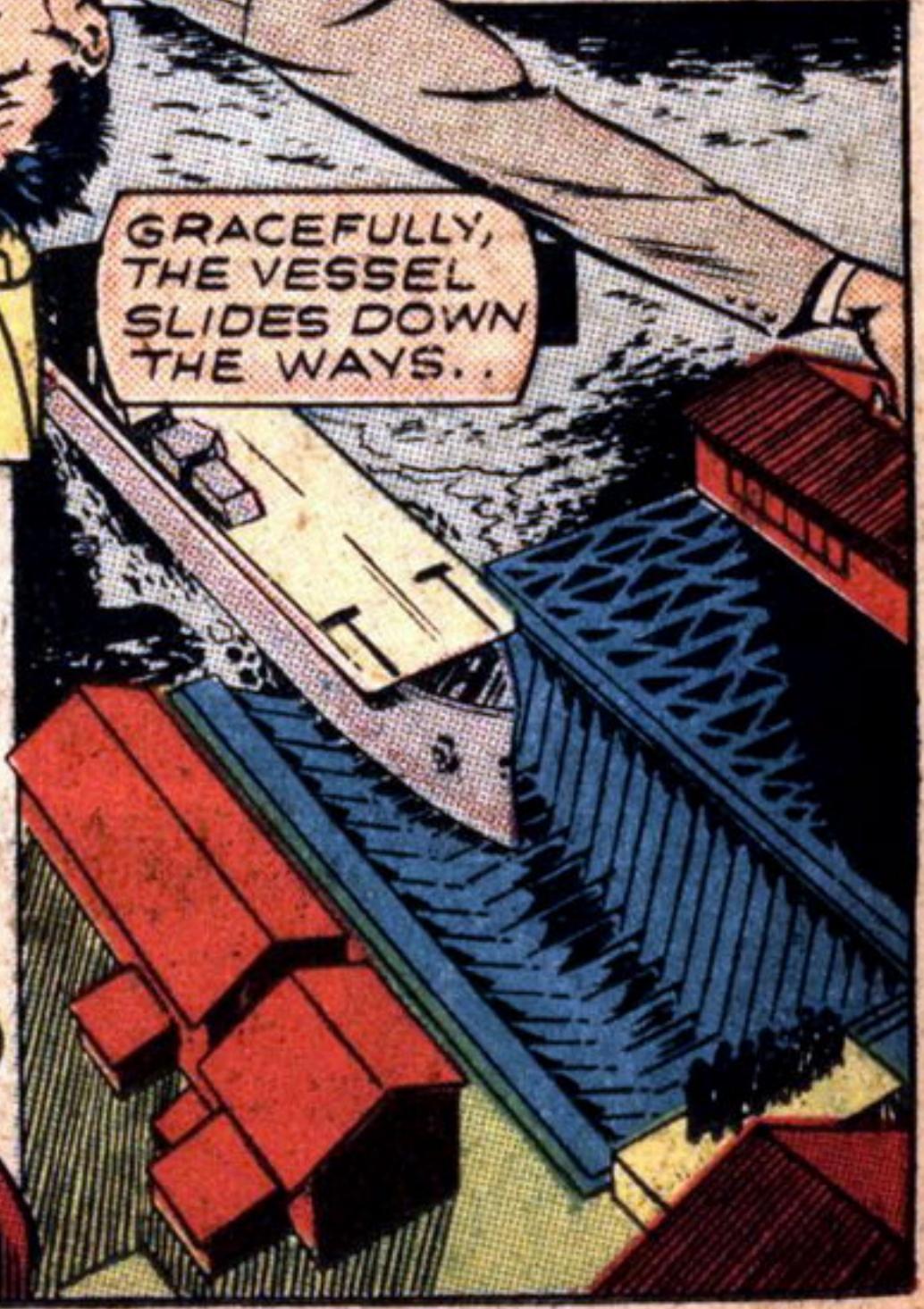
UNCLE SAM'S NEWEST AIRCRAFT CARRIER "PADUCAH" IS ABOUT TO BE CHRISTENED.. A GREAT CROWD ASSEMBLES FOR THE CEREMONY.



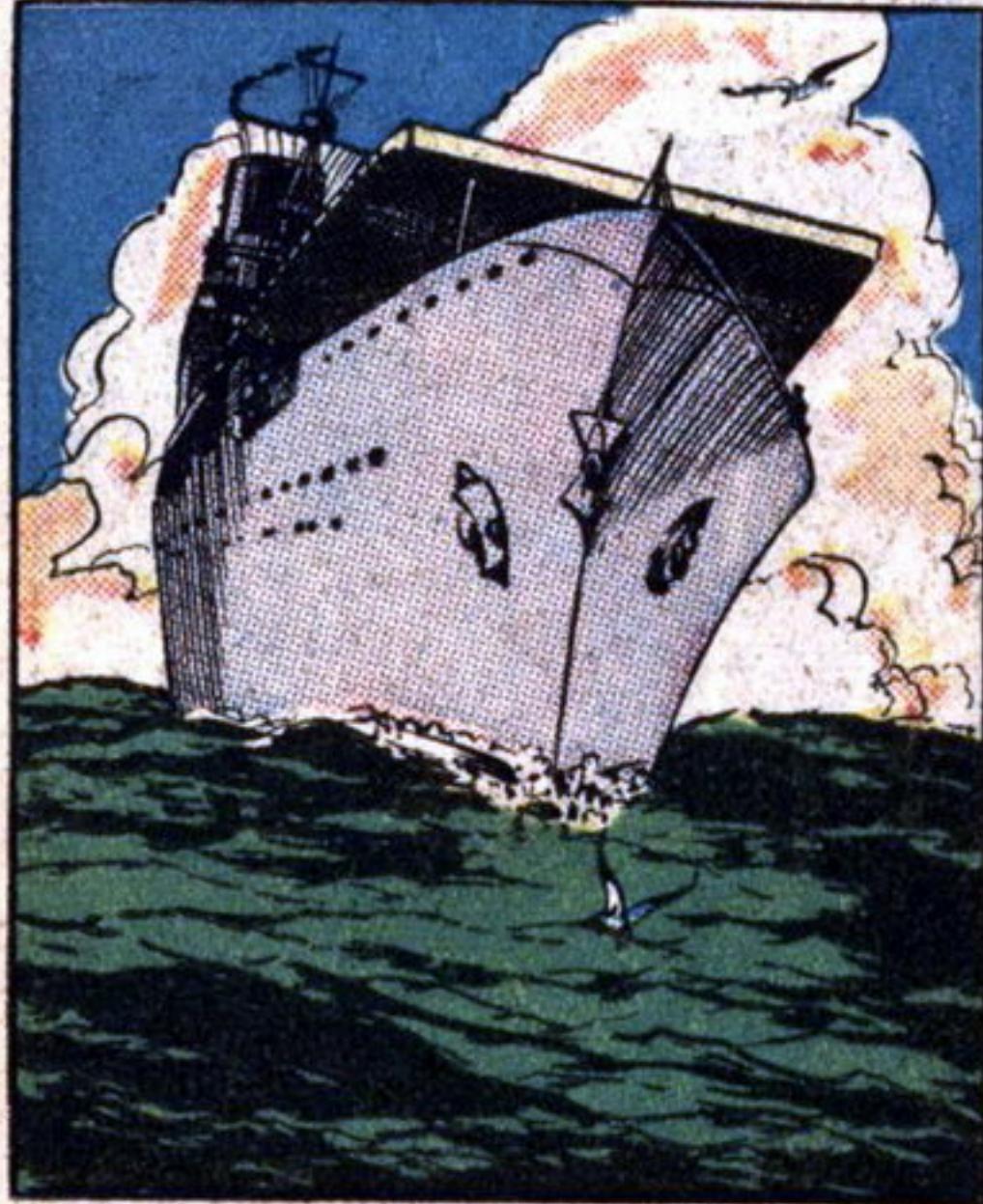
AS A BATTERY OF PHOTOGRAPHERS 'SHOOT' THE SCENE, A SENATOR'S LADY SMASHES THE TRADITIONAL CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE AGAINST THE KEEL.



GRACEFULLY, THE VESSEL SLIDES DOWN THE WAYS..



A FEW DAYS LATER, THE NEW "PADUCAH" PLOWS THE WAVES IN HER FIRST RUN AT SEA...



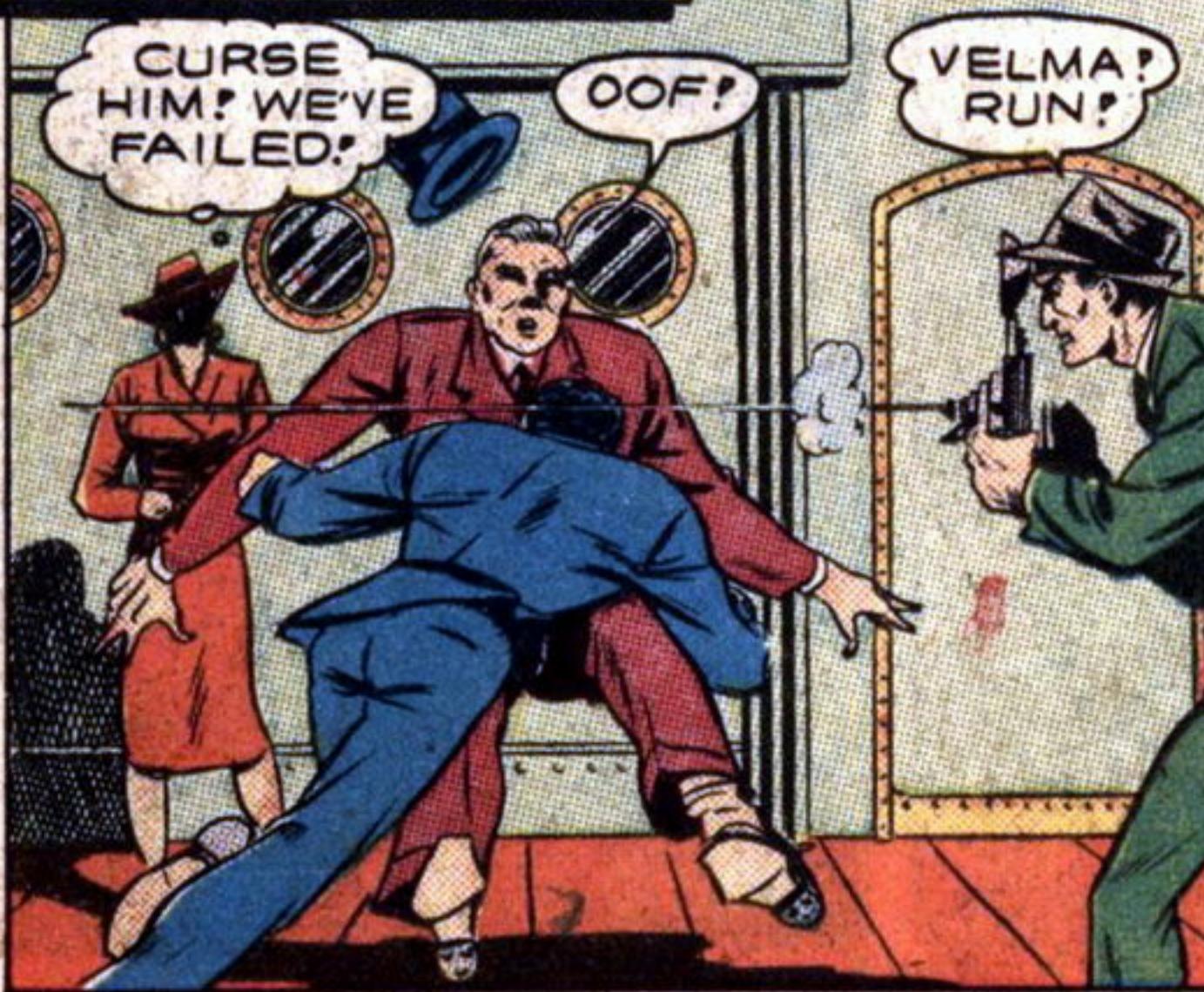
ABOARD AS HONORARY GUEST IS LORD COFAX OF THE BRITISH ADMIRALTY, WHO IS POSING FOR PICTURES WITH THE PADUCAH'S COMMANDER... A VEILED WOMAN REPORTER TAKES MANY NOTES OF THE EVENT...



SUDDENLY SPIN, ON HONOR GUARD DUTY, STIFFENS IN ALARM.

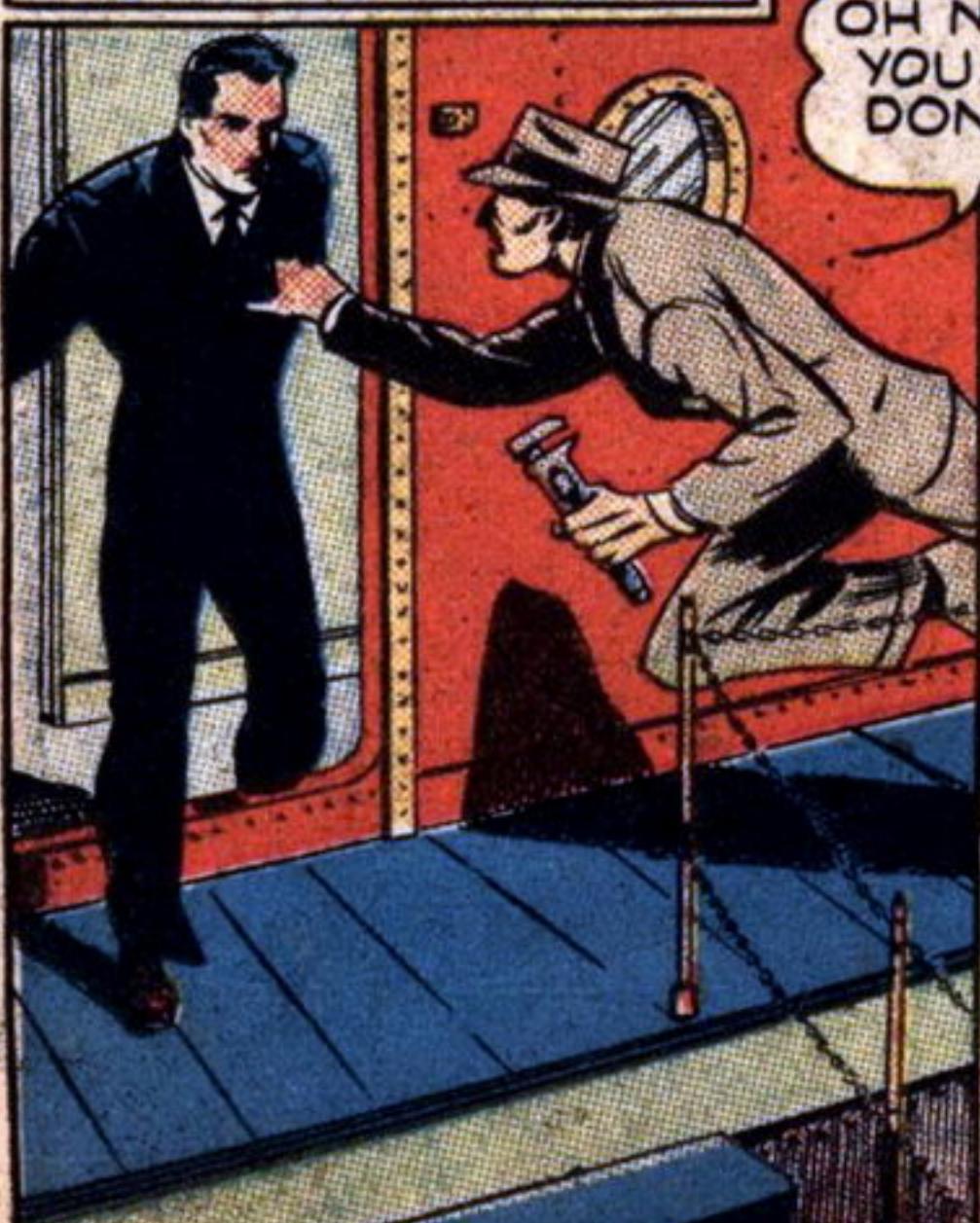


INSTANTLY HE DODGES BETWEEN LORD COFAX AND THE NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER JUST AS A MURDEROUS BULLET LEAPS FROM THE CAMERA.



AN OFFICER SWINGS AT THE WOULD-BE ASSASSIN, AS THE VEILED LADY DUCKS DOWN A HATCH.

SPIN STARTS AFTER HER, BUT A FIGURE LEAPS AT HIM FROM THE SHADOWS.



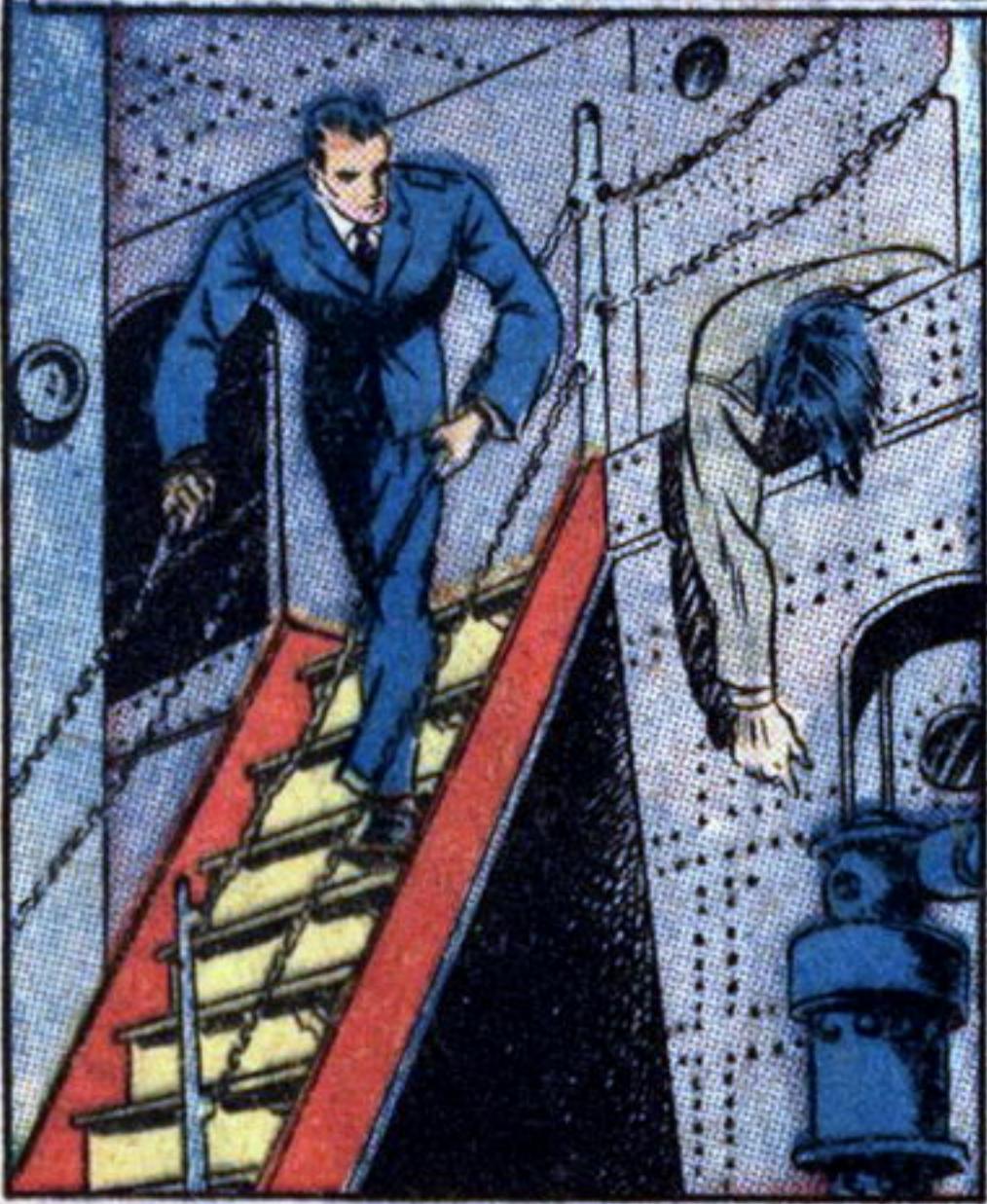
THE THUG WIELDS A HEAVY WRENCH.



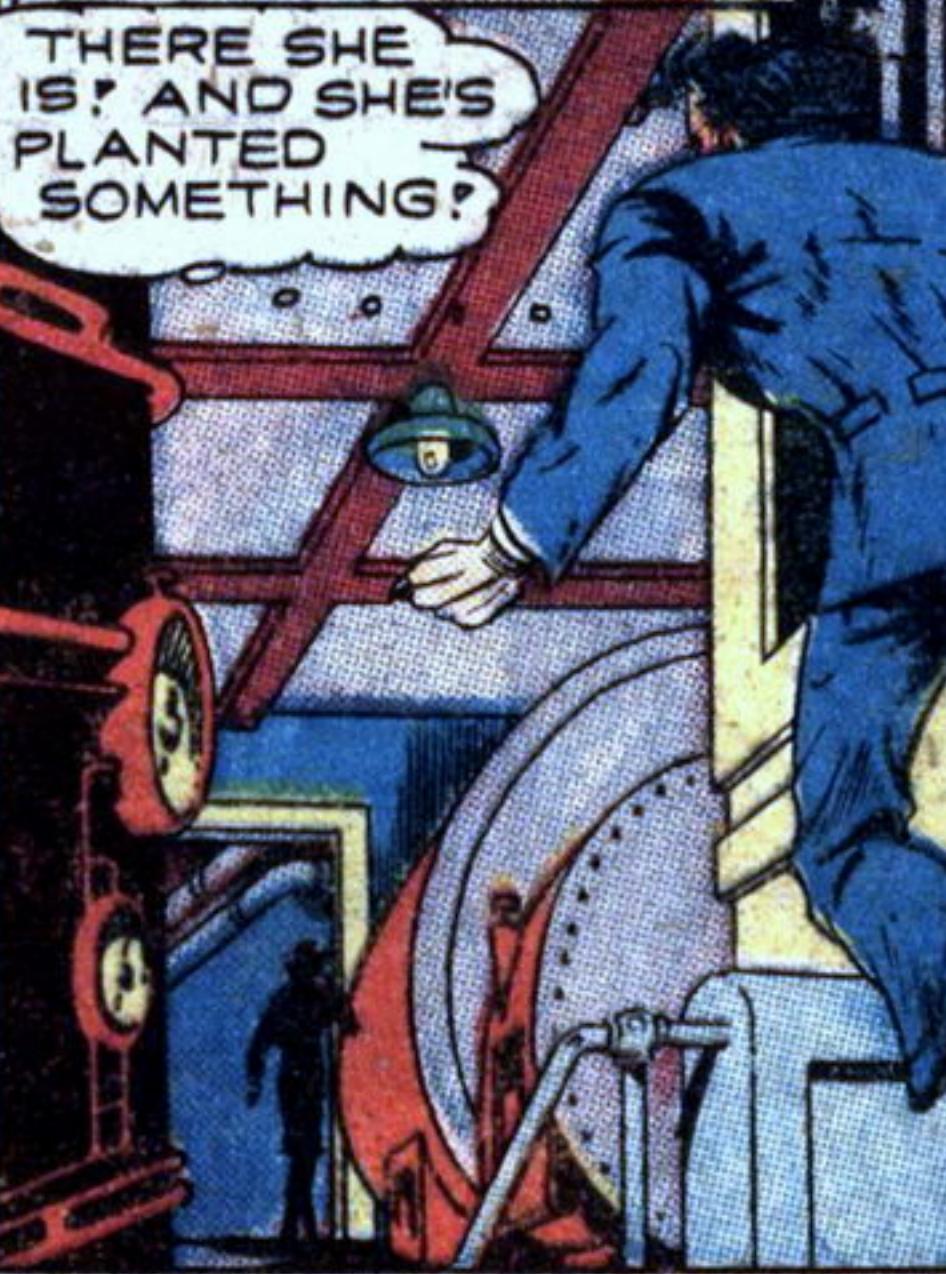
SPIN DUCKS AGILELY AND SAILS UP WITH A JAW-BREAKER RIGHT.



LEAVING HIS ASSAILANT OUT COLD ON THE DECK, SPIN DARTS AFTER THE "MYSTERY WOMAN".



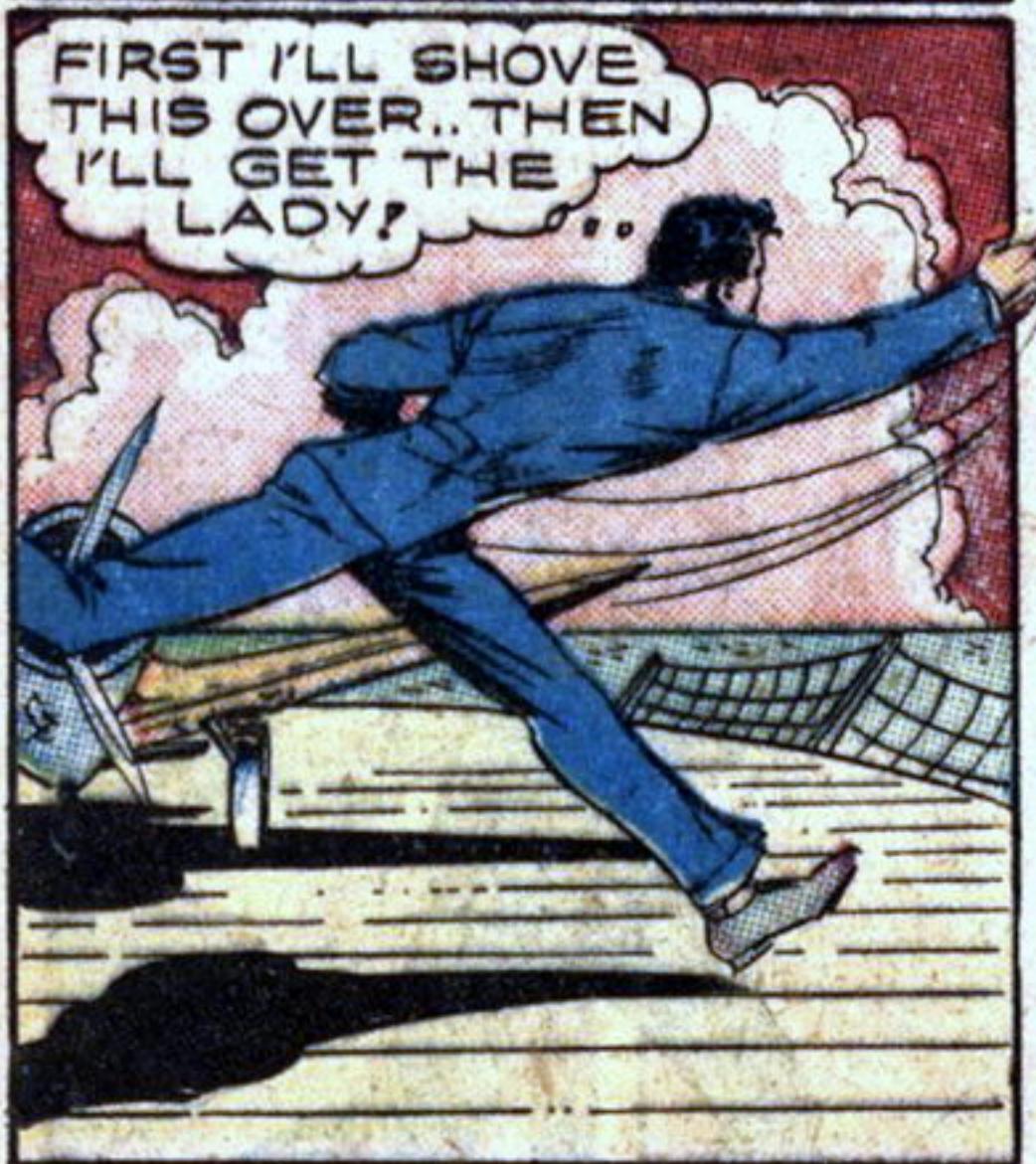
HE RACES DOWN A CORRIDOR AND...



NO TIME TO CATCH HER NOW.. THIS IS AN ELECTRIC TIME BOMB SHE LEFT? I'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF IT!



NOT A SECOND TOO SOON, SPIN GRABS THE BOMB AND DASHES TO THE TOP DECK.



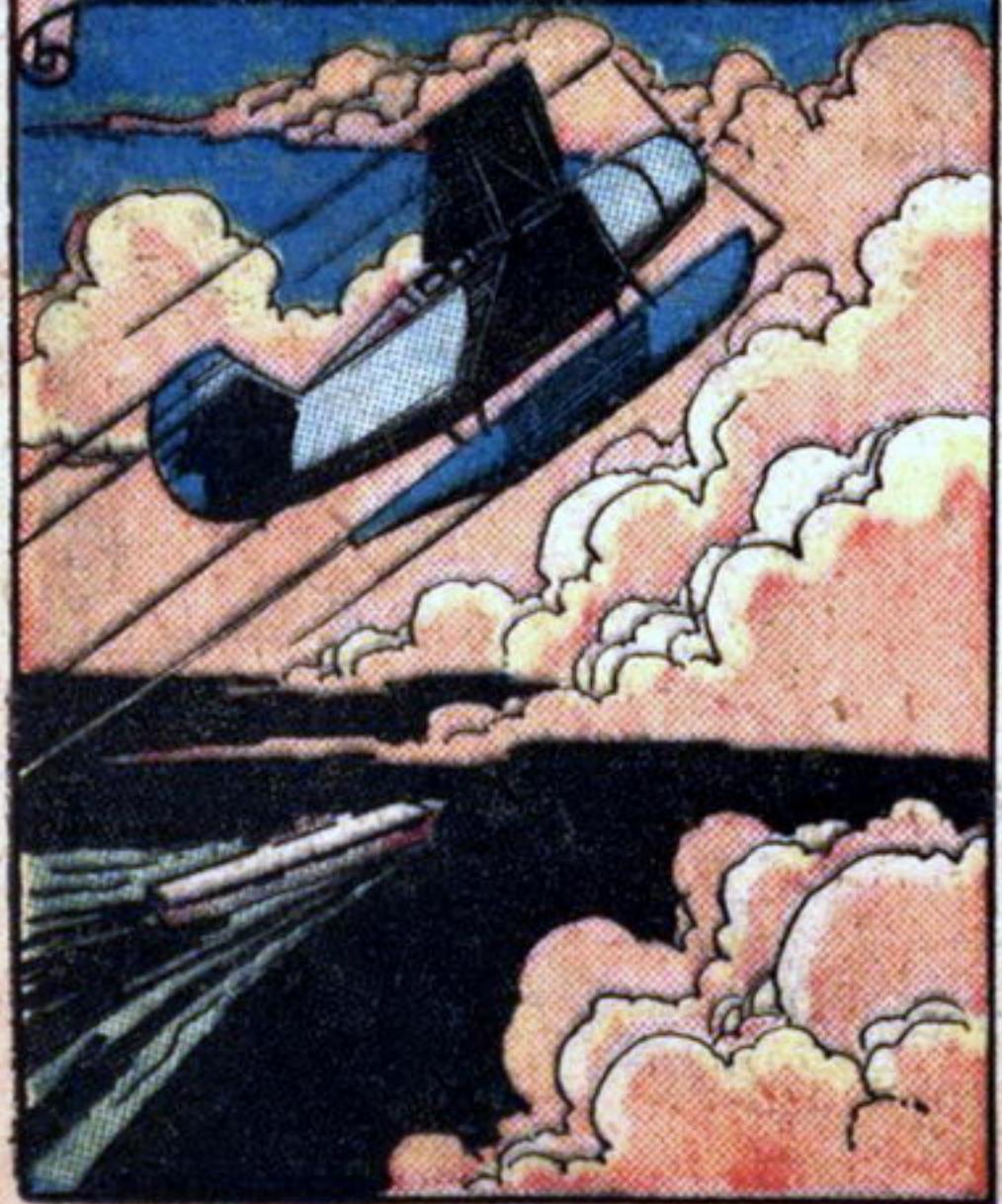
AND AT THE RISK OF HIS LIFE, HURLS THE EXPLOSIVE INTO THE SEA.



MEANWHILE THE CAMERAMAN HAS COME TO.. SECURING A PLANE THROUGH A SPY SAILOR, HE AND THE GIRL PREPARE TO TAKE OFF.



LIKE A SWIFT ARROW SHOT FROM A BOW, THE SLEEK SHIP LEAVES THE CATAPULT AND GAINS ALTITUDE...



BUT SPIN IS AWARE OF THE SPIES' ESCAPE.



SO.. A FEW MINUTES LATER, ANOTHER SHIP TAKES OFF WITH SPIN AT THE CONTROLS.



BUT AS SWIFTLY AS SPIN'S PLANE NOSES UP, THE OTHER PLANE ZOOMS DOWN TO ATTACK.

IN VENGEFUL FURY, THE SPIES SWOOP LOW TO RIDDLE THE PLANES ON THE CARRIER'S DECK.

SPIN PLUNGES DOWN ANGRILY.

QUICK! THAT IS THE MAN WHO STOPPED US FROM KILLING COFAX!

WHY..THE DIRTY SO AND SO'S? I'LL SHRED THEM TO SPLINTERS FOR THIS!

GOOD! NOBODY CAN COME TO HELP HIM.. HE FIGHTS US ALONE?

SKILLFULLY OUTMANEUVERING THE SPIES, HE DODGES DEVASTATING BULLETS.

BUT SUDDENLY..

UH-OH! MY GUN'S JAMMED!

I'LL HAVE TO LICK 'EM ANOTHER WAY!

SPIN GRABS A DRUM OF AMMUNITION AND HURLS IT FULL AT THE SPY PLANE.

THE EXPLOSIVES STRIKE THE PROP, BLOWING IT TO BITS.

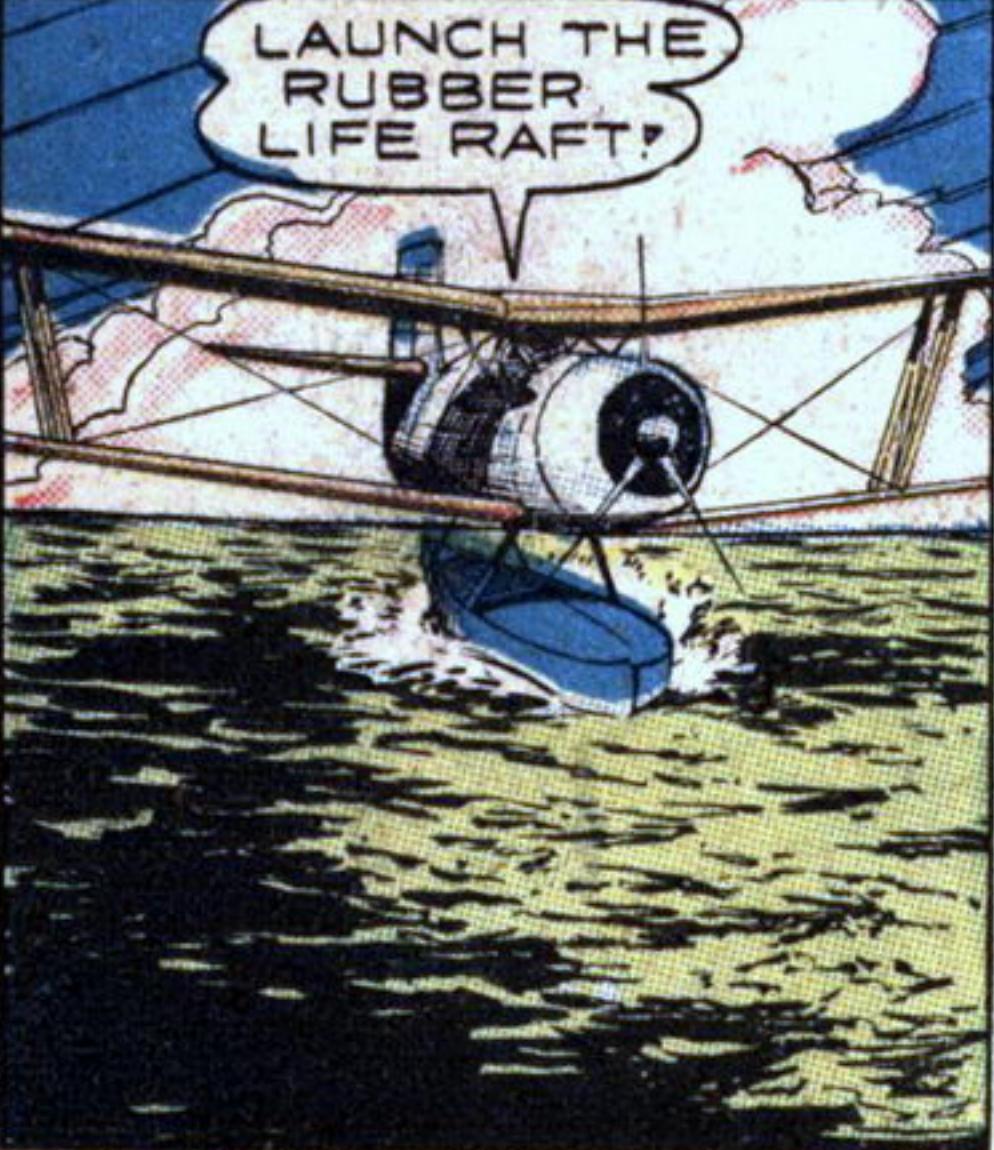
POWERLESS, THE SPY SHIP GLIDES TO THE WATER.

HERE! A PRESENT FROM UNCLE SAM!

NOW FOR SOME MORE FUN!

ONCE ON THE SEA, THE SPY PLANE RESTS MOTIONLESS, UNABLE TO GAIN ENOUGH MOMENTUM TO FLEE.

LAUNCH THE RUBBER LIFE RAFT!



THE COUPLE HOPS INTO A PNEUMATIC RAFT BUT...



SPIN ZOOMS LOW.. AT TOP SPEED HE HEADS FOR THE RAFT..



THE PLANE SKIMS OVER THE RAFT.. SO CLOSE THAT THE SPIES DIVE OVERBOARD TO SAVE THEIR NECKS.



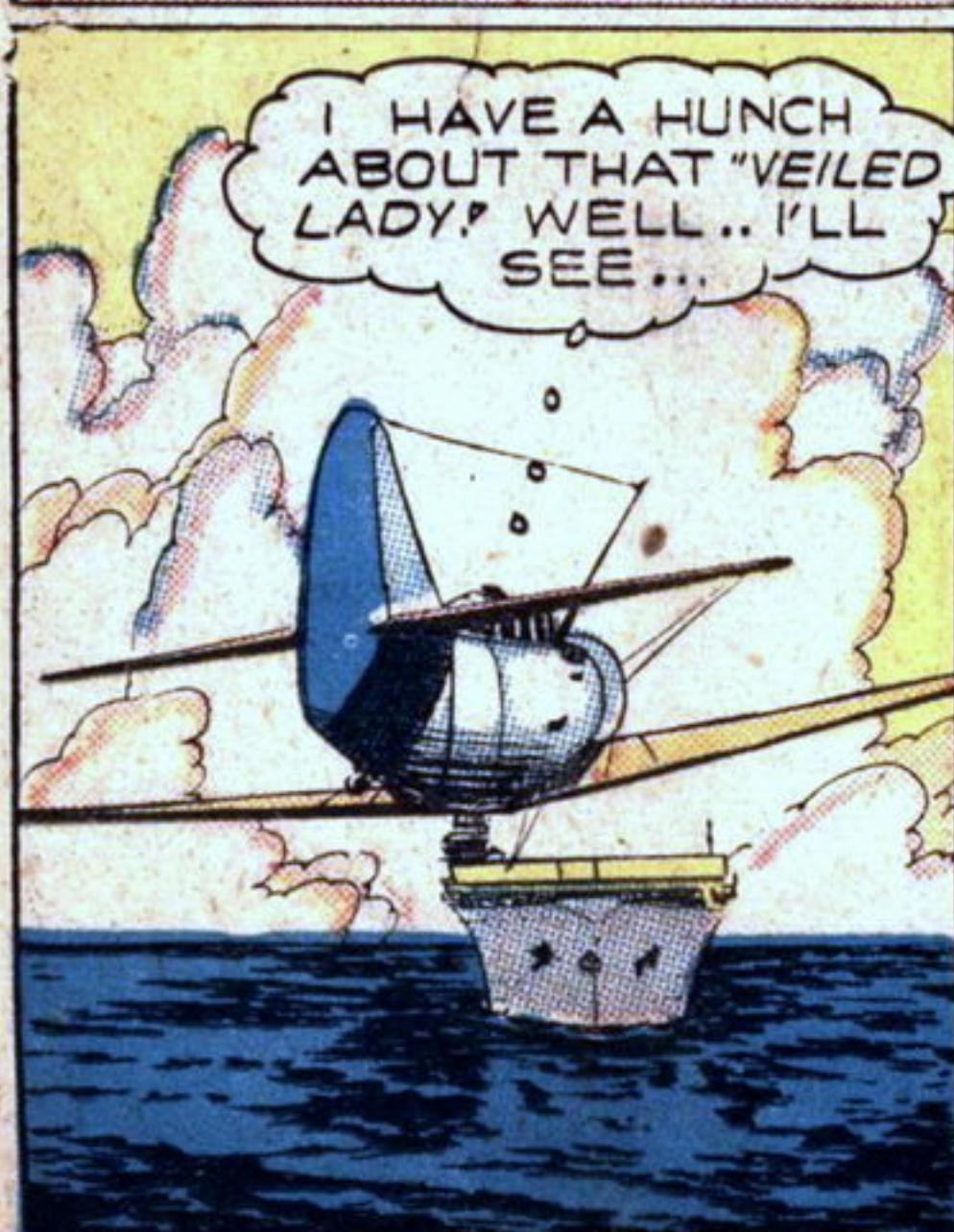
MEANWHILE THE PADUCAH'S COMMANDER SPOTS THE ACTION.



WHILE SPIN CIRCLES OVER THE COUPLE, THE NAVY LAUNCH CHUGS TO THE RESCUE.



GRACEFULLY, SPIN HEADS FOR THE HOME DECK.



TEN MINUTES LATER..



JUST THEN LORD COFAX STRIDES OVER.



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MY BRAND  
ON STOCK!

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—RED RYDER

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